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THE

# WORKS

OF

# Dr. Jonathan Swift,

## Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.

VOLUME VII.

---

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POEMS

# POEMS

## ON

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

### To the Earl of PETERBOROW, who commanded the *Britiſh* forces in *Spain*.

Written in the Year 1706.

*MORDANTO* fills the trump of fame,
The chriſtian world his deeds proclaim,
And prints are crowded with his name.

In journeys he out-rides the poſt,
Sits up till midnight with his hoſt,
Talks politicks, and gives the toaſt.

Knows ev'ry prince in *Europe's* face,
Flies like a ſquib from place to place,
And travels not, but runs a race.

From *Paris* gazette *A-la-main*,
This day arriv'd without his train
*Mordanto* in a week from *Spain*.

A meſſenger comes all a-reek
*Mordanto* at *Madrid* to ſeek:
He left the town above a week.

Next day the poſt-boy winds his horn,
And rides through *Dover* in the morn:
*Mordanto*'s landed from *Leghorn.*

*Mordanto* gallops on alone,
The roads are with his followers ſtrown,
This breaks a girth, and that a bone:

His body active as his mind,
Returning ſound in limb and wind,
Except ſome leather loſt behind.

A ſkeleton in outward figure,
His meagre corps, though full of vigour,
Would halt behind him, were it bigger.

So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the leaſt ſuſpicion,
He's with you like an apparition.

Shines in all climates like a ſtar;
In ſenates bold, and fierce in war,
A land-commander, and a tar.

Heroic

Heroic actions early bred in,
Ne'er to be match'd in modern reading,
But by his name-ſake *Charles* of *Sweden*.

## *The Fable of* MIDAS.

Written in the Year 1712.

*MIDAS*, we are in ſtory told,
Turn'd ev'ry thing he touch'd to *gold*:

* The dean, though he did not much change the natural order of words, was yet very exact in his verſification; but it may be remarked that verſes of eight ſyllables are never harmonious, if the accent be placed on the *firſt* and not repeated till the *third* or *fourth*. The firſt, fourth and eighth verſes are, among others, examples of this rule, which will be illuſtrated by changing the ſtructure ſo as to remove the accent from the *firſt* ſyllable to the *ſecond*. If inſtead of,

Glitter'd, like ſpangles on the ground:

the fourth verſe be read,

Like ſpangles glitter'd on the ground:

the ear will eaſily determine which ſhould be preferred: it is however true that when the accent is placed on the *firſt* ſyllable, and repeated at the *ſecond*, the meaſure is not only harmonious, but acquires a peculiar force; the eleventh verſe is of this kind,

Untouch'd it paſs'd between his grinders,

which would be greatly enfeebled by changing it to,

It paſs'd untouch'd between his grinders,

though the cadence would ſtill be poetical, as the firſt accent would fall on the ſecond ſyllable.

He *chip'd* his *bread*; the pieces round
Glitter'd like ſpangles on the ground:
A codling, ere it went his lip in,
Would ſtrait become a *golden* pippin:
He call'd for drink; you ſaw him ſup
*Potable gold* in *golden cup:*
His empty paunch that he might fill,
He ſuck'd his victuals through a quill:
Untouch'd it paſs'd between his grinders,
Or't had been happy for *gold-finders:*
He cock'd his hat, you would have ſaid
*Mambrino's* helm adorn'd his head:
Whene'er he chanc'd his hands to lay
On *magazines* of *corn* or *hay*,
*Gold* ready coin'd appear'd, inſtead
Of paultry *provender* and *bread:*
Hence by wiſe farmers we are told,
*Old* hay is *equal to old* gold;
And hence a critick deep maintains,
We learn to weigh our *gold* by *grains.*

This *fool* had got a *lucky hit*;
And people fancy'd he had *wit.*
Two gods their ſkill in muſick try'd,
And both choſe *Midas* to decide;
He againſt *Phœbus'* harp decreed,
And gave it for *Pan's* oaten reed:

The

The god of wit, to ſhew his grudge,
Clapt *aſſes'* ears upon the judge;
A goodly pair, erect and wide,
Which he could neither *gild* nor hide.

And now the virtue of his *hands*
Was loſt among *Pactolus'* ſands,
Againſt whoſe torrent while he ſwims
The *golden* ſcurf peels off his limbs:
Fame ſpreads the news, and people travel
From far to gather *golden* gravel;
*Midas*, expos'd to all the jeers,
Had loſt his *art*, and kept his *ears*.

This tale inclines the gentle reader
To think upon a certain *leader*;
To whom from *Midas* down deſcends
That virtue in the fingers ends.
What elſe by *perquiſites* are meant,
By *penſions*, *bribes*, and *three per cent*,
By *places* and *commiſſions* ſold;
And turning *dung* itſelf to *gold?*
By ſtarving in the midſt of ſtore
As t'other *Midas* did before?

None e'er did modern *Midas* chuſe
Subject or patron of his muſe,

But found him thus their merit ſcan,
That *Phœbus* muſt give place to *Pan*:
He values not the poet's praiſe,
Nor will exchange his *plumbs* for *bays*:
To *Pan* alone rich miſers call,
And there's the jeſt, for *Pan* is *ALL*.
Here *Engliſh* wits will be to ſeek,
Howe'er, *'tis all one in the* Greek.

Beſides it plainly now appears
Our *Midas* too hath *aſſes'* ears;
Where ev'ry fool his mouth applies,
And whiſpers in a thouſand lies,
Such groſs deluſions could not paſs
Thro' any ears but of an *aſs*.

But *gold* defiles with frequent touch;
There's nothing *fouls* the hand ſo much:
And ſcholars give it for the cauſe
Of *Britiſh Midas'* dirty paws;
Which while the *ſenate* ſtrove to ſcour,
They waſh'd away the *chemic* power.

While he his utmoſt ſtrength apply'd,
To ſwim againſt the *pop'lar tide*,
The *golden* ſpoils flew off apace;
Here fell a *penſion*, there a *place*:

The *torrent* mercileſs imbibes
*Commiſſions*, *perquiſites*, and *bribes*;
By their own weight ſunk to the bottom;
*Much good may do 'em that have caught 'em.*
And *Midas* now neglected ſtands
With *aſſes' ears* and *dirty hands.*

## The Reverend Dr. SHERIDAN to J. S. D. D. D. S. P. D.

Written in the Year 1712.

DEAR dean, ſince in *cruxes* and *puns*
you and I deal,
Pray why is a woman a ſieve and a riddle?
'Tis a thought that came into my noddle
this morning,
In bed as I lay, Sir, a toſſing and turning.
You'll find, if you read but a few of your
hiſtories,
All women as *Eve*, all women are myſteries.
To find out this riddle I know you'll be
eager,
And make every one of the ſex a *Bel-
phegor.*

*Jonathan Swift*, doctor of divinity, dean of St. *Patrick's*, *Dublin.*

But that will not do, for I mean to commend 'em:
I ſwear without jeſt I an honour intend 'em,
In a ſieve, Sir, their antient extraction I quite tell,
In a riddle I give you their power and their title.
This I told you before, do you know what I mean, Sir?
† *Not I, by my troth, Sir,*—Then read it again, Sir.
The reaſon I ſend you theſe lines of rhymes double
Is purely through pity to ſave you the trouble
Of thinking two hours for a rhyme as you did laſt;
When your *pegaſus* canter'd in triple, and rid faſt.

As for my little nag, which I keep at *Parnaſſus*,
With *Phœbus's* leave, to run with his aſſes,
He goes ſlow and ſure, and he never is jaded,
While your fiery ſteed is whipp'd, ſpurr'd, baſtinaded,

† The Dean's anſwer,

Dean

## Dean SWIFT's Anſwer to the Reverend Dr. SHERIDAN.

SIR,

IN reading your letter alone in my hackney,
Your damnable riddle my poor brains did rack nigh.
And when with much labour the matter I crackt,
I found you miſtaken in matter of fact.

A woman's no ſieve (for with that you begin)
Becauſe ſhe lets out more than e'er ſhe takes in,
And that ſhe's a riddle, can never be right,
For a riddle is dark, but a woman is *light*.
But, grant her a ſieve, I can ſay ſomething archer,
Pray what is a man? he's a fine linen *ſearcher*,

Now tell me a thing that wants interpretation,
What name for a * maid, was the firſt man's damnation?

* *Fir Gin, Man-Trap,*

If

If your worſhip will pleaſe to explain me
this *rebus*,
I ſwear from henceforward you ſhall be
my *Phœbus*.

*From my* hackney-coach, Sept. 11,
1712, *paſt* 12 at *noon*.

## THE FAGGOT.

*Written in the Year* 1713, *when the queen's miniſters were quarrelling among themſelves.**

OBSERVE the dying father ſpeak:
Try, lads, can you this bundle break;
Then bids the youngeſt of the ſix,
Take up a well-bound heap of ſticks.
They thought it was an old man's maggot;
And ſtrove by turns to break the faggot:
In vain: the complicated wands
Were much too ſtrong for all their hands.
See, ſaid the ſire, how ſoon 'tis done:
Then took and broke them one by one.
So ſtrong you'll be, in friendſhip ty'd;
So quickly broke if you divide.

* See more of the author's endeavours to procure a reconcilement among them, in Mr. *Pope*'s Proſe Works, Vol. II. Letter ii. v. *etc.* See alſo *Free thoughts on the preſent ſtate of affairs*, Vol. IV. of this collection.

Keep

Keep cloſe then, boys, and never quarrel.
Here ends the fable and the moral.

This tale may be apply'd in few words
To treaſurers, comptrollers, ſtewards,
And others, who, in ſolemn ſort,
Appear with ſlender wands at court:
Not firmly join'd to keep their ground,
But laſhing one another round:
While wiſe men think they ought to fight
With *quarter*-ſtaves, inſtead of *white*;
Or conſtable, with *ſtaff* of peace,
Should come and make the clatt'ring ceaſe;
Which now diſturbs the queen and court,
And gives the *whigs* and rabble ſport.

In hiſtory we never found,
The conſuls *faſces* * were unbound;
Thoſe *Romans* were too wiſe to think on't,
Except to laſh ſome grand delinquent.
How would they bluſh to hear it ſaid,
The prætor broke the conſul's head!
Or conſul, in his purple gown,
Came up and knock'd the prætor down!

* *Faſces*, a bundle of rods or ſmall ſticks carried before the conſuls at *Rome*.

Come,

Come, courtiers: every man his ſtick:
Lord-treaſurer, * for once be quick;
And, that they may the cloſer cling,
Take your blue ribbon for a ſtring.
Come, trimming *Harcourt* †, bring your mace;
And ſqueeze it in, or quit your place:
Diſpatch; or elſe that raſcal *Northey* ‡
Will undertake to do it for thee:
And be aſſur'd, the court will find him
Prepar'd to *leap o'er ſticks*, or bind 'em.

To make the bundle ſtrong and ſafe,
Great *Ormond*, lend thy gen'ral's ſtaff:
And, if the *croſier* could be cramm'd in,
A fig for *Lechmere*, *King*, and *Hambden*,
You'll then defy the ſtrongeſt *whig*
With both his hands to bend a twig.
Though with united ſtrength they all pull,
From *Somers* down to *Craiggs* and *Walpole*.

* *Robert Harley*, earl of *Oxford*.

† Lord chancellor.

‡ *Sir Edward Northey*, Attorney General, brought in by lord *Harcourt*, yet very deſirous of the great ſeal.

The

# The AUTHOR upon himſelf.

Written in the Year 1713.

*A few of the firſt lines were wanting in the copy ſent us by a friend of the author's.*

* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *

BY an old ——— ——purſu'd
A crazy * prelate, and a royal ‡ prude;
By dull divines, who look with envious eyes
On ev'ry genius that attempts to riſe;
And pauſing o'er a pipe, with doubtful nod
Give hints, that poets ne'er believe in God;
So, clowns on ſcholars as on wizards look,
And take a folio for a conj'ring book §.
*Swift* had the ſin of wit, no venial crime;
Nay, 'tis affirm'd, he ſometimes dealt in rhime;

* Dr. *Sharp*, archbiſhop of *York*.

‡ Her late majeſty Q. *A.*

§ Archbiſhop *Sharp*, according to Dr. *Swift's* account, had repreſented him to the queen as a perſon that was not a Chriſtian; a great lady had ſupported the aſperſion; and the queen, upon ſuch aſſurances, had given away the biſhoprick contrary trary to her majeſty's firſt intentions [which were in favour of *Swift*]. ORRERY.

See *a Propheſy found* at *Windſor*, in Vol. XIV. of this collection.

Humour,

Humour, and mirth, had place in all he writ;
He reconcil'd divinity and wit:
He mov'd and bow'd and talk'd with too much grace;
Nor ſhew'd the *parſon* in his gait or face;
Deſpis'd luxurious wines, and coſtly meat;
Yet ſtill was at the tables of the great;
Frequented lords; *ſaw thoſe that ſaw the queen*;
At *Child's* or *Truby's** never once had been;
Where town and country vicars flock in tribe,
Secur'd by numbers from the lay-mens gibes,
And deal in vices of the graver ſort,
Tobacco, cenſure, coffee, pride, and port.

But, after ſage monitions from his friends,
His talents to employ for nobler ends;
To better judgments willing to ſubmit,
He turns to politicks his dang'rous wit.
And now, the public int'reſt to ſupport,
By *Harley Swift* invited comes to court;

* A coffee-houſe and tavern near St. *Paul's*, at that time much frequented by the clergy.

In

In favour grows with miniſters of ſtate;
Admitted private, when ſuperiors wait:
And *Harley*, not aſham'd his choice to own,
Takes him to *Windſor* in his coach alone.
At *Windſor Swift* no ſooner can appear,
But* *St. John* comes and whiſpers in his ear:
The waiters ſtand in ranks, the yeomen cry,
*Make room*; as if a duke were paſſing by.

Now *Finch* † alarms the lords: he hears for certain,
This dang'rous prieſt is got behind the curtain.
*Finch*, fam'd for tedious elocution, proves
That *Swift* oils many a ſpring which *Harley* moves.
*Walpole* and *Aiſlabie* ‡, to clear the doubt,
Inform the commons, that the ſecret's out:
" A certain doctor is obſerv'd of late
" To haunt a certain miniſter of ſtate:
" From whence, with half an eye, we
" may diſcover
" The peace is made, and *Perkin* muſt
" come over."

* Then ſecretary of ſtate, afterwards lord *Bolingbroke*.

† The late earl of *Nottingham*, who made a ſpeech in the houſe of lords againſt *Swift*.

‡ They both ſpoke againſt the author in the houſe of commons, although *Aiſlabie* profeſſed much friendſhip for him.

*York*

*York* is from *Lambeth* ſent, to ſhew the queen
A dangerous treatiſe writ againſt the ſpleen ‡,
Which, by the ſtyle, the matter, and the drift,
'Tis thought could be the work of none but *Swift*.
Poor *York!* the harmleſs tool of others hate,
He ſues to pardon §, and repents too late.

Now, —— her vengeance vows
On *Swift's* reproaches for her —— :
From her red locks her mouth with venom fills ;
And thence into the royal ear inſtils.
The queen incens'd, his ſervices forgot,
Leaves him a victim to the vengeful *Scot*.
Now thro' the realm a ‖ proclamation ſpread,
To fix a price on his devoted head.

‡ Tale of a Tub.

§ His grace was ſorry for what he had ſaid, and ſent a meſſage to the author to deſire his pardon.

‖ The proclamation was againſt the author of a pamphlet called, *The publick Spirit of the Whigs*, againſt which the *Scots* lords complained. See vol. IX.

While

While innocent, he ſcorns ignoble flight;
His watchful friends preſerve him by a
ſleight.

By *Harley's* favour, once again he ſhines;
Is now careſs'd by candidate divines,
Who change opinions with the changing
ſcene:
Lord! how were they miſtaken in the dean;
Now *Delaware* again * familiar grows;
And in *Swift's* ear thruſts half his powder'd
noſe.
The *Scottiſh* nation, whom he durſt offend,
Again apply that *Swift* would be their
friend †.

By faction tir'd, with grief he waits a while
His great contending friends to reconcile,
Performs what friendſhip, juſtice, truth
require:
What could he more, but decently retire‡?

* *Delaware*, then lord treaſurer of the houſhold, always careſſed the author at court: but during the trial of the printers before the houſe of lords, and while the proclamation hung over the author, his lordſhip would not ſeem to know him.

† The *Scotch* lords treated and viſited the author more after the proclamation than before, except the duke of *Argyle*, who would never be reconciled.

‡ About ten weeks before the queen's death, I left the town, upon occaſion of that incurable breach among the great men at court, and went down to *Berkſhire*. Mr. *Pope's Proſe Works*, Vol. II. Let. V.

## In SICKNESS.

*Written ſoon after the author's coming to live in* Ireland *upon the queen's death,* Oct. 1714.

'TIS true,—then why ſhould I repine,
To ſee my life ſo faſt decline?
But why obſcurely here alone,
Where I am neither lov'd nor known?
My ſtate of health none care to learn;
My life is here no ſoul's concern:
And thoſe with whom I now converſe
Without a tear will tend my hearſe.
Remov'd from kind *Arbuthnot's* aid,
Who knows his art, but not his trade,
Preferring his regard for me
Before his credit, or his fee.
Some formal viſits, looks, and words,
What mere humanity affords,
I meet perhaps from three or four,
From whom I once expected more;
Which thoſe, who tend the ſick for pay,
Can act as decently as they:
But no obliging tender friend
To help at my approaching end.
My life is now a burden grown
To others, ere it be my own.

Ye formal weepers for the ſick,
In your laſt offices be quick:
And ſpare my abſent friends the grief
To hear, yet give me no relief;
Expir'd to day, entomb'd to morrow,
When known, will ſave a double ſorrow.

*To the Earl of* OXFORD, *late lord treaſurer. Sent to him when he was in the* Tower, *before his trial.*

*Out of HORACE.*

Written in the Year 1716.

HOW bleſt is he, who for his country dies,
Since death purſues the coward as he flies!
The youth in vain would fly from fate's attack,
With trembling knees and terror at his back;
Though fear ſhould lend him pinions like the wind,
Yet ſwifter fate will ſeize him from behind.

Virtue repuls'd, yet knows not to repine;
But ſhall with unattainted honour ſhine;

Nor ſtoops to take the *ſtaff*, * nor lays it down,
Juſt as the rabble pleaſe to ſmile or frown.

Virtue, to crown her fav'rites, loves to try
Some new unbeaten paſſage to the Sky;
Where *Jove* a ſeat among the gods will give
To thoſe who die for meriting to live.

Next, faithful ſilence hath a ſure reward;
Within our breaſt be ev'ry ſecret barr'd:
He who betrays his friend, ſhall never be
Under one roof, or in one ſhip with me.
For who with traitors would his ſafety truſt,
Leſt with the wicked, heaven involve the juſt?
And, tho' the villain 'ſcape a while, he feels
Slow vengeance like a blood-hound, at his heels.

Ad AMICUM eruditum

THOMAM SHERIDAN.

Scripſit *Oct. Ann. Dom.* 1717.

DELICIÆ *Sheridan* muſarum, dulcis amice,
Sic tibi propitius *Permeſſi* ad flumen *Apollo*

* A white *ſtaff* is the enſign of the lord treaſurer's office.

Occurrat,

Occurrat, ſeu te mimum convivia rident,
Æquivocoſque ſales ſpargis, ſeu ludere verſu
Malles; dic, *Sheridan*, quiſnam fuit ille deorum,
Quæ melior natura orto tibi tradidit artem
Rimandi genium puerorum, atque ima cerebri
Scrutandi? Tibi naſcenti ad cunabula *Pallas*
Aſtitit; & dixit, mentis præſaga futuræ,
Heu, puer infelix! noſtro ſub ſidere natus;
Nam tu pectus eris ſine corpore, corporis umbra;
Sed levitate umbram ſuperabis, voce cicadam:
Muſca femur, palmas tibi mus dedit, ardea crura.
Corpore ſed tenui tibi quod natura negavit,
Hoc animi dotes ſupplebunt; teque docente,
Nec longum tempus, ſurget tibi docta juventus,
Artibus egregiis animas inſtructa novellas.
Grex hinc Pœonius venit, ecce, *ſalutifer* orbi.
Aſt, illi cauſas orant; his inſula viſa eſt
Divinam capiti nodo conſtringere mitram.

Natalis te horæ non fallunt ſigna, ſed uſque
Conſcius, expedias puero ſeu lætus *Apollo*

Naſcenti arriſit; ſive illum frigidus horror
Saturni premit, aut ſeptem inflavere triones.

Quin tu altè penituſque latentia ſemina
cernis,
Quæque diu obtundendo olim ſub luminis
auras
Erumpent, promis; quo ritu ſæpè puella
Sub cinere heſterno ſopitos ſuſcitat ignes.

Te dominum agnoſcit quocunque ſub
aëre natus;
Quos indulgentis nimium cuſtodia matris
Peſſundat: nam ſæpè vides in ſtipite matrem.

Aureus at ramus, venerandæ dona Sibyllæ,
Æneæ ſedes tantùm patefecit Avernus;
Sæpè puer tua quem tetigit ſemel aurea virga
Cœlumque terraſque videt, noctemque pro-
fundam.

## APOLLO to the DEAN.

Written in the Year 1720.

RIGHT truſty, and ſo forth,—we let
you to know
We are very ill us'd by you mortals below.
For

For firſt, I have often by chemiſts been told,
Tho' I know nothing on't, it is I that make gold,
Which when you have got, you ſo carefully hide it,
That, ſince I was born, I hardly have ſpy'd it.
Then it muſt be allow'd, that whenever I ſhine,
I forward the graſs, and I ripen the vine;
To me the good fellows apply for relief,
Without whom they could get neither *claret* nor *beef* :
Yet their wine and their victuals theſe curmudgeon* lubbards
Lock up from my ſight in cellars and cupboards.
That I have an ill eye they wickedly think,
And taint all their meat, and ſour all their drink.
But thirdly and laſtly, it muſt be allow'd,
I alone can inſpire the poetical crowd :
This is gratefully own'd by each boy in the college,
Whom if I inſpire, it is not to my knowledge.

* *Curmudgeon*, a word here uſed as an adjective, now ſignifies a ſordid niggardly fellow; but was, perhaps, in its original ſenſe, of more extenſive import, being probably a corruption of *cœur mechant*, a wicked heart.

This ev'ry pretender to rhime will admit,
Without troubling his head about judgment or wit.
Theſe gentlemen uſe me with kindneſs and freedom,
And as for their works, when I pleaſe I may read 'em:
They lie open on purpoſe on counters and ſtalls,
And the titles I view, when I ſhine on the walls.
But a comrade of yours, that traitor *Delany*,
Whom I for your ſake love better than any,
And of *my mere motion, and ſpecial good grace*,
Intended in time to ſucceed in your place,
On *Tueſday* the tenth ſeditiouſly came
With a certain falſe traitreſs, one *Stella* by name,
To the *deanery* houſe, and on the *north* glaſs,
Where for fear of the cold I never can paſs,
Then and there, *vi et armis*, with a certain utenſil,
Of value five ſhillings, in *Engliſh* a pencil,
Did maliciouſly, falſly, and trait'rouſly write,
Whilſt *Stella* aforeſaid ſtood by with a light*.

* See Verſes ſaid to be cut by two of the Dean's friends upon a pane of glaſs in one of his parlours, among the poſthumous pieces at the end of this volume.

My ſiſter has lately depos'd upon oath,
That ſhe ſtopt in her courſe to look at them both:
That *Stella* was helping, abetting and aiding;
And ſtill, as he writ, ſtood ſmiling and reading:
That her eyes were as bright as myſelf at noon-day,
But her graceful black locks were mingled with grey;
And by the deſcription I certainly know,
'Tis the nymph that I courted ſome ten years ago;
Whom when I with the beſt of my talents endu'd
On her promiſe of yielding, ſhe acted the prude:
That ſome verſes were writ with felonious intent,
Direct to the *north*, where I never went:
That the letters appear'd reverſe thro' the pane,
But in *Stella's* bright eyes they were plac'd right again;

Wherein

Wherein ſhe diſtinctly could read ev'ry line,
And preſently gueſs'd the fancy was mine*.
Now you ſee why his verſes ſo ſeldom are
ſhewn;
The reaſon is plain, they're none of his
own;
And obſerve while you live, that no man is
ſhy
To diſcover the goods he came honeſtly
by.
If I light on a thought, he'll certainly
ſteal it,
And when he has got it, find ways to con-
ceal it:
Of all the fine things he keeps in the dark,
There's ſcarce one in ten but what has my
mark;
And let them be ſeen by the world if he
dare,
I'll make it appear, they are all ſtolen
ware.

* The mechaniſm of this poem is formed upon a miſtake, which a very ſlight conſideration of the laws of viſion would have prevented. The whole depends upon *Cynthia's* reading in *Stella's* eyes the writing, which appeared inverted thro' the pane: but, as the writing was not inverted on that ſide of the glaſs at which *Stella* looked, it muſt neceſſarily be inverted in her eyes.

But

But as for the poem he writ on your ſaſh,
I think I have now got him under my laſh;
My ſiſter tranſcrib'd it laſt night to his ſorrow,
And the publick ſhall ſee't, if I live till to morrow.
Thro' the *zodiac* around, it ſhall quickly be ſpread
In all parts of the globe, where your language is read.
He knows very well, I ne'er gave a refuſal,
When he aſk'd for my aid in the forms that are uſual:
But the ſecret is this; I did lately intend
To write a few verſes on you, as my friend:
I ſtudied a fortnight, before I could find,
As I rode in my chariot, a thought to my mind,
And reſolv'd the next winter (for that is my time,
When the days are at ſhorteſt) to get it in rhime;
Till then it was lock'd in my box at *Parnaſſus*:
When that ſubtle companion, in hopes to ſurpaſs us,

Conveys

Conveys out my paper of hints by a trick,
(For I think in my conſcience he deals with *old nick*)
And, from my own ſtock provided with topicks,
He gets to a window beyond both the tropicks;
There out of my ſight, juſt againſt the *north* zone,
Writes down my conceits, and calls them his own;
And you, like a cully, the bubble can ſwallow:
Now, who but *Delany*, that writes like *Apollo?*
High treaſon by ſtatute! but here you object,
He only ſtole hints, but the verſe is correct;
Tho' the thought be *Apollo's*, 'tis finely expreſs'd,
So a thief ſteals my horſe, and has him well dreſs'd.
Now whereas the ſaid criminal ſeems paſt repentance.
We *Phœbus* think fit to proceed to the ſentence.

Since

Since *Delany* has dar'd, like *Prometheus* his
fire,
To climb to our region, and thence to ſteal
fire;
We order a vulture, in ſhape of the ſpleen,
To prey on his liver, but not to be ſeen.
And we order our ſubjects of ev'ry degree
To believe all his verſes were written by me:
And, under the pain of our higheſt diſ-
pleaſure,
To call nothing his but the rhime and the
meaſure.
And laſtly, for *Stella* juſt out of her prime,
I'm too much revenged already by time.
In return to her ſcorn, I ſent her diſeaſes,
But will now be her friend, whenever ſhe
pleaſes:
And the gifts I beſtow'd her will find her
a lover,
Tho' ſhe lives to be grey as a badger all
over.

*An* ELEGY *on the much-lamented death of Mr.* Demar, *the famous rich uſurer, who died the ſixth of* July 1720.

Written in the Year 1720.

*KNOW all men by theſe preſents*, death the tamer
By *mortgage* hath ſecur'd the *corps* of *Demar*;
Nor can *four hundred thouſand ſterling pound*
Redeem him from his *priſon* under ground.
His heirs might well, of all his wealth poſſeſt,
Beſtow to bury him one iron cheſt.
*Plutus*, the god of wealth, will joy to know
His faithful ſtewards in the ſhades below.
He walk'd the ſtreets, and wore a thread-bare cloak;
He din'd and ſupp'd at charge of other folk;
And by his looks, had he held out his palms,
He might be thought an object fit for alms;
So, to the poor if he refus'd his pelf,
He us'd them full as kindly as himſelf.

Where'er he went, he never ſaw his *betters*;
*Lords*, *knights* and *'ſquires*, were all his humble debtors;

And

And under *hand* and *ſeal* the *iriſh* nation
Were forc'd to own to him their *obligation.*

He that could once have half a kingdom bought,
In half a minute is not worth a groat.
His *coffers* from the *coffin* could not ſave,
Nor all his *int'reſt* keep him from the grave.
A golden monument would not be right,
Becauſe we wiſh the earth upon him light.

Oh! *London* tavern*! thou haſt loſt a friend,
Tho' in thy walls he ne'er did farthing ſpend:
He *touch'd* the *pence* when others *touch'd* the *pot*;
The hand that ſign'd the mortgage paid the ſhot.

Old as he was, no vulgar known diſeaſe
On him could ever boaſt a pow'r to ſeize;
But, as his gold he weigh'd, grim death in ſpight
Caſt in his dart, which made three moidores light;
And as he ſaw his darling *money* fail,
Blew his laſt breath to ſink the lighter ſcale.

* A tavern in *Dublin* where *Demar* kept his office.

He,

He, who ſo long was *current*, 'twould
be ſtrange
If he ſhou'd now be *cry'd down* ſince his
*change*.

The *ſexton* ſhall green ſods on thee beſtow:
Alas, the *ſexton* is thy *banker* now.
A diſmal *banker* muſt that *banker* be,
Who gives no *bills* but of *mortality**.

## *The Run upon the* BANKERS.

Written in the Year 1720.

I.

THE bold encroachers on the deep
Gain by degrees huge tracts of land;
Till *Neptune*, with one general ſweep,
Turns all again to barren ſtrand.

II.

The multitude's capricious pranks
Are ſaid to repreſent the ſeas;
Which, *breaking bankers* and the *banks*,
Reſume *their own* whene'er they pleaſe.

* See an epitaph on this miſer, vol. VI. p. 222.

III.

III.

Money, the life blood of the nation,
Corrupts and ſtagnates in the veins,
Unleſs a proper *circulation*
Its motion and its heat maintains.

IV.

Becauſe 'tis *lordly* not to pay,
*Quakers* and *aldermen* in ſtate
Like *peers* have *levees* ev'ry day
Of duns attending at their gate.

V.

We want our money on the nail;
The banker's ruin'd if he pays:
They ſeem to act an ancient tale;
The *birds* are met to ſtrip the *jays*.

VI.

Riches, the wiſeſt monarch * ſings,
*Make pinions for themſelves to fly:*
They fly like bats on *parchment wings*,
And geeſe their *ſilver* plumes ſupply.

* *Solomon.*

VII.

No money left for ſquand'ring heirs!
*Bills* turn the lenders into debtors:
The wiſh of *Nero* now is theirs,
That they *had never known their letters**.

VIII.

Conceive the works of midnight hags,
Tormenting fools behind their backs:
Thus bankers o'er their bills and bags
Sit ſqueezing *images of wax* †.

IX.

Conceive the whole enchantment broke;
The witches left in open air,
With pow'r no more than other folk,
Expos'd with all their *magic* ware.

X.

So pow'rful are a banker's bills,
Where creditors demand their due;
They break up counters, doors, and tills,
And leave the empty cheſts in view.

* It is ſaid of *Nero*, that, when he firſt came to the imperial dignity from the tutorage of *Seneca*, being aſked to ſign a warrant for an execution, he wiſhed he could not write.

† Witches were fabled to torment the abſent by roaſting or otherwiſe ill-treating their images in wax.

XI.

XI.

Thus when an earthquake lets in light
Upon the god of *gold* and *hell*,
Unable to endure the ſight,
He hides within his darkeſt cell.

XII.

As when a conj'rer takes a leaſe
From *Satan* for a term of years,
The tenant's in a diſmal caſe,
When e'er the *bloody bond* * appears.

XIII.

A *baited* banker thus deſponds,
From his own hand foreſees his fall;
They have his *ſoul*, who have his *bonds*;
'Tis like the *writing on the wall* †.

XIV.

How will the caitiff wretch be ſcar'd,
When firſt he finds himſelf awake
At the laſt trumpet unprepar'd,
And all his *grand account* to make?

* Theſe contracts were always ſuppoſed to be ſigned with blood. † *Mene mene tekel upharſin.*

XV.

For in that univerſal *call*
Few bankers will to heav'n be mounters
They'll cry, *Ye* ſhops, *upon us fall,*
Conceal and *cover us, ye* counters:

XVI.

When *other* hands the *ſcales* ſhall hold,
And they in *men and angels' ſight*
Produc'd with all their bills and gold,
*Weigh'd in the balance, and found light*

*The Deſcription of an* Iriſh *Feaſt, tranſlated almoſt literally out of the original* Iriſh.

Tranſlated in the Year 1720.

*O'ROURK's* noble fare
Will ne'er be forgot,
By thoſe who were there,
Or thoſe who were not.
His revels to keep,
We ſup and we dine
On ſeven ſcore ſheep
Fat bullocks and ſwine.

*Uſquebaugh* to our feaſt
In pails was brought up,
An hundred at leaſt,
And a * madder our cup.
O there is the ſport!
We riſe with the light
In diſorderly ſort
From ſnoaring all night,
O how was I trick'd!
My pipe it was broke,
My pocket was pick'd,
I loſt my new cloak.
I'm rifled, quoth *Nell*,
Of mantle and § kercher:
Why then fare them well,
The de'el take the ſearcher.
Come, harper, ſtrike up;
But, firſt, by your favour,
Boy, give us a cup:
Ah! this has ſome ſavour.
*O Rourk's* jolly boys
Ne'er dreamt of the matter,
Till, rous'd by the noiſe
And muſical clatter,

* Wooden veſſel. § Handkerchief.

They bounce from their neſt,
No longer will tarry,
They riſe ready dreſt,
Without one *ave mary*.
They dance in around,
Cutting capers and ramping;
A mercy the ground
Did not burſt with their ſtamping.
The floor is all wet
With leaps and with jumps,
While the water and ſweat
Spliſh ſplaſh in their pumps.
Bleſs you late and early,
*Laughlin O Enagin*,
*By my* * *hand*, you dance rarely,
† *Margery Grinagin*.
Bring ſtraw for our bed,
Shake it down to the feet,
Then over us ſpread,
The winnowing ſheet:
To ſhew I don't flinch,
Fill the bowl up again;
Then give us a pinch
Of your ſneezing, ‡ *a yean*.

* An *Iriſh* oath. † The name of an *Iriſh* woman.
‡ An *Iriſh* word for a woman.

Good

Good lord, what a ſight,
After all their good cheer,
For people to fight
In the midſt of their beer!
They riſe from their feaſt,
And hot are their brains,
A cubit at leaſt
The length of their * ſkeans.
What ſtabs and what cuts,
What clatt'ring of ſticks;
What ſtrokes on the guts,
What baſtings and kicks!
With cudgels of oak
Well harden'd in flame
An hundred heads broke,
An hundred ſtruck lame.
You churl, I'll maintain
My father built *Luſk*,
The caſtle of *Slain*,
And *Carrick Drumruſk*:
The earl of *Kildare*
And *Moynalta*, his brother,
As great as they are,
I was nurſt by their mother †.

§ Daggers or ſhort ſwords.

† It is the cuſtom in *Ireland* to call nurſes foſter-mothers; their huſbands foſter-fathers; and their children foſter-brothers or foſter-ſiſters; and thus the pooreſt claim kindred with the richeſt.

Aſk that of old *madam*,
She'll tell you who's who
As far up as *Adam*,
She knows it is true.
Come down with that beam,
If cudgels are ſcarce,
A blow on the weam,
Or a kick on the a--ſe.

*A* French *gentleman dining with ſome company on a faſt-day, called for ſome bacon and eggs. The reſt were very angry, and reproved him for ſo heinous a ſin: whereupon he wrote the following lines* extempore, *which are here tranſlated.*

*PEUT on croire avec bon ſens*
*Qu'un lardon le mit en colere,*
*Ou, que manger un harang,*
*C'eſt un ſecret pour luy plaire?*
*En ſa gloire envelopé,*
*Songe-t-il bien de nos ſoupés?*

In ENGLISH.

WHO can believe with common ſenſe,
A bacon-ſlice gives God offence,
Or,

Or, how a herring hath a charm
Almighty vengeance to diſarm?
Wrapt up in majeſty divine,
Does he regard on what we dine?

## An excellent new SONG on a ſeditious pamphlet.*

*To the Tune of* Packington's Pound.

Written in the Year 1720.

BROCADOS and damaſks, and tabbies, and gawſes,
Are by *Robert Ballentine* lately brought over,
With forty things more: now hear what the law ſays,
Whoe'er will not wear them, is not the king's lover.
Tho' a printer and dean
Seditiouſly mean
Our true *Iriſh* hearts from old *England* to wean;

* Propoſal for the univerſal uſe of *Iriſh* manufactures, for which *Waters* the printer was proſecuted. See vol. X.

We'll

We'll buy *Engliſh* ſilks for our wives and
our daughters,
In ſpite of his deanſhip and journeyman
*Waters.*

II.

In *England* the dead in woollen are clad,
The dean and his printer then let us cry
fye on;
To be cloth'd like a carcaſe would make
a teague mad,
Since a living dog better is than a dead lion.
Our wives they grow ſullen
At wearing of woollen,
And all we poor ſhopkeepers muſt our horns
pull in.
Then we'll buy *Engliſh* ſilks for our wives
and our daughters,
In ſpite of his deanſhip and journeyman
*Waters.*

III.

Whoever our trading with *England* would
hinder,
To *inflame* both the nations do plainly
conſpire;
Becauſe *Iriſh* linen will ſoon turn to tinder,
And

And wool it is greaſy, and quickly takes fire.
Therefore I aſſure ye,
Our noble grand jury,
When they ſaw the dean's book, they were in a great fury:
They would buy *Engliſh* ſilks for their wives and their daughters,
In ſpite of his deanſhip and journeyman *Waters*.

IV.

This wicked rogue *Waters*, who always is ſinning,
And before *Corum nobus* ſo oft has been call'd,
Henceforward ſhall print neither pamphets nor linen,
And, if ſwearing can do't, ſhall be ſwingingly mawl'd:
And as for the dean,
You know whom I mean,
If the printer will peach him, he'll ſcarce come off clean.
Then we'll buy *Engliſh* ſilks for our wives and our daughters,
In ſpite of his deanſhip and journeyman *Waters*.

*Carberiæ*

## *Carberiæ Rupes in Comitatu* Corgagenſi *apud* Hybernicos.

Scripſit *Jun. Ann. Dom.* 1723.

ECCE ingens fragmen ſcopuli, quod vertice ſummo
Deſuper impendet, nullo fundamine nixum
Decidit in fluctus: maria undique & undique ſaxa
Horriſono ſtridore tonant, & ad æthera murmur
Erigitur; trepidatque ſuis *Neptunus* in undis.
Nam, longâ venti rabie, atque aſpergine crebrâ
Æquorei laticis, ſpecus imâ rupe cavatur:
Jam fultura ruit, jam ſumma cacumina nutant;
Jam cadit in præceps moles, & verberat undas.
Attonitus credas, hinc dejeciſſe Tonantem
Montibus impoſitos montes, & *Pelion* altum
In capita anguipedum cœlo jaculâſſe gigantum.

Sæpe etiam ſpelunca immani aperitur hiatu

Exeſa

Exeſa è ſcopulis, & utrinque foramina pandit,
Hinc atque hinc a ponto ad pontum pervia Phœbo.
Cautibus enormè junctis laquearia tecti
Formantur; moles olim ruitura ſuperne.
Fornice ſublimi nidos poſuere palumbes,
Inque imo ſtagni poſuere cubilia phocæ.

Sed, cum ſævit hiems, & venti, carcere rupto,
Immenſos volvunt fluctus ad culmina montis.
Non obſeſſæ arces, non fulmina vindice dextrâ
Miſſa Jovis, quoties inimicas ſævit in urbes,
Exæquant ſonitum undarum, veniente procellâ:
Littora littoribus reboant; vicinia latè,
Gens aſſueta mari, & pedibus percurrere rupes,
Terretur tamen, & longè fugit, arva relinquens.

Gramina dum carpunt pendentes rupe capellæ,
Vi ſalientis aquæ de ſummo præcipitantur,
Et dulces animas imo ſub gurgite linquunt.

Piſcator

Piſcator terrâ non audet vellere fune
Sed latet in portu tremebundus, & a
ſudum
Haud ſperans, Nereum precibus votiſ
fatigat.

*We have added a tranſlation of the preced poem for the benefit of our* Engliſh *re ers. It is done by Mr.* W. Dunk *M. A. for whom our ſuppoſed author h expreſſed a great regard on account of ingenious performances, although un quainted with him.*

Carbery *rocks, in the county of* Cork, I land.

LO! from the top of yonder cliff, t
ſhrouds
Its airy head amidſt the azure clouds,
Hangs a huge fragment; deſtitute of pro
Prone on the waves the rocky ruin drop
With hoarſe rebuff the ſwelling ſeas r
bound,
From ſhore to ſhore the rocks return t
ſound:

Tl

The dreadful murmur heaven's high convex cleaves,
And *Neptune* ſhrinks beneath his ſubject waves:
For, long the whirling winds and beating tides
Had ſcooped a vault into its nether ſides.
Now yields the baſe, the ſummits nod, now urge
Their headlong courſe, and laſh the ſounding ſurge.
Not louder noiſe could ſhake the guilty world,
When *Jove* heap'd mountains upon mountains hurl'd;
Retorting *Pelion* from his dread abode,
To cruſh earth's rebel-ſons beneath the load.

Oft too with hideous yawn the caverns wide
Preſent an orifice on either ſide,
A diſmal orifice, from ſea to ſea
Extended, pervious to the god of day:
Uncouthly join'd the rocks ſtupendous form
An arch, the ruin of a future ſtorm:

High

High on the cliff their neſts the *woodqueſt*
make,
And ſea-calves ſtable in the oozy lake.

But when bleak winter with his fuller
train
Awakes the winds to vex the watry plain;
When o'er the craggy ſteep without con-
troul,
Big with the blaſt, the raging billows rowl;
Not towns beleaguer'd, not the flaming
brand,
Darted from heav'n by *Jove's* avenging
hand,
Oft as on impious men his wrath he pours,
Humbles their pride, and blaſts their gilded
tow'rs,
Equal the tumult of this wild uproar:
Waves ruſh o'er waves, rebellows ſhore to
ſhore.
The neigh'bring race, tho' wont to brave
the ſhocks
Of angry ſeas, and run along the rocks,
Now pale with terror, while the ocean
foams,
Fly far and wide, nor truſt their native
homes.

The

The goats, while pendent from the
mountain-top
The wither'd herb improvident they crop,
Waſh'd down the precipice with ſudden
ſweep
Leave their ſweet lives beneath th' unſa-
thom'd deep.
The frighted fiſher, with deſponding eyes,
Tho' ſafe, yet trembling in the harbour lies,
Nor hoping to behold the ſkies ſerene,
Wearies with vows the monarch of the
main.

UPON THE

# HORRID PLOT

DISCOVERED BY

# HARLEQUIN,

## The Biſhop of ROCHESTER's French Dog *.

In a Dialogue between a *Whig* and a *Tory*.

Written in the Year 1723.

I Aſk'd a whig the other night,
How came this wicked plot to light?
He anſwer'd, that a *dog* of late
Inform'd a miniſter of ſtate.
Said I, from thence I nothing know;
For, are not all informers ſo?
A villain, who his friend betrays,
We ſtyle him by no other phraſe;
And ſo a perjur'd *dog* denotes
*Porter*, and *Prendergaſt*, and *Oates*,
And forty others I could name.
*Whig*. But you muſt know, this dog was lame.

* See the proceedings in parliament againſt Dr. *Atterbury* the biſhop of *Rocheſter*, *State Trials*, Vol. VI.

*Tory*.

*Tory.* A weighty argument indeed!
Your *evidence* was *lame:*—proceed:
Come, help your *lame dog o'er the ſtyle.*
*Whig.* Sir, you miſtake me all this while:
I mean a *dog* (without a joke)
Can howl, and bark, but never ſpoke.
*Tory.* I'm ſtill to ſeek, which *dog* you mean;
Whether curr *Plunkeit*, or whelp *Skean*,
An *Engliſh* or an *Iriſh* hound;
Or t'other puppy that was drown'd,
Or *Maſon*, that abandon'd bitch:
Then pray be free, and tell me which:
For ev'ry ſtander-by was marking
That all the noiſe they made was *barking.*
You pay them well; the *dogs* have got
Their dogs-heads in a porridge pot:
And 'twas but juſt; for wiſe men ſay,
That *ev'ry dog muſt have his day.*
Dog *Walpole* laid a quart of *nog* on't,
He'd either *make a hog or dog on't*;
And look'd, ſince he has got his wiſh,
As if he had *thrown down a diſh.*
Yet this I dare foretel you from it,
He'll ſoon *return to his own vomit.*
*Whig.* Beſides, this horrid plot was found
By *Neynoe*, after he was drown'd.

*Tory.* Why then the proverb is not right,
Since you can teach *dead dogs* to bite.
*Whig.* I prov'd my propoſition full:
But *jacobites* are ſtrangely dull.
Now let me tell you plainly, ſir,
Our witneſs is a real *curr*,
A dog of ſpirit for his years,
Has twice two legs, two hanging ears;
His name is *harlequin*, I wot,
And that's a name in ev'ry *plot:*
Reſolv'd to ſave the *Britiſh* nation,
Though *French* by birth and education;
His correſpondence plainly dated
Was all decypher'd and *tranſlated:*
His anſwers were exceeding pretty
Before the ſecret wiſe committee:
Confeſt as plain as he could bark:
Then with his fore-foot ſet his *mark.*
*Tory.* Then all this while have I been bubbled,
I thought it was a *dog* in *doublet:*
The matter now no longer ſticks;
For ſtateſmen never want *dog-tricks.*
But ſince it was a real curr,
And not a *dog* in metaphor,
I give you joy of the report,
That he's to have a place at court.

*Whig.*

*Whig.* Yes, and a place he will grow rich in;
A turn-ſpit in the royal kitchen.
Sir, to be plain I tell you what,
We had occaſion for a plot:
And, when we found the *dog* begin it,
We gueſs'd the biſhop's foot was in it.
*Tory.* I own it was a dang'rous project;
And you have prov'd it by *dog-logick.*
Sure ſuch intelligence between
A *dog* and biſhop ne'er was ſeen,
Till you began to change the breed;
Your biſhops all are *d——gs* indeed.

## JOAN *cudgels* NED.

Written in the Year 1723.

*JOAN* cudgels *Ned*, yet *Ned*'s a bully;
*Will* cudgels *Beſs*, yet *Will*'s a cully.
Die *Ned* and *Beſs*; give *Will* to *Joan*,
She dares not ſay her life's her own.
Die *Joan* and *Will*; give *Beſs* to *Ned*,
And ev'ry day ſhe *combs his head.*

## STELLA at *Wood-park*, *A Houſe of* Charles Ford, *Eſq*; *eight mi from* Dublin.

*——Cuicumque nocere volebat*
*Veſtimenta dabat pretioſa.*

Written in the Year 1723.

DON *Carlos*, in a merry ſpight,
Did *Stella* to his houſe invite:
He entertain'd her half a year
With gen'rous wines and coſtly chear.
Don *Carlos* made her chief director,
That ſhe might o'er the ſervants hector.
In half a week the dame grew nice,
Got all things at the higheſt price:
Now at the table head ſhe ſits,
Preſented with the niceſt bits:
She look'd on partridges with ſcorn,
Except they taſted of the corn:
A haunch of ven'ſon made her ſweat,
Unleſs it had the right *fumette*.
Don *Carlos* earneſtly would beg,
Dear madam, try this pigeon's leg;
Was happy, when he could prevail
To make her only touch a quail.

Throug

Through candle light ſhe view'd the wine
To ſee that ev'ry glaſs was fine.
At laſt, grown prouder than the devil
With feeding high and treatment civil,
Don *Carlos* now began to find
His malice work as he deſign'd.
The winter-ſky began to frown,
Poor *Stella* muſt pack off to town;
From purling ſtreams and fountains bubbling,
To * *Liffy's* ſtinking tide at *Dublin*:
From wholeſome exerciſe and air,
To ſoſſing in an eaſy chair:
From ſtomach ſharp, and hearty feeding,
To piddle like a lady breeding:
From ruling there the houſhold ſingly,
To be directed here by † *Dingley*:
From ev'ry day a lordly banquet,
To half a joint, and *God be thanked*:
From ev'ry meal *Pontack* in plenty,
To half a pint one day in twenty:
From *Ford* attending at her call,
To viſits of———
From *Ford*, who thinks of nothing mean,
To the poor doings of the dean:

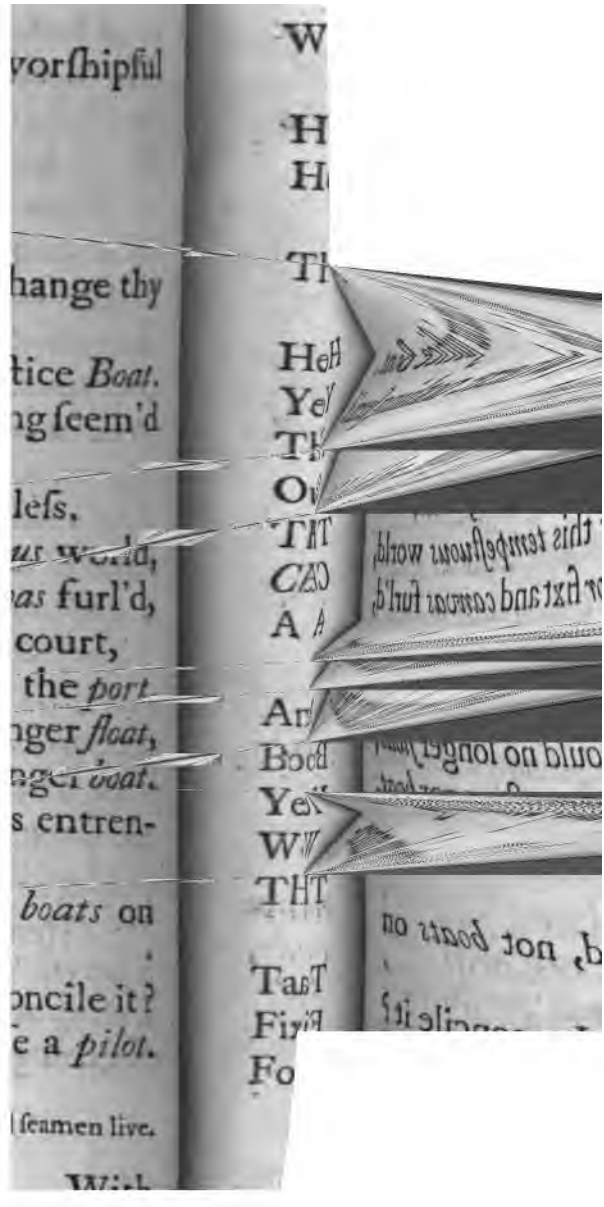
* The river that runs through *Dublin*.
† A lady: The two ladies lodged together.

From growing richer with good chear,
To running out by ſtarving here.
But now arrives the diſmal day;
She muſt return to * *Ormond Quay*,
The coachman ſtopt; ſhe look'd and ſwore
The raſcal had miſtook the door:
At coming in you ſaw her ſtoop;
The entry bruſh'd againſt her hoop:
Each moment riſing in her airs,
She curſt the narrow winding ſtairs:
Began a thouſand faults to ſpy;
The ceiling hardly ſix feet high;
The ſmutty wainſcot full of cracks:
And half the chairs with broken backs;
Her quarter's out at *Lady-Day*,
She vows ſhe will no longer ſtay
In lodgings like a poor *Grizette*,
While there are lodgings to be let.
Howe'er, to keep her ſpirits up,
She ſent for company to ſup:
When all the while you might remark,
She ſtrove in vain to ape *Wood park*.
Two bottles call'd for (half her ſtore,
The cupboard could contain but four:)
A ſupper worthy of herſelf,
Five nothings in five plates of *delf*.

* Where the two ladies lodged.

Thus for a week the farce went on;
When all her country-ſavings gone,
She fell into her former ſcene,
Small beer, a herring, and the dean.
Thus far in jeſt: though now I fear,
You think my jeſting too ſevere;
But poets, when a hint is new,
Regard not whether falſe or true:
Yet raillery gives no offence,
Where truth has not the leaſt pretence;
Nor can be more ſecurely plac'd
Than on a nymph of *Stella's* taſte.
I muſt confeſs, your vine and vittle
I was too hard upon a little:
Your table neat, your linen fine;
And, though in miniature, you ſhine:
Yet when you ſigh to leave *Wood-park*,
The ſcene, the welcome, and the ſpark,
To languiſh in this odious town,
And pull your haughty ſtomach down;
We think you quite miſtake the caſe,
The virtue lies not in the place:
For though my raillery were true,
A cottage is *Wood-park* with you.

A quib-


vorſhipful
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boats on
ncile it?
e a pilot.
ſeamen live.

With ev'ry *wind* he *ſail'd*, and well could
*tack:*
Had many *pendents*, but abhorr'd a * *Jack.*
He's gone, although his friends began to
hope,
That he might yet be lifted by a *rope.*
Behold the awful *bench*, on which he ſat;
He was as *hard* and pond'rous *wood* as that:
Yet, when his *ſand* was out, we find at laſt,
That death has *overſet* him with a *blaſt.*
Our *Boat* is now *ſail'd* to the *Stygian* ferry,
There to ſupply old *Charon's* leaky wherry:
*Charon* in him will ferry ſouls to hell;
A trade our † *Boat* hath practis'd here ſo
well:
And *Cerberus* hath ready in his paws
Both *pitch* and *brimſtone* to fill up his *flaws.*
Yet ſpite of death and fate, I here maintain
We may place *Boat* in his old *poſt* again.
The way is thus; and well deſerves your
thanks:
Take the three ſtrongeſt of his broken planks,
Fix them on high, conſpicuous to be ſeen,
Form'd like the triple-tree near ‡ *Stephen's*
*green*;

* A cant word for a *Jacobite.* † In hanging people as a judge. ‡ Where the *Dublin* gallows ſtands.

And,

And, when we view it thus with thief at
end on't,
We'll cry; look, here's our *Boat*, and there's
the *pendant*.

## The EPITAPH.

*HERE lies judge* Boat *within a coffin*;
*Pray, gentle-folks, forbear your ſcoffing.*
*A* Boat *a judge? yes*; *where's the blunder?*
*A* wooden *judge is no ſuch wonder.*
*And in his robes, you muſt agree,*
*No* Boat *was better* deckt *than he.*
*'Tis needleſs to deſcribe him fuller,*
*In ſhorts he was an able* * ſculler.

## A Receipt to reſtore STELLA's Youth.

Written in the Year 1724-5.

THE *Scottiſh* hinds, too poor to houſe
In froſty nights their ſtarving cows,
While not a blade of graſs or hay
Appears from *Michaelmas* to *May*,
Muſt let their cattle range in vain
For food along the barren plain.

* *Query*, Whether the author meant *ſcholar*, and wilfully miſtook.

Meagre

Meagre and lank with faſting grown,
And nothing left but ſkin and bone;
Expos'd to want, and wind, and weather,
They juſt keep life and ſoul together,
'Till ſummer ſhow'rs and evening's dew
Again the verdant glebe renew;
And as the vegetables riſe,
The famiſh'd cow her want ſupplies:
Without an ounce of laſt year's fleſh:
Whate'er ſhe gains is young and freſh;
Grows plump and round, and full of mettle,
As riſing from *Medea's* kettle,
With youth and beauty to enchant
*Europa's* counterfeit gallant *.

Why, *Stella*, ſhould you knit your brow,
If I compare you to the cow?
'Tis juſt the caſe; for you have faſted
So long, till all your fleſh is waſted,
And muſt againſt the warmer days
Be ſent to † *Quilca* down to graze!
Where mirth, and exerciſe, and air,
Will ſoon your appetite repair:
The nutriment will from within
Round all your body plump your ſkin;

* *Jupiter* is fabled to have ſtolen *Europa* in the ſhape of a bull.

† Dr. *Sheridan's* houſe, ſeven or eight miles from *Dublin*.

Will

Will agitate the lazy flood,
And fill your veins with ſprightly blood:
Nor fleſh nor blood will be the ſame,
Nor ought of *Stella* but the name;
For, what was ever underſtood
By human kind, but fleſh and blood?
And, if your fleſh and blood be new,
You'll be no more the former *you*;
But for a blooming nymph will paſs
Juſt fifteen, coming ſummer's graſs,
Your jetty locks with garlands crown'd:
While all the ſquires from nine miles round,
Attended by a brace of curs,
With jockey boots and ſilver ſpurs,
No leſs than juſtices o'*quorum*,
Their cow-boys bearing cloaks before'em,
Shall leave deciding broken pates
To kiſs your ſteps at *Quilca* gates.
But, leſt you ſhall my ſkill diſgrace,
Come back before you're out of caſe:
For if to *Michaelmas* you ſtay,
The new-born fleſh will melt away;
The 'ſquire in ſcorn will fly the houſe
For better game, and look for grouſe:
But here, before the froſt can marr it,
We'll make it firm with beef and claret.

WHIT-

## WHITSHED'S *Motto on his Coach.*

LIBERTAS ET NATALE SOLUM.

*Liberty and my native country.*

Written in the Year 1724.

*LIBERTAS et natale ſolum:*
Fine words! I wonder where you ſtole 'em.
Could nothing, but thy chief reproach,
Serve for a motto on thy coach?
But let me now the words tranſlate:
*Natale ſolum*, my eſtate;
My dear eſtate, how well I love it!
My tenants, if you doubt, will prove it!
They ſwear I am ſo kind and good,
I hug them, till I ſqueeze their blood.
*Libertas* bears a large import:
Firſt, how to ſwagger in a court;
And ſecondly, to ſhew my fury
Againſt an un-complying jury;
And thirdly, 'tis a new invention
To favour *Wood* and keep my penſion;

* The chief juſtice who proſecuted the *Drapier*. See his Letters.

And

And fourthly, 'tis to play an odd trick,
Get the great ſeal, and turn out *Brodrick*;
And fifthly (you know whom I mean)
To humble that vexatious dean;
And ſixthly for my ſoul to barter it*
For fifty times its worth to *Carteret*†.
Now, ſince your motto thus you conſtrue,
I muſt confeſs you've ſpoken once true.
*Libertas et natale ſolum*:
You had good reaſon, when you ſtole 'em.

*Sent by Dr.* DELANY *to Dr.* SWSFT, *in order to be admitted to ſpeak to him, when he was deaf.*

Written in the Year 1724.

DEAR ſir, I think 'tis doubly hard,
Your ears and doors ſhould both be barr'd.
Can any thing be more unkind?
Muſt I not ſee, 'cauſe you are blind?
Methinks a friend at night ſhould cheer you,
A friend, that loves to ſee and hear you.
Why am I robb'd of that delight,
When you can be no loſer by't?

* *(i. e.)* Liberty to barter his ſoul.
† *Carteret*, lord lieutenant of *Ireland*.

Nay, when 'tis plain (for what is plainer?)
That if you heard you'd be no gainer.
For ſure you are not yet to learn,
That hearing is not your concern;
Then be your doors no longer barr'd:
Your buſineſs, ſir, is to be heard.

## The ANSWER.

THE wiſe pretend to make it clear,
'Tis no great loſs to loſe an ear.
Why are we then ſo fond of two,
When by experience one would do?
'Tis true, they ſay, cut off the head,
And there's an end; the man is dead;
Becauſe, among all human race,
None e'er was known to have a brace:
But confidently they maintain,
That where we find the members twain,
The loſs of one is no ſuch trouble,
Since t'other will in ſtrength be double.
The limb ſurviving, you may ſwear,
Becomes his brother's lawful heir:
Thus for a trial let me beg of
Your rev'rence but to cut one leg off,
And you ſhall find, by this device
The other will be ſtronger twice;

For, ev'ry day you ſhall be gaining
New vigour to the leg remaining.
So, when an eye has loſt its brother,
You ſee the better with the other.
Cut off your hand, and you may do
With t'other hand the work of two:
Becauſe the ſoul her power contracts,
And on the brother limb *re-acts*.

But yet the point is not ſo clear in
Another caſe, the ſenſe of hearing:
For, though the place of either ear
Be diſtant, as one head can bear;
Yet *Galen* moſt acutely ſhews you,
(Conſult his book *de partium uſu*)
That from each ear, as he obſerves,
There creep two auditory nerves,
Not to be ſeen without a glaſs,
Which near the *os petroſum* paſs;
Thence to the neck; and moving thorou
there
One goes to this, and one to t'other ear,
Which made my grand-dame always ſtuff
her ears
Both right and left, as fellow-ſufferers.
You ſee my learning; but, to ſhorten it
When my left ear was deaf a fortnight,

To t'other ear I felt it coming on:
And thus I ſolve this hard *phænomenon.*

'Tis true, a glaſs will bring ſupplies
To weak, or old, or clouded eyes:
Your arms, though both your eyes were loſt,
Would guard your noſe againſt a poſt:
Without your legs two legs of wood
Are ſtronger and almoſt as good:
And as for hands, there have been thoſe,
Who wanting both have us'd their toes*;
But no contrivance yet appears
To furniſh artificial ears.

A quiet LIFE and a good NAME.

*To a friend who married a ſhrew.*

Written in the Year 1724.

*NELL* ſcolded in ſo loud a din,
That *Will* durſt hardly venture in:
He markt the conjugal diſpute;
*Nell* roar'd inceſſant, *Dick* ſat mute;
But, when he ſaw his friend appear,
Cry'd bravely, Patience, good my dear.

* There was about this time a man ſhewed, who wrote with his foot

At ſight of *Will*, ſhe bawl'd no more,
But hurry'd out and clapt the door.

Why *Dick!* the devil's in thy *Nell*,
(Quoth *Will*) thy houſe is worſe than hell:
Why what a peal the jade has rung!
D—n her, why dón't you ſlit her tongue?
For nothing elſe will make it ceaſe.
Dear *Will*, I ſuffer this for peace:
I never quarrel with my wife;
I bear it for a quiet life.
Scripture you know exhorts us to it;
Bids us to *ſeek peace, and enſue it.*

*Will* went again to viſit *Dick*;
And ent'ring in the very nick,
He ſaw virago *Nell* belabour,
With *Dick's* own ſtaff, his peaceful neighbour:
Poor *Will*, who needs muſt interpoſe,
Receiv'd a brace or two of blows.
But now, to make my ſtory ſhort
*Will* drew out *Dick* to take a quart.
Why, *Dick*, thy wife has dev'liſh whims;
Ods-buds, why don't you break her limbs?
If ſhe were mine, and had ſuch tricks,
I'd teach her how to handle ſticks:
Z—ds,

Z——ds, I would ſhip her to *Jamaica*,
Or truck the carrion for *tobacco*:
I'd ſend her far enough away——
Dear *Will*; but what would people ſay?
Lord! I ſhould get ſo ill a name,
The neighbours round would cry out ſhame.

*Dick* ſuffer'd for his peace and credit;
But who believ'd him, when he ſaid it?
Can he, who makes himſelf a ſlave,
Conſult his peace, or credit ſave?
*Dick* found it by his ill ſucceſs,
His quiet ſmall, his credit leſs.
She ſerv'd him at the uſual rate;
She ſtunn'd and then ſhe broke, his pate.
And, what he thought the hardeſt caſe,
The pariſh jeer'd him to his face;
Thoſe men, who wore the breeches leaſt,
Call'd him a cuckold, fool and beaſt.
At home he was purſu'd with noiſe;
Abroad was peſter'd by the boys:
Within, his wife would break his bones;
Without, they pelted him with ſtones:
The 'prentices procur'd a riding *,
To act his patience, and her chiding.

* A riding, a humorous cavalcade ſtill practiſed in ſome parts of *England* to ridicule a ſcolding wife and henpecked huſband: a woman beſtrides the horſe, and with a ladle chaſtiſes a man, who ſits on a pillion behind her with his face to the horſe's tail.

Falſe patience and miſtaken pride!
There are ten thouſand *Dicks* beſide;
Slaves to their quiet and good name,
Are us'd like *Dick*, and bear the blame.

*Some ingenious gentlemen, friends to the author, uſed to entertain themſelves with writing riddles, and ſending them to him and their other acquaintance; copies of which ran about, and ſome of them were printed both in* England *and* Ireland. *The author at his leiſure hours fell into the ſame amuſement; although it be ſaid, that he thought them of no great merit, entertainment, or uſe. However, by the advice of ſome perſons, for whom the author had a great eſteem, and who were pleaſed to ſend the copies, the few follow-lowing have been publiſhed (which are allowed to be genuine): becauſe we are informed that ſeveral good judges have a taſte for ſuch kind of compoſitions.*

## A
# RIDDLE.

Written in the Year 1724.

### I.

IN youth exalted high in air,
Or bathing in the waters fair,

Nature

Nature to form me took delight,
And clad my body all in white,
My perſon tall, and ſlender waſte,
On either ſide with fringes grac'd;
'Till me that tyrant man eſpy'd,
And dragg'd me from my mother's ſide:
No wonder now I look ſo thin;
The tyrant ſtript me to the ſkin:
My ſkin he flay'd, my hair he cropt;
At head and foot my body lopt:
And then, with heart more hard than ſtone,
He pick'd my marrow from the bone.
To vex me more, he took a freak
To ſlit my tongue and make me ſpeak:
But that which wonderful appears,
I ſpeak to eyes, and not to ears.
He oft employs me in diſguiſe,
And makes me tell a thouſand lies:
To me he chiefly gives in truſt
To pleaſe his malice or his luſt.
From me no ſecret he can hide;
I ſee his vanity and pride:
And my delight is to expoſe
His follies to his greateſt foes.

All languages I can command,
Yet not a word I underſtand.

Without my aid, the beſt divine
In learning would not know a line:
The lawyer muſt forget his pleading;
The ſcholar could not ſhew his reading.

Nay; man my maſter is my ſlave:
I give command to kill or ſave,
Can grant ten thouſand pounds a year,
And make a beggar's brat a peer.

But, while I thus my life relate,
I only haſten on my fate.
My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,
I hardly now can force a word.
I die unpitied and forgot,
And on ſome dunghill left to rot.

## II.

### ANOTHER.

ALL-ruling tyrant of the earth,
To vileſt ſlaves I owe my birth.
How is the greateſt monarch bleſt,
When in my gaudy liv'ry dreſt!
No haughty nymph has pow'r to run
From me; or my embraces ſhun.
Stabb'd to the heart, condemn'd to flame,
My conſtancy is ſtill the ſame.

The fav'rite meſſenger of *Jove**,
And *Lemnian* God † conſulting ſtrove
To make me glorious to the ſight
Of mortals, and the Gods delight.
Soon would their altars flame expire,
If I refus'd to lend them fire.

## III.

## ANOTHER.

BY fate *exalted high* in place,
Lo, here I ſtand with *double face*;
*Superior* none on earth I find;
But ſee *below me* all mankind.
Yet, as it oft attends the great,
I almoſt *ſink* with my own *weight*.
At every motion undertook,
The vulgar all conſult my *look*.
I ſometimes give advice in *writing*,
But never of my own *inditing*.

I am a courtier in my way;
For thoſe who *rais'd* me, I *betray*;
And ſome give out, that I entice
To luſt and luxury and dice:
Who puniſhments on me inflict,
Becauſe they find their pockets pickt.

* *Mercury.* † *Vulcan.*

By

By riding *poſt* I loſe my health;
And only to get others wealth.

## IV.

### ANOTHER.

BECAUSE I am by nature *blind*,
I wiſely chuſe to walk *behind*;
However, to avoid diſgrace,
I let no creature ſee my *face*.
My *words* are few, but ſpoke with *ſenſe*:
And yet my *ſpeaking* gives offence:
Or, if to *whiſper* I preſume,
The company will fly the room.
By all the world I am *oppreſt*,
And my *oppreſſion* gives them *reſt*.

Through me, though ſore againſt my will,
*Inſtructors* ev'ry art inſtil.
By thouſands I am *ſold* and bought,
Who neither get nor loſe a groat;
For none, alas! by me can gain,
But thoſe who give me *greateſt pain*.
Shall man preſume to be my maſter,
Who's but my *caterer* and *taſter*?
Yet, though I always have my will,
I'm but a meer *defender* ſtill:

An

An humble *hanger-on* at beſt;
Of whom all people *make a jeſt.*

In me detractors ſeek to find
Two vices of a diff'rent kind:
I'm too profuſe, ſome cens'rers cry,
And all I get, I *let it fly:*
While others give me many a curſe,
Becauſe too cloſe I hold my *purſe.*
But this I know, in either caſe
They dare not *charge* me to my *face.*
'Tis true indeed, ſometimes I *ſave,*
Sometimes *run out* of all I have;
But, when the year is at an end,
Computing what I *get,* and *ſpend,*
My *goings out,* and *comings in,*
I cannot find I loſe or win;
And therefore all that know me ſay,
I juſtly keep the *middle way.*
I'm always by my betters led;
I laſt *get up,* and firſt *a-bed;*
Though, if I riſe *before my time,*
The learn'd in ſciences ſublime
Conſult the ſtars, and thence foretel
*Good luck* to thoſe with whom I dwell.

## V.
## ANOTHER.

THE joy of man, the pride of brutes,
Domeſtic ſubject for diſputes,
Of plenty thou the emblem fair,
Adorn'd by nymphs with all their care!
I ſaw thee rais'd to high renown,
Supporting half the *Britiſh* crown;
And often have I ſeen thee grace
The chaſte *Diana's* infant face;
And whenſoe'er you pleaſe to ſhine,
Leſs uſeful is her light than thine:
Thy num'rous fingers know their way,
And oft in *Celia's* treſſes play.

To place thee in another view,
I'll ſhew the world ſtrange things and true;
What lords and dames of high degree
May juſtly claim their birth from thee.
The ſoul of man with ſpleen you vex:
Of ſpleen you cure the female ſex.
Thee for a gift the courtier ſends
With pleaſure to his ſpecial friends:
He gives; and with a gen'rous pride,
Contrives all means the gift to hide:

Nor

Nor oft can the receiver know,
Whether he has the gift or no.
On airy wings you take your flight,
And fly unſeen both day and night;
Conceal your form with various tricks;
And few know how or where you fix.
Yet ſome, who ne'er beſtow'd thee, boaſt
That they to others give thee moſt.
Mean time, the wiſe a queſtion ſtart,
If thou a real being art;
Or, but a creature of the brain,
That gives imaginary pain:
But the fly giver better knows thee;
Who feels true joys when he beſtows thee.

## VI.

## ANOTHER.

THOUGH I, alas! a pris'ner be,
My trade is pris'ners to ſet free.
No ſlave his lord's commands obeys
With ſuch *inſinuating* ways.
My genius *piercing*, *ſharp* and *bright*,
Wherein the men of wit delight.
The clergy keep me for their eaſe,
And *turn* and *wind* me as they pleaſe.

A new

Here lie depoſited the ſpoils
Of buſy mortals endleſs toils:
Here, with an eaſy ſearch we find
The *foul corruptions* of mankind.
The wretched purchaſe here behold
Of traitors, who their country ſold.

This gulph inſatiable imbibes
The lawyer's fees, the ſtateſman's bribes.
Here, in their proper ſhape and mien,
Fraud, perjury, and guilt are ſeen.

Neceſſity, the tyrant's law,
All human race muſt hither draw;
All prompted by the ſame *deſire*,
The vig'rous youth, and aged ſire.
Behold, the coward and the brave,
The haughty prince, the humble ſlave,
Phyſician, lawyer, and divine,
All make *oblations* at this ſhrine.
Some enter boldly, ſome by ſtealth,
And leave behind their fruitleſs wealth.
For while the baſhful ſylvan maid,
As half aſham'd, and half afraid,
Approaching finds it hard to part
With that which dwelt ſo *near her heart*;

The courtly dame, unmov'd by fear,
Profuſely pours her *offerings* here.

A treaſure here of *learning* lurks,
Huge heaps of never-dying works;
Labours of many an antient ſage,
And millions of the preſent age.

In at this gulph all off'rings paſs,
And lie an undiſtinguiſh'd maſs.
*Deucalion*, to reſtore mankind,
Was bid to throw the ſtones *behind*;
So thoſe, who here their gifts convey,
Are forc'd to *look another way*;
For few, a choſen few, muſt know
The myſteries that lie below.

Sad charnel-houſe! a diſmal dome,
For which all mortals leave their home;
The young, the beautiful, and brave,
Here bury'd in one common grave;
Where each ſupply of *dead* renews
Unwholeſome *damps*, *offenſive dews*:
And lo! the *writing on the walls*
Points out where each new *victim* falls;
The *food of worms*, and beaſts obſcene,
Who round the vault luxuriant reign.

See where thoſe mangled corpſes lie,
Condemn'd by female hands to die;
A comely dame, once clad in white,
Lies there conſign'd to endleſs night;
By cruel hands her blood was ſpilt,
And yet her *wealth* was all her guilt.

And here ſix virgins in a tomb,
All-beauteous offspring of one womb,
Oft in the train of *Venus* ſeen,
As fair and lovely as their queen:
In royal garments each was dreſt,
Each with a gold and purple veſt;
I ſaw them of their garments ſtript,
Their throats were cut, their bellies ript,
*Twice* were they bury'd, *twice* were born,
*Twice* from their ſepulchres were torn;
But now diſmember'd here are caſt,
And find a reſting-place at laſt.

Here oft the curious trav'ler finds
The combat of *oppoſing winds:*
And ſeeks to learn the ſecret cauſe,
Which alien ſeems from nature's laws;
Why at this *cave's* tremendous *mouth,*
He feels at once both *North* and *South:*

Whether

## A RIDDLE.

Whether the winds, in caverns pent,
Through *clefts* oppugnant force a vent:
Or whether, *op'ning all his ſtores*,
Fierce *Æolus* in tempeſt roars.

Yet, from this *mingled maſs* of things,
In time a new creation ſprings.
Theſe *crude* materials once ſhall riſe
To fill the earth, and air, and ſkies:
In various forms appear again,
Of vegetables, brutes, and men.
So *Jove* pronounc'd among the gods,
*Olympus* trembling as he nods.

## VIII.

## ANOTHER.

## LOUISA to STREPHON.

Tranſlated in the Year 1724.

H, *Strephon*, how can you deſpiſe
Her, who without thy pity dies?
*Strephon* I have ſtill been true,
of as noble blood as you;
iſſue of the genial bed,
rgin in thy boſom bred;
ac'd thee cloſer than a wife;
thee I leave, I leave my life.

Why ſhould my ſhepherd take amiſs,
That oft I wake thee with a kiſs?
Yet you of ev'ry kiſs complain;
Ah, is not love a pleaſing pain?
A pain which every happy night
You cure with eaſe and with delight;
With pleaſure, as the poet ſings,
Too great for mortals leſs than kings.

*Chloe*, when on thy breaſt I lie,
Obſerves me with revengeful eye:
If *Chloe* o'er thy heart prevails,
She'll tear me with her deſp'rate nails;
And with relentleſs hands deſtroy
The tender pledges of our joy.
Nor have I bred a ſpurious race;
They all were born from thy embrace.

Conſider, *Strephon*, what you do;
For, ſhall I die for love of you,
I'll haunt thy dreams, a bloodleſs ghoſt;
And all my kin, a num'rous hoſt,
Who down direct our lineage bring
From victors o'er the *Memphian* king;
Renown'd in ſieges and campaigns,
Who never fled the bloody plains,

Who

Who in tempeſtuous ſeas can ſport,
And ſcorn the pleaſures of a court;
From whom great *Sylla* found his doom;
Who ſcourg'd to death that ſcourge of *Rome*,
Shall on thee take a vengeance dire;
Thou, like *Alcides*, ſhalt expire,
When his envenom'd ſhirt he wore,
And ſkin and fleſh in pieces tore.
Nor leſs that ſhirt, my rival's gift,
Cut from the piece that made her ſhift,
Shall in thy deareſt blood be dy'd,
And make thee tear thy tainted hide.

## IX.

## ANOTHER.

Written in the Year 1735.

DEPRIV'D of root, and branch, and rind,
Yet flow'rs I bear of ev'ry kind;
And ſuch is my prolific pow'r,
They bloom in leſs than half an hour:
Yet ſtanders-by may plainly ſee
They get no nouriſhment from me.
My head with giddineſs goes round;
And yet I firmly ſtand my ground:

All over naked I am ſeen,
And painted like an *Indian* queen.
No couple-beggar in the land,
E'er join'd ſuch numbers hand in hand;
I join them fairly with a *ring*;
Nor can our parſon blame the thing:
And, tho' no marriage words are ſpoke,
They part not till the *ring* is broke,
Yet hypocrite fanaticks cry,
I'm but an idol rais'd on high:
And once a weaver in our town,
A damn'd *Cromwellian*, knock'd me down.
I lay a priſ'ner twenty years,
And then the jovial cavaliers
To their old poſt reſtor'd all three,
I mean the church, the king, and me.

## VERSES *on the upright Judge who condemned the* Drapier's *Printer.*

Written in the Year 1724.

THE church I hate, and have good reaſon;
For there my grandſire cut his weazon:
He cut his weazon at the altar;
I keep my gullet for the halter.

*On the ſame.*

IN church your grandſire cut his throat:
To do the job too long he tarry'd,
He ſhould have had my hearty vote,
To cut his throat before he marry'd.

*On the ſame.*

*(The Judge ſpeaks.)*

I'M not the grandſon of that aſs * *Quin*;
Nor can you prove it, Mr. *Paſquin*.
My grand-dame had gallants by twenties,
And bore my mother by a 'prentice.
This when my grandſire knew, they tell us he
In *Chriſt-church* cut his throat for jealouſy.
And, ſince the alderman was mad you ſay,
Then I muſt be ſo too, *ex traduce*.

* An alderman.

## A SIMILE, *on our Want of* Silver, *and the only Way to remedy it.*

Written in the Year 1725.

AS when of old ſome ſorc'reſs threw
O'er the moon's face a ſable hue,
To drive unſeen her magic chair,
At midnight through the darken'd air;
Wiſe people, who believ'd with reaſon
That this eclipſe was out of ſeaſon,
Affirm'd the moon was ſick, and fell
To cure her by a counter-ſpell.
Ten thouſands cymbals now begin
To rend the ſkies with brazen din;
The cymbals rattling ſounds diſpel
The cloud, and drive the hag to hell:
The moon, deliver'd from her pain,
Diſplays her *ſilver* face again.
(Note here, that in the chemic ſtyle,
The moon is *ſilver* all this while.)

So (if my ſimile you minded,
Which I confeſs is too long-winded)
When late a feminine magician *,
Join'd with a *brazen* politician,

* A great lady is reported to have been bribed by *Wood*.

Expos'd,

:pos'd, to blind the nation's eyes,
† parchment of prodigious ſize;
)ncealed behind that ample ſcreen,
)ere was no ſilver to be ſeen.
ıt to this parchment let the *Drapier*
)poſe his counter-charm of paper,
ıd ring *Wood's* copper in our ears
loud 'till all the nation hears;
hat ſound will make the parchment ſhrivel
ıd drive the conj'rers to the devil:
ıd when the ſky is grown ſerene,
ır ſilver will appear again.

## *On* WOOD *the Iron-monger.*

Written in the Year 1725.

*'ALMONEUS*, as the *Grecian* tale is,
Was a mad copper-ſmith of *Elis*;
p at his forge by morning peep,
o creature in the lane could ſleep.
mong a crew of royſt'ring fellows
'ould ſit whole ev'nings at the alehouſe:
is wife and children wanted bread,
'hile he went always drunk to bed.

† A patent to *William Wood*, for coining half-pence.

This vap'ring ſcab muſt needs deviſe
To ape the thunder of the ſkies:
With *braſs* two fiery ſteeds he ſhod,
To make a clátt'ring as they trod.
Of poliſh'd *braſs* his flaming car
Like lightning dazzled from afar,
And up he mounts into the box,
And he muſt thunder, with a pox.
Then furious he begins his march,
Drives rattling o'er a brazen arch:
With ſquibs and crackers arm'd, to throw
Among the trembling croud below.
All ran to prayers, both prieſts and laity,
To pacify this angry deity;
When *Jove*, in pity to the town,
With real thunder knock'd him down.
Then what a huge delight were all in,
To ſee the wicked varlet ſprawling;
They ſearch'd his pockets on the place,
And found his copper all was baſe;
They laugh'd at ſuch an *Iriſh* blunder,
To take the noiſe of braſs for thunder.

The moral of this tale is proper,
Apply'd to *Wood's* adulter'd copper:
Which, as he ſcatter'd, we like dolts
Miſtook at firſt for thunder-bolts;

Before

:fore the *Drapier* ſhot a letter,
Jor *Jove* himſelf could do it better)
'hich, lighting on th' impoſtor's crown,
ike real thunder knock'd him down.

## WOOD an INSECT.

Written in the Year 1725.

3Y long obſervation I have underſtood,
That two little vermin are kin to *Will Wood.*
he firſt is an inſect they call a *wood*-louſe,
hat folds up itſelf in itſelf for a houſe:
s round as a ball, without head, without tail,
iclos'd *cap-a-pe* in a ſtrong coat of mail.
nd thus *William Wood* to my fancy appears
ı fillets of braſs roll'd up to his ears:
nd over theſe fillets he wiſely has thrown,
'o keep out of danger,* a doublet of ſtone,

The louſe of the *wood* for a med'cine is us'd,
)r ſwallow'd alive, or ſkilfully bruis'd.

* He was in jail for debt.

And

And let but our mother *Hibernia* contrive
To ſwallow *Will Wood* either bruis'd or alive,
She need be no more with the jaundice poſſeſt,
Or ſick of *obſtructions*, and *pains in her cheſt*.
The next is an inſect we call a *wood*-worm,
That lies in old *wood* like a hare in her form;
With teeth or with claws it will bite or will ſcratch,
And chambermaids chriſten this worm a death-watch;
Becauſe like a watch it always cries *click:*
Then woe be to thoſe in the houſe who are ſick:
For, as ſure as a gun, they will give up the ghoſt,
If the maggot cries *click*, when it ſcratches the poſt.
But a kettle of ſcalding hot water injected
Infallibly cures the timber affected:
The omen is broken, the danger is over;
The maggot will die, and the ſick will recover.

Such

Such a worm was *Will Wood*, when he
ſcratch'd at the door
Of a governing ſtateſman or favourite
whore:
The death of our nation he ſeem'd to foretel,
And the ſound of his braſs we took for our
knell.
But now, ſince the *Drapier* hath heartily
maul'd him,
I think the beſt thing we can do is to ſcald
him.
For which operation there's nothing more
proper
Than the liquor he deals in, his own melt-
ed copper;
Unleſs, like the *Dutch*, you rather would boil
This coiner of †*raps* in a cauldron of oil.
Then chuſe which you pleaſe, and let each
bring a faggot,
For our fear's at an end with the death of
the maggot.

† A cant word in *Ireland* for a counterfeit half-penny.

TO

TO

# QUILCA,

## A Country-Houſe of Dr. SHERIDAN,

## In no very good Repair,

*Where the ſuppoſed Author and ſome of his Friends ſpent a Summer in the Year* 1725.

LET me thy properties explain,
A rotten cabbin dropping rain;
Chimnies with ſcorn rejecting ſmoak;
Stool, tables, chairs, and bedſteds broke.
Here elements have loſt their uſes,
Air ripens not, nor earth produces;
In vain we make poor *Sheelah* * toil,
Fire will not roaſt, nor water boil.
Through all the valleys, hills and plains,
The goddeſs *Want* in triumph reigns:
And her chief officers of ſtate,
*Sloth*, *Dirt*, and *Theft* around her wait.

* An *Iriſh* name.

HORACE,

# HORACE,

## ODE XIV. BOOK I.

Paraphraſed, and inſcribed to IRELAND.

Written in the Year 1725-6.

### THE INSCRIPTION.

*Poor floating iſle, toſt on ill-fortune's waves,*
*Ordain'd by* fate *to be the land of ſlaves;*
*Shall moving* Delos *now deep-rooted ſtand:*
*Thou, fix'd of old, be now the moving land?*
*Although the metaphor be worn and ſtale,*
*Betwixt a ſtate, and veſſel under ſail;*
*Let me ſuppoſe thee for a ſhip a-while,*
*And thus addreſs thee in the ſailor's ſtyle:*

UNHAPPY ſhip, thou art return'd in vain:
New waves ſhall drive thee to the deep again.

1. *O navis, referent in mare te novi*
*Fluctus.*

Look

Look to thyſelf, and be no more the ſport
2. Of giddy winds, but make ſome friendly port.
3. Loſt are thy oars, that us'd thy courſe to guide,
Like faithful counſellors on either ſide.
4. Thy maſt, which like ſome aged patriot ſtood
The ſingle pillar for his country's good,
To lead thee, as a ſtaff directs the blind,
Behold it cracks by yon rough *eaſtern* wind.
5. Your cables burſt, and you muſt quickly feel
The waves impetuous enter at your keel.
Thus, commonwealths receive a foreign yoke,
When the ſtrong cords of union once are broke.

2.——*Fortiter occupa*
*Portum:*
3. *Nudum remigio latus.*
4.——*Malus celeri ſaucius* Africo.
5.——*Ac ſine funibus*
*Vix durare carinæ*
*Poſſint imperioſius*
*Æquor?*

6. Tom

Torn by a ſudden tempeſt is thy ſail,
Expanded to invite a milder gale.

As when ſome writer in a public cauſe,
His pen to ſave a ſinking nation draws,
While all is calm, his arguments prevail;
The people's voice expands his paper ſail;
'Till pow'r, diſcharging all her ſtormy bags,
Flutters the feeble pamphlet into rags.
The nation ſcar'd, the author doom'd to death,
Who fondly put his truſt in pop'lar breath.

A larger ſacrifice in vain you vow;
There's not a pow'r above will help you now:
A nation thus, who oft heaven's call neglects,
In vain from injur'd heaven relief expects.

'Twill not avail, when they ſtrong ſides are broke,
That thy deſcent is from the *Britiſh* oak;

6. *Non tibi ſunt integra lintea.*
7. *Non Dii, quos iterum preſſa voces malo.*
8. *Quamvis pontica pinus,*
*Sylvæ filia nobilis.*

Or, when your name, your family you boaſt,
From fleets triumphant o'er the *Gallic* coaſt.
Such was *Ierne's* claim, as juſt as thine,
Her ſons deſcended from the *Britiſh* line;
Her matchleſs ſons, whoſe valour ſtill remains
On *French* records for twenty long campaigns:
Yet from an empreſs now a captive grown,
She ſav'd *Britannia's* rights, and loſt her own.

9. In ſhips decay'd no mariner confides,
Lur'd by the gilded ſtern and painted ſides;
Yet at a ball unthinking fools delight
In the gay trappings of a birth-day night:
They on the gold brocades and ſattins rav'd,
And quite forgot their country was enſlav'd.

9. *Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus.*

10. Dear

10. Dear veſſel, ſtill be to thy ſteerage juſt,
Nor change thy courſe with ev'ry ſud-
den guſt:
Like ſupple patriots of the modern ſort,
Who turn with ev'ry gale that blows
from court.

11. Weary and ſea-ſick when in thee
confin'd,
Now for thy ſafety cares diſtract my
mind;
As thoſe, who long have ſtood the ſtorms
of ſtate,
Retire, yet ſtill bemoan their country's
fate.
Beware, and when you hear the ſurges
roar,
Avoid the rocks on *Britain's* angry ſhore.
They lie, alas! too eaſy to be found;
For thee alone they lie the iſland round.

10. *Fidit; tu, niſi ventis*
*Debes ludibrium, cave.*
11. *Nuper ſolicitum quæ mihi tædium,*
*Nunc deſiderium, curaque non levis,*
*Interfuſa nitentes*
*Vites æquora Cycladas.*



156814

## *On reading Dr.* YOUNG's *Satires called* The Univerſal Paſſion, *by which he means* Pride.

Written in the Year 1726.

IF there be truth in what you ſing,
Such god-like virtues in the king;
A miniſter* ſo fill'd with zeal
And wiſdom for the common-weal:
If he† who in the chair preſides
So ſteadily the ſenate guides:
If others, whom you make your theme,
Are ſeconds in this glorious ſcheme:
If ev'ry peer, whom you commend,
To worth and learning be a friend:
If this be truth, as you atteſt,
What land was ever half ſo bleſt?
No falſhood now among the great,
And tradeſmen now no longer cheat;
Now on the bench fair *Juſtice* ſhines;
Her ſcale to neither ſide inclines:
Now *Pride* and *Cruelty* are flown,
And *Mercy* here exalts her throne:
For ſuch is good-example's power,
It does its office ev'ry hour,

* Sir *R. Walpole*, late earl of *Orford*.

† *Compton*, the ſpeaker at that time.

Where governors are good and wiſe;
Or elſe the trueſt maxim lyes:
For ſo we find all ancient ſages
Decree, that *ad exemplum regis*,
Through all the realm his virtues run,
Rip'ning and kindling like the ſun.
If this be true, then how much more,
When you have nam'd at leaſt a ſcore
Of courtiers, each in their degree,
If poſſible, as good as he?

Or take it in a diff'rent view.
I aſk (if what you ſay be true)
If you affirm the preſent age
Deſerves your ſatire's keeneſt rage:
If that ſame *univerſal paſſion*
With ev'ry vice hath fill'd the nation:
If virtue dares not venture down
A ſingle ſtep beneath the crown:
If clergymen, to ſhew their wit,
Praiſe *claſſicks* more than holy writ:
If bankrupts, when they are undone,
Into the ſenate-houſe can run,
And ſell their votes at ſuch a rate,
As will retrieve a loſt eſtate:
If law be ſuch a partial whore,
To ſpare the rich, and plague the poor:

If theſe be of all crimes the worſt,
What land was ever half ſo curſt?

## The DOG and THIEF.

Written in the Year 1726.

QUOTH the thief to the dog, let me into your door,
And I'll give you theſe delicate bits.
Quoth the dog, I ſhall then be more villain than you're,
And beſides muſt be out of my wits.

Your delicate bits will not ſerve me a meal,
But my maſter each day gives me bread;
You'll fly, when you get what you came here to ſteal,
And I muſt be hang'd in your ſtead.

The ſtock-jobber thus from *Change-Alley* goes down,
And tips you the freeman a wink;
Let me have but your vote to ſerve for the town,
And here is a guinea to drink.

Said the freeman, your guinea to-night
would be ſpent;
Your offers of bribery ceaſe:
I'll vote for my landlord, to whom I pay
rent,
Or elſe I may forfeit my leaſe.

From *London* they come ſilly people to
chouſe,
Their lands and their faces unknown:
Who'd vote a rogue into the parliament-
houſe,
That would turn a man out of his own?

## ADVICE *to the* GRUB-STREET *Verſe-Writers.*

Written in the Year 1726.

YE poets ragged and forlorn,
Down from your garrets haſte;
Ye rhymers dead as ſoon as born,
Not yet conſign'd to paſte,

I know a trick to make you thrive;
O, 'tis a quaint device:
Your ſtill-born poems ſhall revive,
And ſcorn to wrap up ſpice.

Get all your verſes printed fair,
  Then let them well be dried;
And *Curl* muſt have a ſpecial care
  To leave the margin wide.

Lend theſe to paper-ſparing *Pope*;
  And when he ſits to write,
No letter with an *envelope* *
  Could give him more delight.

When *Pope* has fill'd the margins round,
  Why then recall your loan;
Sell them to *Curl* for fifty pound,
  And ſwear they are your own.

## *On ſeeing verſes written upon Windows in Inns.*

Written in the Year 1726.

I.

THE ſage, who ſaid he ſhould be proud
  Of windows in his breaſt,
Becauſe he ne'er one thought allow'd
  That might not be confeſt;

* A blank cover.

His window ſcrawl'd by ev'ry rake,
  His breaſt again would cover;
And fairly bid the devil take
  The diamond and the lover.

II.

ANOTHER.

BY *Satan* taught, all conjurers know
  Your miſtreſs in a glaſs to ſhow,
And you can do as much:
  In this the devil and you agree:
None e'er made verſes worſe than he,
  And thine I ſwear are ſuch.

III.

ANOTHER.

THAT love is the devil, I'll prove
  when requir'd;
  Thoſe rhymers abundantly ſhow it:
They ſwear that they all by love are inſpir'd,
  And the devil's a damnable poet.

IV. ANO-

## IV.

## ANOTHER.

THE church and clergy here, no doubt,
Are very near a-kin;
Both weather-beaten are without;
And empty both within.

## A

# PASTORAL DIALOGUE

### BETWEEN

### RICHMOND-LODGE and MARBLE-HILL.

Written *June* 1727, juſt after the news of the late king's death, to which time this note muſt alſo be referred.

RICHMOND-LODGE *is a houſe with a ſmall part belonging to the crown: it was uſually granted by the crown for a leaſe of years*; *the duke of* Ormond *was the laſt who had it. After his exile, it was given to the prince of* Wales *by the king. The prince and princeſs uſually paſſed their* ſumme *there. It is within a mile of* Richmond.

MARBLE-

MARBLE-HILL *is a houſe built by Mrs.* Howard, *then of the bed-chamber, now counteſs of* Suffolk, *and groom of the ſtole to the queen. It is on the* Middleſex *ſide, near* Twickenham, *where Mr.* Pope *lives, and about two miles from* Richmond-lodge. *Mr.* Pope *was the contriver of the gardens, lord* Herbert *the architect, and the dean of St.* Patrick's *chief butler, and keeper of the* ice-houſe. *Upon king* George's *death, theſe two houſes met, and had the following dialogue.*

*IN ſpight of *Pope*, in ſpight of *Gay*,
And all that he or they can ſay;
Sing on I muſt, and ſing I will
Of *Richmond-lodge*, and *Marble-hill*.

Laſt *Friday* night, as neighbours uſe,
This couple met to talk of news:
For by old proverbs it appears,
That walls have tongues, and hedges ears.

MARBLE-HILL.

Quoth *Marble-hill*, right well I ween,
Your miſtreſs now is grown a queen:

* *This poem was carried to court, and read to the king and queen.*

You'll

You'll find it ſoon by woeful proof,
She'll come no more beneath your roof.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

The kingly prophet well evinces
That we ſhould put no truſt in princes:
My royal maſter promis'd me
To raiſe me to a high degree;
But now he's grown a king, God wot,
I fear I ſhall be ſoon forgot.
You ſee, when folks have got their ends,
How quickly they neglect their friends;
Yet I may ſay, 'twixt me and you,
Pray God, they now may find as true.

MARBLE-HILL.

My houſe was built but for a ſhow,
My lady's empty pockets know;
And now ſhe will not have a ſhilling
To raiſe the ſtairs, or build the cieling;
For all the courtly madams round
Now pay four ſhillings in the pound:
'Tis come to what I always thought:
My dame is hardly worth a groat.
Had you and I been courtiers born,
We ſhould not thus have lain forlorn:

For

For thoſe we dext'rous courtiers call,
Can riſe upon their maſters' *fall.*
But we, unlucky and unwiſe,
Muſt *fall* becauſe our maſters *riſe.*

RICHMOND-LODGE.

My maſter, ſcarce a fortnight ſince,
Was grown as wealthy as a prince;
But now it will be no ſuch thing,
For he'll be poor as any *king:*
And by his crown will nothing get;
But like a king to run in debt.

MARBLE-HILL.

No more the dean, that grave divine,
Shall keep the key of my no—wine;
My ice-houſe rob, as heretofore,
And ſteal my artichokes no more;
Poor *Patty Blount* no more be ſeen
Bedraggled in my walks ſo green:
Plump *Johnny Gay* will now elope;
And here no more will dangle *Pope.*

RICHMOND-LODGE.

Here wont the *dean*, when he's to ſeek,
To ſpunge a breakfaſt once a week;

To cry the bread was ſtale, and mutter
Complaints againſt the royal butter.
But now I fear it will be ſaid,
No butter ſticks upon his dread.
We ſoon ſhall find him full of ſpleen,
For want of tattling to the queen;
Stunning her royal ears with talking;
His *rev'rence* and her *highneſs* walking:
Whilſt *lady *Charlotte*, like a ſtroller,
Sits mounted on the garden roller.
A goodly ſight to ſee her ride
With ancient † *Mirmont* at her ſide.
In velvet cap his head lies warm;
His hat for ſhow beneath his arm.

## MARBLE-HILL.

Some *South-ſea* broker from the city
Will purchaſe me, the more's the pity;
Lay all my fine plantations waſte
To fit them to his vulgar taſte;
Chang'd for the worſe in ev'ry part,
My maſter *Pope* will break his heart.

## RICHMOND-LODGE.

In my own *Thames* may I be drownded,
If e'er I ſtoop beneath a crown'd head:

* *Lady* Charlotte de Rouſſy, a French *lady*.

† *Marquis* de Mirmont, a French man *of quality*.

Except

Except her majeſty prevails
To place me with the prince of *Wales*;
And then I ſhall be free from fears,
For he'll be prince theſe fifty years.
I then will turn a courtier too,
And ſerve the times, as others do.
Plain loyalty, not built on hope,
I leave to your contriver, *Pope*:
None loves his king and country better,
Yet none was ever leſs their debtor.

MARBLE-HILL.

Then let him come and take a nap
In *ſummer* on my verdant lap:
Prefer our *villa's*, where the *Thames* is,
To *Kenſington*, or hot St. *James's*;
Nor ſhall I dull in ſilence ſit;
For 'tis to me owes his wit;
My groves, my echoes, and my birds
Have taught him his poetic words.
We gardens, and you wilderneſſes,
Aſſiſt all poets in diſtreſſes.
Him twice a week I here expect,
To rattle * *Moody* for neglect;
An idle rogue, who ſpends his quartridge
In tipling at the *Dog and partridge*;

* The gardener.

And

And I can hardly get him down
Three times a week to bruſh my gown.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

I pity you, dear *Marble-hill*;
But hope to ſee you flouriſh ſtill.
All happineſs——and ſo adieu.

MARBLE-HILL.

Kind *Richmond-lodge*, the ſame to you.

## DESIRE and POSSESSION.

Written in the Year 1727.

'TIS ſtrange, what diff'rent thoughts inſpire
In men, *Poſſeſſion* and *Deſire!*
Think what they wiſh ſo great a bleſſing;
So diſappointed when poſſeſſing!

A moraliſt profoundly ſage,
I know not in what book or page,
Or whether o'er a pot of ale,
Related thus the following tale.

*Poſſeſſion* and *Deſire*, his brother,
But ſtill at variance with each other,

Were

Were ſeen contending in a race;
And kept at firſt an equal pace:
'Tis ſaid, their courſe continued long;
For this was active, that was ſtrong:
Till envy, ſlander, ſloth, and doubt,
Miſled them many a league about.
Seduc'd by ſome deceiving light,
They take the wrong way for the right;
Through ſlipp'ry by-roads dark and deep,
They often climb, and often creep.

*Deſire*, the ſwifter of the two,
Along the plain like lightning flew:
Till entering on a broad high-way,
Where *power* and *titles* ſcatter'd lay,
He ſtrove to pick up all he found,
And by excurſions loſt his ground:
No ſooner got, than with diſdain
He threw them on the ground again;
And haſted forward to purſue
Freſh objects fairer to his view;
In hope to ſpring ſome nobler game;
But all he took was juſt the ſame:
Too ſcornful now to ſtop his pace,
He ſpurn'd them in his rival's face.

*Poſſeſſion* kept the beaten road;
And gather'd all his brother ſtrow'd;

But overcharg'd, and out of wind,
Though ſtrong in limbs, he lagg'd behind.

*Deſire* had now the goal in ſight:
It was a tow'r of monſtrous height;
Where on the ſummit *Fortune* ſtands,
A crown and ſceptre in her hands;
Beneath a chaſm as deep as hell,
Where many a bold advent'rer fell.
*Deſire*, in rapture gaz'd a while,
And ſaw the treach'rous goddeſs ſmile;
But, as he climb'd to graſp the crown,
She knock'd him with the ſceptre down.
He tumbled in the gulph profound;
There doom'd to whirl an endleſs round.

*Poſſeſſion's* load was grown ſo great,
He ſunk beneath the cumb'rous weight:
And as he now expiring lay,
Flocks ev'ry ominous bird of prey;
The raven, vulture, owl, and kite,
At once upon his carcaſe light,
And ſtrip his hide, and pick his bones,
Regardleſs of his dying groans.

## *On* CENSURE.

Written in the Year 1727.

YE wiſe, inſtruct me to endure
An evil, which admits no cure:
Or, how this evil can be born,
Which breeds at once both hate and ſcorn.
Bare innocence is no ſupport,
When you are try'd in ſcandal's court.
Stand high in honour, wealth, or wit:
All others who inferior ſit,
Conceive themſelves in conſcience bound
To join and drag you to the ground.
Your altitude offends the eyes
Of thoſe who want the pow'r to riſe.
The world, a willing ſtander-by,
Inclines to aid a ſpecious lye:
Alas! they would not do you wrong,
But all appearances are ſtrong.

Yet whence proceeds this weight we lay
On what detracting people ſay;
For let mankind diſcharge their tongues
In venom, till they burſt their lungs,
Their utmoſt malice cannot make
Your head, or tooth, or finger ake:

Nor ſpoil your ſhape, diſtort your face,
Or put one feature out of place;
Nor will you find your fortune ſink
By what they ſpeak or what they think;
Nor can ten hundred thouſand lyes
Make you leſs virtuous, learn'd, or wiſe.

The moſt effectual way to baulk
Their malice, is——to let them talk.

## *The Furniture of a Woman's* MIND.

Written in the Year 1727.

A Set of phraſes learnt by rote;
A paſſion for a ſcarlet-coat;
When at a play to laugh, or cry,
Yet cannot tell the reaſon why;
Never to hold her tongue a minute,
While all ſhe prates has nothing in it;
Whole hours can with a coxcomb ſit,
And take his nonſenſe all for wit;
Her learning mounts to read a ſong,
But half the words pronouncing wrong;
Hath every repartee in ſtore,
She ſpoke ten thouſand times before;

Can ready compliments ſupply
On all occaſions, cut and dry;
Such hatred to a parſon's gown,
The ſight will put her in a ſwoon;
For converſation well endu'd,
She calls it witty to be rude;
And placing raillery in railing,
Will tell aloud your greateſt failing;
Nor make a ſcruple to expoſe
Your bandy leg, or crooked noſe;
Can at her morning tea run o'er
The ſcandal of the day before;
Improving hourly in her ſkill,
To cheat and wrangle at quadrille.

In chuſing lace a critick nice,
Knows to a groat the loweſt price;
Can in her female clubs diſpute,
What linen beſt the ſilk will ſuit,
What colours each complexion match,
And where with art to place a patch.

If chance a mouſe creeps in her ſight,
Can finely counterfeit a fright;
So ſweetly ſcreams, if it comes near her,
She raviſhes all hearts to hear her.
Can dext'rouſly her huſband teaſe,
By taking fits whene'er ſhe pleaſe;

By frequent practice learns the trick
At proper ſeaſons to be ſick;
Thinks nothing gives one airs ſo pretty,
At once creating love and pity;
If *Molly* happens to be careleſs,
And but neglects to warm her hair-lace,
She gets a cold as ſure as death,
And vows ſhe ſcarce can fetch her breath;
Admires how modeſt women can
Be ſo *robuſtious*, like a man.

In party, furious to her pow'r;
A bitter whig, or tory four;
Her arguments directly tend
Againſt the ſide ſhe would defend;
Will prove herſelf a tory plain,
From principles the whigs maintain;
And to defend the whiggiſh cauſe
Her topicks from the tories draws.

O yes! * if any man can find
More virtues in a woman's mind,
Let them be ſent to Mrs. † *Harding*;
She'll pay the charges to a farthing;
Take notice, ſhe has my commiſſion
To add them in the next edition;
They may out-ſell a better thing:
So, holla, boys; God ſave the king.

* *O yes:* a corruption of *oyez*, hear ye, a word uſed by cryers.

† A printer.

*Clever*

## ver TOM CLINCH *going to be hanged.*

Written in the Year 1727.

AS clever *Tom Clinch*, while the rabble was bawling,
de ſtately through *Holbourn* to die in his calling;
ſtopt at *The George* for a bottle of ſack,
d promis'd to pay for it when he came back
is waiſtcoat and ſtockings, and breeches were white;
is cap had a new cherry ribband to tye't.
he maids to the doors and the balconies ran,
nd ſaid, Lack-a-day! he's a proper young man.
t, as from the windows the ladies he ſpy'd,
ke a beau in the box, he bow'd low on each ſide;
nd, when his laſt ſpeech the loud hawkers did cry,
e ſwore from his cart, it was all a damn'd lye.

The hangman for pardon fell down on his knee;
*Tom* gave him a kick in the guts for his fee:
Then ſaid, I muſt ſpeak to the people a little,
But I'll ſee yon all damn'd before I will **whittle*,
My honeſt friend †*Wild* may he long hold his place,
He lengthen'd my life with a whole year of grace.
Take courage, dear comrades, and be not afraid,
Nor ſlip this occaſion to follow your trade;
My conſcience is clear, and my ſpirits are calm,
And thus I go off without pray'r-book or pſalm;
Then follow the practice of clever *Tom Clinch*,
Who hung like a hero, and never would flinch.

* A cant word for confeſſing at the gallows.

† The noted thief-catcher, under-keeper of *Newgate*, who was hanged for receiving ſtolen goods.

## *On cutting down the old* THORN *at* MARKET-HILL*.

Written in the Year 1727.

AT *Market-hill*, as well appears
By chronicle of ancient date,
There ſtood for many hundred years
A ſpacious thorn before the gate.

Hither came ev'ry village-maid,
And on the boughs her garland hung,
And here, beneath the ſpreading ſhade,
Secure from ſatyrs ſat and ſung.

† Sir *Archibald* that val'rous knight,
Then lord of all the fruitful plain,
Would come to liſten with delight,
For he was fond of rural ſtrain.

(Sir *Archibald*, whoſe fav'rite name
Shall ſtand for ages on record,
By *Scottiſh* bards of higheſt fame,
‡ Wiſe *Hawthornden* and *Stirling*'s lord).

* A village near the ſeat of Sir *Arthur Acheſon*, where the dean ſometimes made a long viſit.

† Sir *Archibald Acheſon*, ſecretary of ſtate for *Scotland*.

‡ *Drummond* of *Hawthornden*, and Sir *William Alexander* earl of *Sterling*, who were both friends to Sir *Archibald*, and famous for their poetry.

But

But time with iron teeth I ween,
Has canker'd all its branches round;
No fruit or bloſſom to be ſeen,
Its head reclining tow'rds the ground.

This aged, ſickly, ſapleſs thorn,
Which muſt alas no longer ſtand,
Behold the cruel dean in ſcorn
Cuts down with ſacrilegious hand.

Dame Nature, when ſhe ſaw the blow,
Aſtoniſh'd gave a dreadful ſhriek;
And mother *Tellus* trembled ſo,
She ſcarce recover'd in a week.

The *ſylvan* pow'rs with fear perplex'd,
In prudence and compaſſion ſent
(For none could tell whoſe turn was next)
Sad omens of the dire event,

The magpye, lighting on the ſtock,
Stood chatt'ring with inceſſant din;
And with her beak gave many a knock,
To rouze and warn the nymph within.

The owl foreſaw, in penſive mood,
The ruin of her ancient ſeat;
And fled in haſte with all her brood
To ſeek a more ſecure retreat.

Laſt trotted forth the gentle ſwine,
To eaſe her itch againſt the ſtump,
And diſmally was heard to whine,
All as ſhe ſcrubb'd her meazly rump.

The nymph, who dwells in ev'ry tree
(If all be true that poets chant),
Condemn'd by fate's ſupreme decree,
Muſt die with her expiring plant.

Thus when the gentle *Spina* found
The thorn committed to her care,
Receiv'd its laſt and deadly wound,
She fled and vaniſh'd into air.

But from the root a diſmal groan
Firſt iſſuing ſtruck the murd'rer's ears;
And in a ſhrill revengeful tone
This prophecy he trembling hears.

" Thou chief contriver of my fall,
" Relentleſs dean, to miſchief born;
" My kindred oft thine hide ſhall gall,
" Thy gown and caſſock oft be torn.

" And thy confed'rate dame, who brags
" That ſhe condemn'd me to the fire,
" Shall rent her petticoats to rags,
" And wound her legs with ev'ry briar.

" Nor

" Nor thou, lord * *Arthur*, ſhalt eſcape:
" To thee I often call'd in vain,
" Againſt that aſſaſſin in crape;
" Yet thou could'ſt tamely ſee me ſlain.

" Nor when I felt the dreadful blow,
" Or chid the dean, or pinch'd thy
" ſpouſe;
" Since you could ſee me treated ſo
" (An old retainer to your houſe),

" May that fell dean, by whoſe command
" Was form'd this *Machiavellian* plot,
" Not leave a thiſtle on thy land;
" Then who will own thee for a *Scot*?

" Pigs and fanaticks, cows and teagues,
" Through all thy empire I foreſee,
" To tear thy hedges, join in leagues;
" Sworn to revenge my thorn and me.

" And thou the wretch ordain'd by fate,
" *Neal Gagahan*, *Hibernian* clown,
" With hatchet blunter than thy pate,
" To hack my hallow'd timber down,

* Sir *Arthur Acheſon*.

" When

" When thou, ſuſpended high in air,
" Dy'ſt on a more ignoble tree
" (For thou ſhalt ſteal thy landlord's mare),
" Then, bloody *caitif*, think on me."

## *On the five Ladies at* * Sot's-Hole, *with the Doctor* † *at their head.*

N. B. *The Ladies treated the Doctor.*

*Sent as from an Officer in the Army.*

Written in the Year 1728.

FAIR ladies, number five,
Who, in your merry freaks,
With little *Tom* contrive
To feaſt on ale and ſteaks.

While he ſits by a grinning,
To ſee you ſafe in *Sot's-hole*,
Set up with greaſy linen,
And neither mugs nor pots whole.

* An alehouſe in *Dublin* famous for beef-ſteaks.

† Dr. *Thomas Sheridan.*

Alas!

Alas! I never thought,
A prieſt would pleaſe your palate;
Beſides, I'll hold a groat,
He'll put you in a ballad;

Where I ſhall ſee your faces
On paper daub'd ſo foul,
They'll be no more like graces,
Than *Venus* like an owl,

And we ſhall take you rather
To be a midnight pack
Of witches met together
With *Beelzebub* in black.

It fills my heart with woe
To think, ſuch ladies fine
Should be reduc'd ſo low
To treat a dull divine.

Be by a parſon cheated!
Had you been cunning ſtagers,
You might yourſelves be treated
By captains and by majors.

See how corruption grows
While mothers, daughters, aunts,
Inſtead of powder'd beaus,
From pulpits chuſe gallants.

If we, who wear our wigs
With fan-tail and with ſnake,
Are bubbled thus by prigs;
Z——ds, who would be a rake?

Had I a heart to fight,
I'd knock the doctor down;
Or could I read or write,
Egad I'd wear a gown.

Then leave him to his birch*,
And at *The Roſe* on *Sunday*,
The parſon ſafe at church,
I'll treat you with *burgundy*.

## *On burning a Dull* POEM.

Written in the Year 1729.

AN aſs's hoof alone can hold
That pois'nous juice, which kills by cold.
Methought, when I this poem read,
No veſſel but an aſs's head
Such frigid fuſtian could contain;
I mean the head without the brain.

* He kept a ſchool.

The cold conceits, the chilling thoughts
Went down like ſtupifying draughts:
I found my head began to ſwim,
A numbneſs crept thro' ev'ry limb.
In haſte, with imprecations dire,
I threw the volume in the fire:
When (who could think?) tho' cold as ice,
It burnt to aſhes in a trice.

How could I more enhance its fame?
Tho' born in ſnow, it dy'd in flame.

# A LIBEL

ON

## The Reverend Dr. DELANY,

And His Excellency

## JOHN Lord CARTERET.

*To Dr.* Delany, *occaſioned by his Epiſtle to his Excellency* John *Lord* Carteret.

Written in the Year 1729.

DELUDED mortals, whom the *great*
Chuſe for companions *tete à tete*;
Who at their dinners, *en famille*,
Get leave to ſit whene'er you will;
Then boaſting tell us where you din'd,
And, how his *lordſhip* was ſo kind;
How many pleaſant things he ſpoke,
And, how you *laugh'd* at ev'ry *joke*:
Swear he's a moſt facetious man;
That you and he are *cup* and *cann*:
You travel with a heavy load,
And quite miſtake *prefermen*t's road.

Suppoſe my *lord* and you alone,
Hint the leaſt int'reſt of your own;
His viſage drops, he knits his brow,
He cannot talk of bus'neſs now:
Or mention but a vacant *poſt*,
He'll turn it off with, *name your toaſt:*
Nor could the niceſt artiſt paint
A countenance with more conſtraint.

For, as their appetites to quench
Lords keep a pimp to bring a wench;
So men of wit are but a kind
Of pandars to a vicious mind;
Who proper objects muſt provide
To gratify their luſt of pride,
When, weary'd with intrigues of ſtate,
They find an idle hour to prate.
Then ſhall you dare to aſk a *place*,
You forfeit all your *patron's* grace,
And diſappoint the ſole deſign,
For which he ſummon'd you to *dine*.

Thus *Congreve* ſpent in writing plays,
And one poor office, half his days:
While *Montague*,* who claim'd the ſtation
To be *Mecænas* of the nation,

* Earl of *Halifax*.

For

For poets open table kept,
But ne'er conſider'd where they ſlept:
Himſelf as rich as fifty *Jews*,
Was eaſy, though they wanted ſhoes;
And crazy *Congreve* ſcarce could ſpare
A ſhilling to diſcharge his chair:
'Till prudence taught him to appeal
From *Pæan's* fire to *party* zeal;
Not owing to his happy vein
The fortunes of his later ſcene,
Took proper *principles* to thrive;
And ſo might ev'ry *dunce* alive.

Thus *Steele*, who own'd what others writ,
And flouriſh'd by imputed wit,
From perils of a hundred jails
Withdrew to ſtarve, and die in *Wales*.

Thus *Gay*, the ‡ *hare* with many friends,
Twice ſeven long years the *court* attends:
Who under tales conveying truth,
To virtue form'd a *princely* § youth:
Who paid his courtſhip with the croud
As far as *modeſt pride* allow'd;

‡ See his fables.
§ His royal highneſs *William* duke of *Cumberland*, ſecond ſon of *George* II.

Rejects a ſervile *uſher's* place,
And leaves St. *James's* in diſgrace*.

Thus *Addiſon*, by lords careſt,
Was left in foreign lands diſtreſt;
Forgot at home, became for hire
A trav'ling tutor to a *'ſquire:*
But wiſely left the *muſes* hill,
To bus'neſs ſhap'd the *poet's* quill,
Let all his barren laurels fade,
Took up himſelf the *courtier's* trade,
And, grown *a miniſter of ſtate*,
Saw poets at his levee wait.

Hail, happy *Pope!* whoſe gen'rous mind
Deteſting all the ſtateſman kind,
Contemning *courts*, at *courts* unſeen,
Refus'd the viſits of a queen.
A ſoul with ev'ry virtue fraught,
By *ſages*, *prieſts*, or *poets* taught;
Whoſe filial piety excels
Whatever *Grecian* ſtory tells;
A genius for all ſtations fit,
Whoſe *meaneſt talent* is his *wit*;

* For ſome account of this, ſee *Pope's* works publiſhed by Mr. *Warburton*, Vol. II. Letter XXVI. See alſo verſes to Mr. *Gay* in the ſubſequent part of this volume.

s heart too great, though fortune little,
lick a *raſcal ſtateſman's* ſpittle;
pealing to the nation's taſte,
ove the reach of want is plac'd:
*Homer* dead was taught to thrive,
ich *Homer* never could alive;
d ſits aloft on *Pindus'* head,
ſpiſing *ſlaves* that *cringe* for bread.

True *politicians* only pay
r ſolid *work*, but not for *play*;
r ever chuſe to work with tools
g'd up in *colleges* and *ſchools*.
nſider how much more is due
all their *journey-men* than you:
table you can *Horace* quote;
ey at a pinch can bribe a vote:
u ſhew your ſkill in *Grecian* ſtory;
t they can manage *whig* and *tory*:
u, as a *critick*, are ſo curious
find a verſe in *Virgil* ſpurious;
t they can ſmoke the deep deſigns,
hen *Bolingbroke* with *Pultney* dines.

Beſides, your patron may upbraid ye,
at you have got a *place* already;

An office for your talents fit,
To flatter, crave, and ſhew your wit;
To ſnuff the lights and ſtir the fire,
And get a *dinner* for your hire.
What claim have you to *place* or *penſion*?
He overpays in condeſcenſion.

But, rev'rend *doctor*, you we know
Could never condeſcend ſo low;
The *vice-roy*, whom you now attend,
Wou'd, if he durſt, be more your friend;
Nor will in *you* thoſe gifts deſpiſe,
By which himſelf was taught to riſe:
When he has virtue to retire,
He'll grieve he did not raiſe you higher,
And place you in a better ſtation,
Although it might have pleas'd the nation.

This may be true—ſubmitting ſtill
To *Walpole's* more than royal will;
And what condition can be worſe?
He comes to *drain* a *beggar's purſe*;
He comes to tie our chains on faſter,
And ſhew us, *England* is our maſter:
Careſſing knaves, and dunces wooing,
To make them work their own undoing.

What

What has he elſe to bait his traps,
Or bring his *vermine* in, but *ſcraps*?
The offals of a *church* diſtreſt;
A hungry *vicarage* at beſt;
Or ſome remote inferior *poſt*
With forty pounds a year at moſt?

But here again you interpoſe;
Your favourite *lord* is none of thoſe
Who owe their virtues to their ſtations,
And characters to dedications:
For keep him in, or turn him out,
His *learning* none will call in doubt;
His *learning*, though a *poet* ſaid it
Before a play, would loſe no credit;
Nor *Pope* would dare deny him wit,
Although to praiſe it *Philips* writ.
I own, he hates an action baſe,
His *virtues* battling with his *place*;
Nor wants a nice diſcerning ſpirit
Betwixt a true and ſpurious merit;
Can ſometimes drop a *voter's* claim,
And give up party to his fame.
I do the moſt that *friendſhip* can;
I hate the *vice-roy*, love the *man*.

But you who, till your fortune's made,
Muſt be a *ſweet'ner* by your trade,

Should ſwear he never meant us ill;
We ſuffer ſore againſt his will;
That if we could but ſee his heart,
He would have choſe a milder part:
We rather ſhould lament his caſe,
Who muſt obey or loſe his *place.*

Since this reflexion ſlipt your pen,
Inſert it when you write again:
And, to illuſtrate it, produce
This *ſimile* for his excuſe;

" So to deſtroy a guilty land
" An **angel* ſent by *heav'n's* command,
" While he obeys *almighty* will,
" Perhaps may feel *compaſſion* ſtill;
" And wiſh the taſk had been aſſign'd
" To *ſpirits* of leſs gentle kind."

But I, in *politicks* grown old,
Whoſe thoughts are of a diff'rent mould,
Who from my ſoul ſincerely hate
Both *k*—*s* and *miniſters* of *ſtate*,
Who look on *courts* with ſtricter eyes
To ſee the ſeeds of *vice* ariſe,

* So when an angel by divine command.
ADDISON's Campaig

Ca

Can lend you an alluſion fitter,
Though *flatt'ring knaves* may call it *bitter*;
Which, if you durſt but give it place,
Would ſhew you many a *ſtateſman's* face:
Freſh from the *tripod* of *Apollo*
I had it in the words that follow
(Take notice, to avoid offence,
I here except *his excellence).*

" So, to effect his *monarch's* ends,
" From *hell* a *vice-roy* devil aſcends;
" His *budget* with *corruptions* cramm'd,
" The contributions of the *damn'd*;
" Which with unſparing hand he ſtrows
" Through *courts* and *ſenates* as he goes;
" And then at *Beelzebub's black hall*,
" Complains his *budget* was too ſmall."

Your *ſimile* may better ſhine
In verſe; but there is *truth* in mine.
For no imaginable things
Can differ more than gods and k——s:
And *ſtateſmen* by ten thouſand odds
Are angels juſt as k—s are gods.

## TO

## *Janus*, on NEW-YEAR's-DAY.

Written in the Year 1729.

TWO-fac'd *Janus*, god of time!
Be my *Phœbus* while I rhyme;
To oblige your crony *Swift*,
Bring our dame a new-year's-gift:
She has got but half a face;
*Janus*, ſince thou haſt a brace,
To my lady once be kind;
Give her half thy face behind.

God of time, if you be wiſe,
Look not with your future eyes:
What imports thy forward ſight?
Well, if you could loſe it quite.
Can you take delight in viewing
This poor iſle's* approaching ruin,
When thy retroſpection vaſt
Sees the glorious ages paſt?

Happy nation! were we blind,
Or had only eyes behind.

* *Ireland.*

Drown

Frown your morals, madam cries,
I'll have none but forward eyes;
Prudes decay'd about may tack,
Strain their necks with looking back;
Give me time when coming on:
Who regards him when he's gone?
By the dean though gravely told,
New years help to make me old;
Yet I find a new year's lace
Burniſhes an old year's face:
Give me velvet and quadrille,
I'll have youth and beauty ſtill.

## DRAPIER's HILL.*

Written in the Year 1730.

WE give the world to underſtand,
Our thriving dean has purchas'd land;
A purchaſe, which will bring him clear
Above his rent four pounds a year;
Provided, to improve the ground
He will but add two hundred pound,

* The dean gave this name, to a farm called *Drumlack*, which he took of Sir *Arthur Acheſon*, whoſe ſeat lay between that and *Market-hill*, and intended to build an houſe upon it, but afterwards changed his mind.

And

And from his endleſs hoarded ſtore
To build a houſe five hundred more,
Sir *Arthur* too ſhall have his will,
And call the manſion *Drapier's* hill:
That when a nation, long enſlav'd,
Forgets by whom it once was ſav'd;
When none the DRAPIER's praiſe ſhall ſing;
His ſigns aloft no longer ſwing;
His medals and his prints forgotten,
And all his *handkerchiefs are rotten;
His famous LETTERS made waſte paper;
This hill may keep the name of DRAPIER;
In ſpight of envy, flouriſh ſtill,
And DRAPIER's vie with COOPER's hill.

* Medals were caſt, many ſigns hung up, and handkerchiefs made with devices, in honour of the author, under the name of *M. B. Drapier*.

# *The Grand Queſtion debated.*

WHETHER

milton's *Bawn *ſhould be turned into a* Barrack or a Malt-Houſe..

Written in the Year 1729.

THUS ſpoke to my lady the knight ‡ full of care,
me have your advice in a weighty affair.
is † HAMILTON's *bawn*, whilſt it ſticks on my hand,
oſe by the houſe what I get by the land;
how to diſpoſe of it to the beſt bidder,
a § *barrack* or *malt-houſe*, we now muſt conſider.

* *Bawn* was a place near ouſe, incloſed with mud one walls to keep the from being ſtolen in the . They are now little

‡ Sir *Arthur Acheſon*, at : ſeat it was written.

† A large old houſe, two miles from Sir *Arthur Acheſon's* ſeat.

§ The army in *Ireland* is lodged in ſtrong buildings over the whole kingdom, called *Barracks*.

Firſt

Firſt, let me ſuppoſe I make it a *malt-houſe*,
Here I have computed the profit will fall t'us;
There's nine hundred pounds for labour and grain,
I increaſe it to twelve, ſo three hundred remain;
A handſome addition for wine and good chear,
Three diſhes a day, and three hogſheads a year:
With a dozen large veſſels my vault ſhall be ſtor'd;
No little ſcrub joint ſhall come on my board:
And you and the *dean* no more ſhall combine
To ſtint me at night to one bottle of wine:
Nor ſhall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin
A ſtone and a quarter of beef from my ſirloin.
If I make it a *barrack*, the crown is my tenant;
My dear, I have ponder'd again and again on't:

In poundage and drawbacks I loſe half my
rent,
Whatever they give me, I muſt be content,
Or join with the court in ev'ry debate;
And rather than that I would loſe my
eſtate.

Thus ended the knight: thus began his
*meek* wife;
It *muſt*, and it *ſhall* be a *barrack*, my life.
I'm grown a meer *mopus*; no company
comes,
But a rabble of tenants, and ruſty dull
*Runs.*
With *parſons* what lady can keep herſelf
clean?
I'm all over daub'd when I ſit by the *dean.*
But if you will give us a *barrack*, my dear,
The *captain*, I'm ſure, will always come
here;
I then ſhall not value his deanſhip a ſtraw,
For the *captain*, I warrant, will keep him
in awe;
Or ſhould he pretend to be briſk and alert,
Will tell him that chaplains ſhould not be
ſo pert;

* A cant word in *Ireland* for a poor country clergyman.

That

That men of his coat ſhould be minding
their pray'rs,
And not among ladies to give themſelves
airs.

Thus argu'd my lady, but argu'd in vain;
The knight his opinion reſolv'd to maintain.

But † *Hannah*, who liſten'd to all that
was paſt,
And could not endure ſo vulgar a taſte,
As ſoon as her ladyſhip call'd to be dreſt,
Cry'd, madam, why ſurely my maſter's poſ-
ſeſt.
Sir *Arthur* the maltſter; how fine it will
ſound!
I'd rather the *bawn* were ſunk under ground.
But madam, I gueſs'd there would never
come good,
When I ſaw him ſo often with * *Darby* and
*Wood*.
And now my dream's out; for I was a-
dream'd
That I ſaw a huge rat, O dear, how I
ſcream'd!

† My lady's waiting wo-
man.

* Two of Sir *Arthur's* ma-
nagers.

An

And after, methought, I had loſt my new
ſhoes;
And *Molly*, ſhe ſaid, I ſhould hear ſome ill
news.

Dear madam, had you but the ſpirit to
teaze,
You might have a *barrack* whenever you
pleaſe:
And, madam, I always believ'd you ſo ſtout,
That for twenty denials you would not
give out.
If I had a huſband like him, I *purteſt*,
'Till he gave me my will, I would give
him no reſt;
And rather than come in the ſame pair of
ſheets
With ſuch a croſs man, I would lie in the
ſtreets:
But, madam, I beg you contrive and invent,
And worry him out, 'till he gives his con-
ſent.

Dear madam, whene'er of a *barrack* I
think,
An I were to be hang'd I can't ſleep a
wink:

For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
I can't get it out, tho' I'd never ſo fain.
I fancy already a *barrack* contriv'd
At HAMILTON's *bawn*, and the troop is arriv'd;
Of this to be ſure Sir *Arthur* has warning,
And waits on the *captain* betimes the next morning.

Now ſee when they meet how their honours behave;
Noble *captain* your ſervant—Sir *Arthur* your ſlave;
You honour me much—the honour is mine,—
'Twas a ſad rainy night—but the morning is fine—
Pray how does my lady?—my wife's at your ſervice.—
I think I have ſeen her picture by *Jervis*.—
Good-morrow, good *captain*,—I'll wait on you down—
You ſha'n't ſtir a foot—you'll think me a clown—
For all the world, *captain*, not half an inch farther—
You muſt be obey'd—your ſervant, Sir *Arthur*; My

[y humble reſpects to my lady unknown.—
hope you will uſe my houſe as your own.

" Go bring me my ſmock, and leave
" off your prate,
Thou haſt certainly gotten a cup in thy
" pate."
'ray madam be quiet; what was it I
ſaid?—
'ou had like to have put it quite out of
my head.

Next day, to be ſure, the *captain* will
come
t the head of his troops, with trumpet
and drum:
ow, madam, obſerve how he marches in
ſtate:
he man with the kettle-drum enters the
gate:
ub, *dub*, *adub*, *dub*. The trumpeters
follow,
*Tantara*, *tantara*, while all the boys hol-
low.
ee now comes the *captain* all daub'd with
gold lace:
O law! the ſweet gentleman! look in his
face;

And ſee how he rides like a lord of the lan
With the fine flaming ſword that he hol
in his hand;
And his horſe, the dear *creter*, it pranc
and rears;
With ribbons in knots at its tail and i
ears:
At laſt comes the troop, by the word o
command,
Drawn up in our court; when the *captain*
cries, STAND.
Your *ladyſhip* lifts up the ſaſh to be ſeen
(For ſure I had *dizen'd* you out like a *queen*);
The *captain*, to ſhew he is proud of the
favour,
Looks up to your window, and cocks up
his beaver
(His beaver is cock'd; pray, madam, mark
that,
For a *captain* of horſe never takes off his
hat;
Becauſe he has never a hand that is idle;
For the right holds the ſword, and the lef
holds the bridle).
Then flouriſhes thrice his ſword in the air,
As a compliment due to a lady ſo fair;

How I tremble to think of the blood it
hath ſpilt!)
Then he low'rs down the point, and kiſſes
the hilt.
Your *ladyſhip* ſmiles, and thus you begin;
Pray, *captain*, be pleas'd to alight and
walk in:
The *captain* ſalutes you with congee pro-
found,
And your *ladyſhip* curtſies half way to the
ground.

*Kit*, run to your maſter, and bid him
come to us.
I'm ſure he'll be proud of the honour you
do us:
And, *captain*, you'll do us the favour to
ſtay,
And take a ſhort dinner here with us to-
day:
You're heartily welcome: but as for good
chear,
You come in the very worſt time of the
year;
If I had expected ſo worthy a gueſt:——
Lord! madam! your ladyſhip ſure is in
jeſt;

You *banter* me, madam, the kingdo
muſt grant——
You officers, *captain*, are ſo complaiſan

" Hiſt, huſſy, I think I hear ſome bo
" coming——"
No, madam; tis only Sr *Arthur* a hur
ming.

To ſhorten my tale (for I hate a lo
ſtory)
The *captain* at dinner appears in his glor
The *dean* and the * *doctor* have humble
their pride,
For the *captain's* entreated to ſit by you
ſide;
And, becauſe he's their betters, you carv
for him firſt;
The *parſons* for envy are ready to burſt:
The ſervants amaz'd are ſcarce ever able
To keep off their eyes, as they wait at th
table;
And *Molly* and I have thruſt in our no
To peep at the *captain* in all his fin
*clo'es:*

* Doctor *Jenny*, a clergyman in the neighbourhood.

Dea

Dear madam, be ſure he's a fine-ſpoken
man,
Do but hear on the clergy how glib his
tongue ran;
" And, madam, ſays he, if ſuch dinners
" you give,
" You'll never want *parſons* as long as you
live;
" I ne'er knew a *parſon* without a good noſe,
" But the devil's as welcome wherever he
" goes:
" G---d---me, they bid us reform and re-
" pent,
" But, z---s, by their looks they never
" keep lent:
" Miſter *curate*, for all your grave looks,
" I'm afraid
" You caſt a ſheep's eye on her ladyſhip's
" maid,
" I wiſh ſhe wou'd lend you her pretty
" white hand
" In mending your caſſock, and ſmooth-
" ing your band
" (For the *dean* was ſo ſhabby, and look'd
" like a ninny,
" That the *captain* ſuppoſ'd he was *cu-
rate* to *Jenny*).

" Whenever you ſee a caſſock and gown,
" A hundred to one but it covers a clown;
" Obſerve how a *parſon* comes into a room;
" G--d--me, he hobbles as bad as my
" groom;
" A *ſcholard*, when juſt from his college
" broke looſe,
" Can hardly tell how to cry *bo* to a gooſe;
" Your **Noveds*, and *Bluturcks*, and *Omurs*
" and ſtuff,
" By G— they don't ſignify this pinch of
" ſnuff.
" To give a young gentleman right edu-
" cation,
" The army's the only good ſchool in the
" nation;
" My ſchool-maſter call'd me a dunce and
" a fool,
" But at cuffs I was always the cock of
" the ſchool;
" I never could take to my book for the
" blood o'me,
" And the puppy confeſs'd he expected no
" good o'me.

* *Ovids*, *Plutarchs*, *Homers*. See Eſſay on Modern Education.

" H

" He caught me one morning coquetting
" his wife,
" But he maul'd me, I ne'er was ſo maul'd
" in my life:
" So I took to the road, and what's very
" odd,
" The firſt man I robb'd was a parſon, by
" G—.
" Now, madam, you'll think it a ſtrange
" thing to ſay,
" But the ſight of a book makes me ſick
" to this day."

Never ſince I was born did I hear ſo
much wit,
And, madam, I laugh'd till I thought I
ſhould ſplit.
So then you look'd ſcornful, and ſnift at
the dean,
As who ſhou'd ſay, *now, am I* * *ſkinny and*
*lean?*
But he durſt not ſo much as once open his
lips,
And the *doctor* was plaguily down in the
hips.

* Nick-names for my lady.

Thus

Thus mercileſs *Hannah* ran on in her talk,
Till ſhe heard the *dean* call, *will your lady-ſhip walk?*
Her *ladyſhip* anſwers, *I'm juſt coming down,*
Then turning to *Hannah*, and forcing a frown,
Although it was plain in her heart ſhe was glad,
Cry'd, huſſy, why ſure the *wench* is gone mad:
How could theſe *chimera's* get into your brains?——
Come hither, and take this old gown for your pains,
But the *dean*, if this ſecret ſhou,d come to his ears,
Will never have done with his gibes and his jeers:
For your life not a word of the matter, I charge ye:
Give me but a *barrack*, a fig for the *clergy*,

## *An Excellent New* BALLAD; *or the true* Engliſh *Dean* * *to be hang'd for a rape.*

Written in the Year 1730.

I.

OUR brethren of *England*, who love
us ſo dear,
And in all they do for us ſo kindly do
mean,
A bleſſing upon them! have ſent us this year
For the good of our church, a true *Engliſh* dean.
A holier prieſt ne'er was wrapt up in crape,
The worſt you can ſay, he committed a rape.

II.

In his journey to *Dublin* he lighted at
*Cheſter*,
And there he grew fond of another
man's wife;
Burſt into her chamber, and would have
careſs'd her;
But ſhe valu'd her honour much more
than her life.

* *Sawbridge*, dean of *Ferns*.

She

She buſtled and ſtruggled, and made her eſcape
To a room full of gueſts, for fear of a rape.

III.

The *dean* he purſued, to recover his game;
And now to attack her again he prepares:
But the company ſtood in defence of the dame,
They cudgel'd, and cuft him, and kick'd him down ſtairs.
His deanſhip was now in a damnable ſcrape,
And this was no time for committing a rape,

IV.

To *Dublin* he comes, to the *bagnio* he goes,
And orders the landlord to bring him a whore;
No ſcruple came on him his gown to expoſe,
'Twas what all his life he had practis'd before.
He had made himſelf drunk with the juice of the grape,
And got a good *clap*, but committed no rape.

V. The

V.

The dean and his landlord, a jolly comrade,
Reſolv'd for a fortnight to ſwim in delight;
For why, they had both been brought up to the trade
Of drinking all day, and of whoring all night.
His landlord was ready his deanſhip to ape
In ev'ry debauch, but committing a rape.

VI.

This *proteſtant* zealot, this *Engliſh* divine,
In church and in ſtate was of principles ſound;
Was truer than *Steele* to the *Hanover* line,
And griev'd that a *Tory* ſhould live above ground.
Shall a ſubject ſo loyal be hang'd by the nape
For no other crime, but committing a rape?

VII.

By old *popiſh* canons, as wiſe men have penn'd 'em,
Each prieſt had a concubine, *jure eccleſiæ*;
Who'd be dean of *Fernes* without a *commendam?*
And precedents we can produce, if it pleaſe ye:
Then why ſhould the dean, when whores are ſo cheap,
Be put to the peril and toil of a rape?

VIII.

If fortune ſhould pleaſe but to take ſuch a crotchet
(To thee I apply, great *Smedley's* ſucceſſor)
To give thee *lawn ſleeves*, a *mitre* and *rochet*,
Whom wouldſt thou reſemble? I leave thee a gueſſer;
But I only behold thee in * *Atherton's* ſhape,
For *ſodomy* hang'd, as thou for a rape.

* A biſhop of *Waterford*, ſent from *England* a hundred years ago.

IX. Ah !

IX.

Ah! doſt thou not envy the brave col'nel *Chartres*,
Condemn'd for thy crime at threeſcore and ten?
To hang him all *England* would lend hm their garters;
Yet he lives, and is ready to raviſh again.
Then throttle thyſelf with an ell of ſtrong tape,
For thou haſt not a groat to atone for a rape.

X.

The dean he was vex'd that his whores were ſo willing:
He long'd for a girl that would ſtruggle and ſquall;
He raviſh'd her fairly, and ſav'd a good ſhilling;
But here was to pay the devil and all.
His trouble and ſorrows now come in a heap,
And hang'd he muſt be for committing a rape.

XI. If

XI.

If maidens are raviſh'd, it is their own
choice:
Why are they ſo wilful to ſtruggle with
men!
If they would but lie quiet, and ſtifle their
voice,
No devil nor dean could raviſh'em then.
Nor would there be need of a ſtrong hemp-
en cape
Ty'd round the dean's neck for commit-
ing a rape.

XII.

Our church and our ſtate dear *England*
maintains,
For which all true proteſtant hearts
ſhould be glad:
She ſends us our biſhops and judges and
deans;
And better would give us, if better ſhe
had.
But, lord, how the rabble will ſtare and
will gape,
When the good *Engliſh* dean is hang'd up
for a rape!

*The*

# The LADY's *Dreſſing-Room.* *

Written in the Year 1730.

[VE hours, (and who can do it leſs in?)
By haughty *Cælia* ſpent in dreſſing;
goddeſs from her chamber iſſues,
y'd in lace, brocades and tiſſues.
*bon*, who found the room was void,
*Betty* otherwiſe employ'd,
: in, and took a ſtrict ſurvey
ll the litter as it lay:
:reof, to make the matter clear,
*nventory* follows here.

ınd firſt, a dirty ſmock appear'd,
:ath the arm-pits well beſmear'd;
*bon*, the rogue, diſplay'd it wide,
turn it round on ev'ry ſide:

o charge has been more ntly brought againſt the ır indeed more generally ed, than that of coarſe acy, of which this po- always produced as an ce: here then it is but to remark, that when- e offends againſt deli- ıe teaches it; he ſtimu- he mind to ſenſibility, rect the faults of habi- egligence; as phyſici- ans to cure a lethargy have recourſe to a bliſter; and though it may reaſonably be ſuppoſed, that few *Engliſh* ladies leave ſuch a dreſſing-room as *Cælia's*, yet many may have given ſufficient cauſe for reminding them that, very ſoon after deſire has been gratified, the utmoſt delicacy becomes neceſſary to prevent diſguſt. See a defence of this poem in Vol. XII.

In ſuch a caſe few words are beſt,
And *Strephon* bids us gueſs the reſt;
But ſwears, how damnably the men lie
In calling *Cælia* ſweet and cleanly.

Now liſten, while he next produces
The various combs for various uſes;
Fill'd up with dirt ſo cloſely fixt,
No bruſh cou'd force a way betwixt;
A paſte of compoſition rare,
Sweat, dandriff, powder, lead, and hair.
A forehead-cloth with oil upon't
To ſmooth the wrinkles on her front:
Here allum-flower, to ſtop the ſteams
Exhal'd from four unſav'ry ſtreams;
There night-gloves made of *Tripſey's* hide,
Bequeath'd by *Tripſey* when ſhe died;
With puppy water, beauty's help,
Diſtill'd from *Tripſey's* darling whelp.
Here galley-pots and vials plac'd,
Some fill'd with waſhes, ſome with paſte;
Some with pomatums, paints, and ſlops,
And ointments good for ſcabby chops.
Hard by a filthy baſon ſtands,
Foul'd with the ſcowring of her hands;
The baſon takes whatever comes,
The ſcrapings from her teeth and gums,

A naſty

naſty compound of all hues,
r here ſhe ſpits, and here ſhe ſpues.

3ut oh! it turn'd poor *Strephon's* bowels,
hen he beheld and ſmelt the towels,
gumm'd, bematter'd, and beſlim'd,
ith dirt, and ſweat, and ear-wax grim'd,
› object *Strephon's* eye eſcapes;
:re petticoats in frowzy heaps;
›r be the handkerchiefs forgot,
l varniſh'd o'er with ſnuff and ſnot.
ıe ſtockings why ſhould I expoſe,
iin'd with the moiſture of her toes;
greaſy coifs, or pinners reeking,
hich *Cælia* ſlept at leaſt a week in?
pair of tweezers next he found,
› pluck her brows in arches round;
hairs that ſink the forehead low,
on her chin like briſtles grow.

The virtues we muſt not let paſs
*Cælia's* magnifying glaſs;
hen frighted *Strephon* caſt his eye on't,
ſhew'd the viſage of a giant:
glaſs that can to ſight diſcloſe
he ſmalleſt worm in *Cælia's* noſe,
nd faithfully direct her nail
o ſqueeze it out from head to tail;

For, catch it nicely by the head,
It muſt come out, alive or dead.

Why, *Strephon*, will you tell the reſt?
And muſt you needs deſcribe the cheſt?
That careleſs wench! no creature warn her
To move it out of yonder corner!
But leave it ſtanding full in ſight,
For you to exerciſe your ſpite?
In vain the workman ſhew'd his wit,
With rings and hinges counterfeit,
To make it ſeem in this diſguiſe
A cabinet to vulgar eyes,
Which *Strephon* ventur'd to look in,
Reſolv'd to go through *thick and thin*.
He lifts the lid: there needs no more,
He ſmelt it all the time before.

As, from within *Pandora's* box,
When *Epimetheus* op'd the locks,
A ſudden univerſal crew
Of human evils upward flew;
He ſtill was comforted to find
That *hope* at laſt remain'd behind.
So *Strephon* lifting up the lid,
To view what in the cheſt was hid,
The vapours flew from out the vent;
But *Strephon*, cautious, never meant

The bottom of the *pan* to grope,
And foul his hands in ſearch of *hope*.

O! ne'er may ſuch a vile machine
Be once in *Cælia's* chamber ſeen!
O! may ſhe better learn to keep
Thoſe *ſecrets of the hoary deep* !*

As mutton-cutlets, † *prime of meat*,
Which, though with art you ſalt and beat,
As laws of cookery require,
And roaſt them at the cleareſt fire;
If from ‡ *adown* the hopeful chops,
The fat upon a cinder drops,
To ſtinking ſmoke it turns the flame,
Pois'ning the fleſh from whence it came,
And up exhales a greaſy ſtench,
For which you curſe the careleſs wench:
So things which muſt not be expreſt,
When *plumpt* into the reeking cheſt,
Send up an excremental ſmell
To taint the parts from whence they fell;
The petticoats and gown perfume,
And waft a ſtink round ev'ry room.

Thus finiſhing his grand ſurvey,
The ſwain diſguſted ſlunk away;

* *Milton.* † *Prima virorum.* ‡ Vid. D——n *D*——'s Works and *N. P*——*y's*.

Repeating in his am'rous fits,
"Oh! *Cælia*, *Cælia*, *Cælia* ſh—."

But *vengeance*, goddeſs never ſleeping,
Soon puniſh'd *Strephon* for his peeping:
His foul imagination links
Each dame he ſees with all her ſtinks;
And, if unſav'ry odours fly,
Conceives a lady ſtanding by.
All women his deſcription fits,
And both ideas jump like wits;
By vicious fancy coupled faſt,
And ſtill appearing in *contraſt*.

I pity wretched *Strephon*, blind
To all the charms of woman-kind.
Should I the *queen of love* refuſe,
Becauſe ſhe roſe from ſtinking ooze?
To him that looks behind the ſcene,
*Statira*'s but ſome pocky quean.

When *Cælia* all her glory ſhows,
If *Strephon* would but ſtop his noſe,
Who now ſo impiouſly blaſphemes
Her ointments, daubs, and paints, and creams,
Her waſhes, ſlops, and every clout,
With which he makes ſo foul a rout:

He ſoon would learn to think like me,
And bleſs his raviſh'd eyes to ſee
Such order from confuſion ſprung,
Such gaudy *tulips* rais'd from dung.

## *The Power of* TIME*.

Written in the Year 1730.

IF neither braſs nor marble can withſtand
The mortal force of *Time's* deſtructive hand;
If mountains ſink to vales, if cities die,
And leſs'ning rivers mourn their fountains dry:
When my old caſſock (ſaid a *Welſh* divine)
Is out at elbows; why ſhould I repine?

## THE REVOLUTION *at* MARKET-HILL.

Written in the Year 1730.

FROM diſtant regions Fortune ſends
An odd triumvirate of friends;
Where *Phœbus* pays a ſcanty ſtipend,
Where never yet a codling ripen'd:

* *Scarron* hath written a larger poem on the ſame ſubject.

Hither the frantic goddeſs draws
Three ſuff'rers in a ruin'd cauſe:
By faction baniſh'd here unite,
* A dean, a † *Spaniard*, and a knight‡;
Unite, both on conditions cruel;
The dean and *Spaniard* find it too well:
Condemn'd to live in ſervice hard;
On either ſide his honour's guard,
The dean, to guard his honour's back,
Muſt build a caſtle at § *Drumlack*:
The *Spaniard*, ſore againſt his will,
Muſt raiſe a fort at *Market-hill.*
And thus the pair of humble gentry
At *north* and *ſouth* are poſted centry;
While in his lordly caſtle fixt
The knight triumphant reigns betwixt:
And, what the wretches moſt reſent,
To be his ſlaves muſt pay him rent;
Attend him daily as their *chief*,
Decant his wine, and carve his beef.
Oh, fortune! 'tis a ſcandal for thee
To ſmile on thoſe who are leaſt worthy:
Weigh but the merits of the three,
His ſlaves have ten times more than he.

* The author.
† Col. *Harry Leſlie*, who ſerv'd and liv'd long in *Spain.*
‡ Sir *Arthur Acheſon.*
§ See the poem called *Drapier's Hill.*

Proud baronet of *Nova Scotia!*
The dean and *Spaniard* muſt reproach ye:
Of their two fames the world enough rings;
Where are *thy* ſervices and ſuff'rings?
What if for nothing once you kiſt,
Againſt the grain, a monarch's fiſt?
What if, among the courtly tribe,
You loſt a place, and ſav'd a bribe?
And then in ſurly mood came here
To fifteen hundrd pounds a year,
And fierce againſt the whigs harangu'd?
You never ventur'd to be hang'd.
How dare you treat your betters thus?
Are you to be compar'd with us?

Come, *Spaniard*, let us from our farms
Call forth our cottagers to arms;
Our forces let us both unite,
Attack the foe at left and right;
From *Market-hill's* exalted head,
Full northward let your troops be led;
While I from *Drapier's-mount* deſcend,
And to the ſouth my ſquadrons bend.
*New-river-walk* with friendly ſhade
Shall keep my hoſt in ambuſcade;
While you, from where the baſon ſtands,
Shall ſcale the rampart with your bands.

Nor

Nor need we doubt the fort to win;
I hold intelligence within.
True, lady *Anne* no danger fears,
Brave as the *Upton* fan ſhe wears;
Then, leſt upon our firſt attack
Her valiant arm ſhould force us back,
And we of all our hopes depriv'd;
I have a ſtratagem contriv'd.
By theſe embroider'd high-heel'd ſhoes
She ſhall be caught as in a nooſe;
So well contriv'd her toes to pinch,
She'll not have power to ſtir an inch:
Theſe gaudy ſhoes muſt * *Hannah* place
Direct before her lady's face;
The ſhoes put on, our faithful portreſs
Admits us in to ſtorm the fortreſs;
While tortur'd madam bound remains,
Like *Montezuma* in golden chains,
Or like a cat with walnuts ſhod,
Stumbling at every ſtep ſhe trod.
Sly hunters thus, in *Borneo's* iſle,
To catch a monkey by a wile,
The mimic animal amuſe;
They place before him gloves and ſhoes;
Which when the brute puts aukward on;
All his agility is gone:

* My lady's waiting-maid.

In

In vain to friſk or climb he tries;
The huntſmen ſeize the grinning prize.

But let us on our firſt aſſault
Secure the larder and the vault:
The valiant * *Dennis* you muſt fix on,
And I'll engage with † *Peggy Dixon:*
Then, if we once can ſeize the key
And cheſt, that keeps my lady's tea,
They muſt ſurrender at diſcretion,
And ſoon as we have gain'd poſſeſſion,
We'll act as other conqu'rors do,
Divide the realm between us two:
Then (let me ſee) we'll make the knight
Our clerk, for he can read and write;
But muſt not think, I tell him that,
Like ‡ *Lorimer* to wear his hat;
Yet, when we dine without a friend,
We'll place him at the lower end.
Madam, whoſe ſkill does all in dreſs lie,
May ſerve to wait on Mrs. *Leſlie*;
But, leſt it might not be ſo proper
That her own maid ſhould over-top her;
To mortify the creature more,
We'll take her heels five inches low'r.

* The butler.
† The houſe-keeper.
‡ The agent.

For

For *Hannah*, when we have no need of her,
'Twill be our int'reſt to get rid of her:
And when we execute our plot,
'Tis beſt to hang her on the ſpot;
As all your politicians wiſe
Diſpatch the rogues by whom they riſe.

# TRAULUS.

## *A Dialogue between* TOM *and* ROBIN.

### The Firſt PART.

Written in the Year 1730.

*Tom.* SAY, *Robin*, what can *Traulus* mean
By bell'wing thus againſt the *dean*?
Why does he call him paltry ſcribbler,
*Papiſt*, and *jacobite*, and *lib'ler*?
Yet cannot prove a ſingle fact?

*Robin.* Forgive him, *Tom*, his head is crackt.

*Tom.* What miſchief can the *dean* have done him,
That *Traulus* calls for vengeance on him?
Why

Why muſt he ſputter, ſpawl, and ſlaver it
In vain againſt the people's fav'rite?
Revile that nation-ſaving paper,
Which gave the dean the name of *Drapier?*

*Robin.* Why, *Tom*, I think the caſe is plain,
Party and ſpleen have turn'd his brain.

*Tom.* Such friendſhip never man profeſt,
The dean was never ſo careſt;
For *Traulus* long his rancour nurs'd,
'Till, God knows why, at laſt it burſt.
That clumſy outſide of a porter,
How could it thus conceal a courtier?

*Robin.* I own, appearances are bad;
Yet ſtill inſiſt the man is mad.

*Tom.* Yet many a wretch in *Bedlam* knows
How to diſtinguiſh friends from foes;
And, though perhaps among the rout,
He wildly flings his filth about;
He ſtill has gratitude and ſap'ence,
To ſpare the folks that give him ha'pence;
Nor in their eyes at random piſſes,
But turns aſide like mad *Ulyſſes:*
While *Traulus* all his ordure ſcatters
To foul the man he chiefly flatters.

Whence come theſe inconſiſtent fits?

*Robin.* Why, *Tom*, the man has loſt his wits.

*Tom.* Agreed: and yet when *Towzer* ſnaps
At people's heels with frothy chaps;
Hangs down his head, and drops his tail,
To ſay he's mad will not avail:
The neighbours all cry, *ſhoot him dead,*
*Hang, drown, or knock him on the head.*
So *Traulus* when he firſt harangu'd,
I wonder why he was not hang'd;
For of the two, without diſpute,
*Towzer*'s the leſs offenſive brute.

*Robin. Tom*, you miſtake the matter quite;
Your barking curs will ſeldom bite;
And though you hear him ſtut-tut-tut-ter,
He barks as faſt as he can utter.
He prates in ſpite of all impediment,
While none believes, that what he ſaid he meant;
Puts in his finger and his thumb
To grope for words, and out they come.
He calls you rogue; there's nothing in it,
He fawns upon you in a minute:

Begs

*leave to rail, but d——n his blood,*
*ly meant it for your good:*
*riendſhip was exactly tim'd,*
*ot before your foes were prim'd.*
*s contrivance, Mr. Dean;*
*—— I'll bring you off as clean——**
let him uſe you e'er ſo rough,
*all for love*, and that's enough.
hough he ſputter through a ſeſſion,
er makes the leaſt impreſſion:
e'er he ſpeaks for madneſs goes,
no effect on friends or foes.

*n.* The ſcrubbieſt cur in all the pack
et the maſtiff on your back.
ı, his madneſs is a jeſt,
ıt were all. But he's poſſeſt,
nate with a thouſand imps,
ork whoſe ends his madneſs pimps;
o'er each ſtring and wire preſide,
v'ry pipe, each motion guide;
ting ev'ry vice we find
ipture to the devil aſſign'd;
from the dark infernal region,
n they lodge, and make him *legion.*

* his is the uſual excuſe of *Traulus*, when he abuſes you rs without provocation.

Of

Of *brethren* he's a *falſe accuſer*;
A ſland'rer, traitor, and ſeducer;
A fawning, baſe, trepanning liar;
The marks peculiar of his ſire.
Or, grant him but a drone at beſt;
A drone can raiſe a hornet's neſt.
The *dean* hath felt their ſtings before;
And muſt their malice ne'er give o'er?
Still ſwarm and buzz about his noſe?
But *Ireland's* friends ne'er wanted foes.
A patriot is a dang'rous poſt,
When wanted by his country moſt;
Perverſely comes in evil times,
Where virtues are imputed crimes.
His guilt is clear, the proofs are pregnant;
A traitor to the vices regnant.

What ſpirit, ſince the world began,
Could *always* bear to *ſtrive with man?*
Which God pronounc'd, he never wou'd,
And ſoon convinc'd them by a flood.
Yet ſtill the *dean* on freedom raves;
His ſpirit always ſtrives with ſlaves.
'Tis time at laſt to ſpare his ink,
And let them rot, or hang, or ſink.

# RAULUS.

## The Second PART.

Written in the Year 1730.

RAULUS, of amphibious breed,
Motley fruit of mungril ſeed;
ıe *dam* from lordlings ſprung,
ıe *ſire* exhal'd from dung:
k on every vice in both,
: on him and ſee their growth.

iew him on the mother's ſide,
l with falſhood, ſpleen, and pride;
ive and over-bearing,
ging ſtill, and ſtill adhering;
ıtful, peeviſh, rude, untoward,
e in tongue, in heart a coward;
n his friends he moſt is hard on,
ging comes to beg their pardon;
ıtation ever tearing,
deareſt friendſhip ſwearing;
ment weak and paſſion ſtrong,
ys various, always wrong:
ɔcation never waits,
re he loves, or where he hates;

Talks whate'er comes in his head;
Wiſhes it were all unſaid.

Let me now the vices trace,
From the *father's* ſcoundrel race.
Who could give the looby ſuch airs?
Were they *maſons*, were they *butchers?*
Herald, lend the Muſe an anſwer
From his *atavus* and grandſire:
This was dextrous at his trowel,
That was bred to kill a cow well:
Hence the greaſy clumſy mien
In his dreſs and figure ſeen;
Hence the mean and ſordid ſoul,
Like his body rank and foul;
Hence that wild ſuſpicious peep,
Like a rogue that ſteals a ſheep;
Hence he learnt the butcher's guile,
How to cut your throat and ſmile;
Like a butcher doom'd for life
In his *mouth* to wear his *knife:*
Hence he draws his daily food
From his tenants vital blood.

Laſtly, let his gifts be try'd
Borrow'd from the maſon's ſide:
Some perhaps may think him able
In the ſtate to build a *Babel*;

Could we place him in a ſtation
To deſtroy the old *foundation.*
True indeed, I ſhould be gladder,
Could he learn to mount a *ladder.*
May he at his latter end
Mount alive, and dead deſcend!

In him tell me which prevail,
Female vices moſt, or male?
What produc'd him, can you tell?
Human race, or *imps* of *hell?*

## *To* BETTY *the Grizette.*

Written in the Year 1730.

QUEEN of wit and beauty, *Betty!*
Never may the Muſe forget ye:
How thy face charms ev'ry ſhepherd,
Spotted over like a leopard;
And, thy freckled neck diſplay'd,
Envy breeds in ev'ry maid,
Like a fly-blown cake of tallow,
Or on parchment ink turn'd yellow,
Or a tawny ſpeckled pippin
Shrivel'd with a winter's keeping.

And, thy beauty thus diſpatch'd,
Let me praiſe thy wit unmatch'd.

Sets of phraſes, cut and dry,
Evermore thy tongue ſupply.
And thy memory is loaded
With old ſcraps from plays exploded:
Stockt with repartees and jokes,
Suited to all Chriſtian folks:
Shreds of wit, and ſenſeleſs rhymes,
Blunder'd out a thouſand times.
Nor wilt thou of gifts be ſparing,
Which can ne'er be worſe for wearing,
Picking wit among collegians,
In the play-houſe upper regions;
Where, in eighteen-penny gallery,
*Iriſh* nymphs learn *Iriſh* raillery:
But thy merit is thy failing,
And thy raillery is railing.

Thus with talents well endu'd
To be ſcurrilous and rude;
When you pertly raiſe your ſnout,
Fleer, and gibe, and laugh, and flout:
This among *Hibernian* aſſes
For ſheer wit and humour paſſes.
Thus indulgent *Chloe* bit
Swears you have a world of wit.

# DEATH *and* DAPHNE.

*o an agreeable young Lady, but extremely lean.*

Written in the Year 1730.

DEATH went upon a ſolemn day
At *Pluto's* hall his court to pay:
he phantom, having humbly kiſt
is griſly monarch's ſooty fiſt,
eſented him the weekly bills
f doctors, fevers, plagues, and pills.
*luto*, obſerving ſince the peace
he burial article decreaſe,
nd next to ſee affairs miſcarry,
eclar'd in council, *death* muſt marry:
ow'd he no longer could ſupport
ld batchelors about his court:
he intereſt of his realm had need
hat *death* ſhould get a numerous breed;
oung *deathlings*, who, by practice made
oficient in their father's trade,
'ith colonies might ſtock around
is large dominions under ground.

A conſult of coquets below
'as called to rig him out a beau:

From her own head *Megæra* takes
A periwig of twiſted ſnakes;
Which in the niceſt faſhion curl'd
(Like * *toupets* of this upper world),
With flour of ſulphur powder'd well,
That graceful on his ſhoulders fell,
An adder of the ſable kind
In line direct hung down behind.
The owl, the raven, and the bat,
Club'd for a feather to his hat;
His coat, an us'rer's velvet pall,
Bequeath'd to *Pluto*, corpſe and all.
But, loth his perſon to expoſe
Bare, like a carcaſe pickt by crows,
A lawyer o'er his hands and face
Stuck artfully a parchment caſe.
No new-fluxt rake ſhew'd fairer ſkin;
Nor *Phyllis* after lying in.
With ſnuff was fill'd his ebon box
Of ſhin-bones rotted by the pox.
Nine ſpirits of blaſpheming ſops
With aconite anoint his chops;
And give him words of dreadful ſounds,
G—d d--n his blood, and b--d and w--d

* The periwigs now in faſhion are ſo called.

Thu

Thus furniſh'd out, he ſent his train
'o take a houſe in *Warwick-lane*:
'he *faculty*, his humble friends,
. complimental meſſage ſends:
'heir preſident in ſcarlet gown
:arangu'd, and welcom'd him to town.

But *death* had bus'neſs to diſpatch;
[is mind was running on his match.
nd, hearing much of *Daphne's* fame,
:is *majeſty of terrors* came,
ine as a col'nel of the guards,
o viſit where ſhe ſat at cards:
ıe, as he came into the room,
'hought him *Adonis* in his bloom.
nd now her heart with pleaſure jumps;
ıe ſcarce remembers what is trumps;
or ſuch a ſhape of ſkin and bone
/as never ſeen except her own:
harm'd with his eyes and chin and ſnout,
er pocket-glaſs drew ſlily out;
nd grew enamour'd with her phiz,
s juſt the counterpart of his.
ıe darted many a private glance,
nd freely made the firſt advance.
'as of her beauty grown ſo vain,
ıe doubted not to win the *ſwain*.

Nothing ſhe thought could ſooner gain him,
Than with her wit to entertain him.
She aſk'd about her friends below;
This meagre ſop, that batter'd beau;
Whether ſome late departed toaſts
Had got gallants among the ghoſts?
If *Chloe* were a ſharper ſtill,
As great as ever at quadrille
(The ladies there muſt needs be rooks,
For cards, we know, are *Pluto's* books)?
If *Florimel* had found her love,
Eor whom ſhe hang'd herſelf above?
How oft a week was kept a ball
By *Proſerpine* at *Pluto's* hall?
She fancied thoſe *Elyſian* ſhades
The ſweeteſt place for maſquerades:
How pleaſant on the banks of *Styx*,
To troll it in a coach and ſix!

What pride a female heart inflames!
How endleſs are ambition's aims!
Ceaſe, haughty nymph; the fates decree
*Death* muſt not be a ſpouſe for thee:
For when by chance the meagre ſhade
Upon thy hand his finger laid,
Thy hand as dry and cold as lead,
His matrimonial ſpirit fled;

He

: felt about his heart a damp,
iat quite extinguiſh'd *Cupia's* lamp:
vay the frighted ſpectre ſcuds,
id leaves my lady in the ſuds.

## STEPHEN DUCK,

*the Threſher and favourite Poet.*

### *QUIBBLING EPIGRAM.*

Written in the Year 1730.

THE threſher *Duck* cou'd o'er the *queen* prevail,
ie proverb ſays, *no fence againſt a flail.*
om *threſhing* corn he turns to *threſh* his brains;
r which her *majeſty* allows him *grains.*
iough 'tis confeſt, that thoſe who ever ſaw
s poems, think them all not worth a *ſtraw!*
Thrice happy *Duck*, employ'd in threſhing *ſtubble!*
ıy toil is leſſen'd, and thy profits double.

He

# A PANEGYRICK

ON

# THE DEAN,

in the Perſon of a Lady in the North*.

Written in the Year 1730.

RESOLV'D my gratitude to ſhow,
Thrice rev'rend dean, for all I owe,
Too long I have my thanks delay'd;
Your favours left too long unpaid;
But now in all our ſex's name
My artleſs Muſe ſhall ſing your fame.

Indulgent you to female kind,
To all their weaker ſides are blind;
Nine more ſuch champions as the dean
Would ſoon reſtore our ancient reign.
How well, to win the ladies hearts,
You celebrate their wit and parts!
How have I felt my ſpirits rais'd,
By you ſo oft, ſo highly prais'd!

* The lady of Sir *Arthur Acheſon*.

Trans-

Transform'd by your convincing tongue
To witty, beautiful, and young,
I hope to quit that aukward ſhame
Affected by each vulgar dame,
To modeſty a weak pretence;
And ſoon grow pert on men of ſenſe;
To ſhew my face with ſcornful air;
Let others match it, if they dare.

Impatient to be out of debt,
O, may I never once forget
The bard, who humbly deigns to chuſe
Me for the ſubject of his Muſe.
Behind my back, before my noſe,
He ſounds my praiſe in verſe and proſe.

My heart with emulation burns
To make you ſuitable returns:
My gratitude the world ſhall know:
And ſee, the printer's boy below;
The hawkers all, your voices lift;
"A panegyrick on dean *Swift!*"
And then, to mend the matter ſtill,
"By lady *Anne* of *Market-hill.*"

I thus begin: my grateful Muſe
Salutes the dean in different views;

Dean,

Dean, butler, uſher, jeſter, tutor;
* *Robert* and *Darby's* coadjutor:
And as you in commiſſion ſit,
To rule the dairy next to † *Kit.*

In each capacity I mean
To ſing your praiſe. And firſt as dean:
Envy muſt own, you underſtand your
Precedence, and ſupport your grandeur:
Nor of your rank will bate an ace,
Except to give dean *Daniel* place.
In you ſuch dignity appears;
So ſuited to your ſtate and years!
With ladies what a ſtrict decorum!
With what devotion you adore 'em!
Treat me with ſo much complaiſance,
As fits a princeſs in romance!
By your example and aſſiſtance,
The *fellows* learn to know their diſtance.
Sir *Arthur*, ſince you ſet the pattern,
No longer calls me *ſnipe* and *ſlattern*;
Nor dares he, though he were a duke,
Offend me with the leaſt rebuke.

Proceed we to your ‡ preaching next;
How nice you ſplit the hardeſt text!

* The names of two overſeers.

† My lady's footman.

‡ The author preached but once while he was there.

How

How your ſuperior learning ſhines
Above our neighb'ring dull divines!
At *Beggar's Opera* not ſo full pit
Is ſeen, as when you mount our pulpit.

Conſider now your converſation:
Regardful of your age and ſtation,
You ne'er was known, by paſſion ſtir'd,
To give the leaſt offenſive word:
But ſtill, whene'er you ſilence break,
Watch ev'ry ſyllable you ſpeak:
Your ſtile ſo clear, and ſo conciſe,
We never aſk to hear you twice.
But then, a parſon ſo genteel,
So nicely clad from head to heel;
So fine a gown, a band ſo clean,
As well become St. *Patrick's* dean,
Such reverential awe expreſs,
That cow-boys know you by your dreſs!
Then, if our neigb'ring friends come here,
How proud are we when you appear,
With ſuch addreſs and graceful port,
As clearly ſhews you bred at court!

Now raiſe your ſprits, Mr. Dean,
I lead you to a nobler ſcene;

When

When to the vault you walk in ſtate,
In quality of * *butler's* mate;
You next to † *Dennis* bear the ſway:
To you we often truſt the key:
Nor can he judge with all his art
So well, what bottle holds a quart:
What pints may beſt for bottles paſs,
Juſt to give every man his glaſs:
When proper to produce the beſt;
And what may ſerve a common gueſt.
With *Dennis* you did ne'er combine,
Not you, to ſteal your maſter's wine;
Except a bottle now and then,
To welcome *brother* ſerving men;
But that is with a good deſign,
To drink Sir *Arthur's* health and mine;
Your maſter's honour to maintain;
And get the like returns again.

Your ‡ uſher's poſt muſt next be handled:
How bleſs'd am I by ſuch a man led!
Under whoſe wiſe and careful guardſhip
I now deſpiſe fatigue and hardſhip:
Familiar grown to dirt and wet,
Though daggled round, I ſcorn to fret:

* He ſometimes uſed to direct the butler.

† The butler.

‡ He ſometimes uſed to walk with the lady.

From

n you my chamber-damſels learn
broken hoſe to patch and darn.

low as a jeſter I accoſt you;
ch never yet one friend has loſt you.
judge ſo nicely to a hair,
r far to go, and when to ſpare.
ong experience grown ſo wiſe,
very taſte to know the ſize,
re's none ſo ignorant or weak
o take offence at what you ſpeak.
ne'er you joke, 'tis all a caſe
ther with *Dermot*, or *his grace*;
h *Teague O' Murphey*, or an earl,
utcheſs or a kitchen girl.
h ſuch dexterity you fit
ir ſeveral talents with your wit,
t *Moll* the chamber-maid can ſmoke,
*Gaghagan* ‡ take ev'ry joke.

now become your humble ſuitor
et me praiſe you as my § tutor.
I, a ſavage bred and born,
ou inſtructed ev'ry morn,

he neighbouring la-
ere no great under-
rs of raillery.
he clown that cut down
ld thorn at *Market-Hill*. See the poem.

‡ In bad weather the author uſed to direct my lady in her reading.

Already

Already have have improv'd ſo well,
That I have almoſt learnt to ſpell:
The neighbours, who come here to dine,
Admire to hear me ſpeak ſo *fine*.
How enviouſly the ladies look,
When they ſurpriſe me at my book!
And ſure as they're alive at night
As ſoon as gone will ſhow their ſpight:
Good lord! what can my lady mean,
Converſing with that ruſty dean!
She's grown ſo nice, and ſo * *penurious*,
With *Socrates* and *Epicurius*.
How could ſhe ſit the live-long day,
Yet never aſk us once to play?

But I admire your patience moſt;
That when I'm duller than a poſt,
Nor can the plaineſt word pronounce,
You neither fume, nor fret, nor flounce;
Are ſo indulgent, and ſo mild,
As if I were a darling child.
So gentle is your whole proceeding,
That I could ſpend my life in reading.

You merit new employments daily:
Our thatcher, ditcher, gard'ner, baily.

* Ignorant ladies often miſtake the word *penurious* for *nice* and *dainty*.

ıd to a genius ſo extenſive
› work is grievous or offenſive;
hether your fruitful fancy lies
› make for pigs convenient ſtyes;
ponder long with anxious thought
baniſh rats that haunt our vault:
r have you grumbled, rev'rend dean,
keep our poultry ſweet and clean;
ſweep the manſion-houſe they dwell in;
d cure the rank unſav'ry ſmelling.

Now enter as the dairy hand-maid:
:h charming * butter never man made.
t others with fanatic face
lk of their *milk* for *babes of grace*;
›m *tubs* their ſnuffling nonſenſe utter:
y *milk* ſhall make us *tubs* of butter.
e biſhop with his *foot* may burn it †,
: with his hand the dean can churn it.
w are the ſervants overjoy'd
ſee thy deanſhip thus employ'd!

* A way of making butter reakfaſt, by filling a bot- ith cream and ſhaking it he butter comes.

† It is a common ſaying, ı the milk burns to, that levil or the biſhop has ſet his foot in it, the devil having been called biſhop of hell; ſee a ſatire on the *Iriſh* biſhops near the end of this volume, ſaid to have been firſt printed in *Fog's* Journal.

Inſtead of poring on a book,
Providing butter for the cook!
Three morning-hours you toſs and ſhake
The bottle till your fingers ake:
Hard is the toil, nor ſmall the art,
The butter from the whey to part;
Behold a frothy ſubſtance riſe;
Be cautious, or your bottle flies.
The butter comes, our fears are ceas'd;
And out you ſqueeze an ounce at leaſt.

Your rev'rence thus, with like ſucceſs
(Nor is your ſkill or labour leſs),
When bent upon ſome ſmart lampoon,
Will toſs and turn your brain till noon;
Which, in its jumblings round the ſkull,
Dilates and makes the veſſel full:
While nothing comes but froth at firſt,
You think your giddy head will burſt:
But ſqueezing out four lines in rhime,
Are largely paid for all your time.

But you have rais'd your generous mind
To works of more exalted kind.
*Palladio* was not half ſo ſkill'd in
The grandeur or the art of building.
Two temples of magnific ſize
Attract the curious trav'ler's eyes,

'hat might be envy'd by the *Greeks*;
ais'd up by you in twenty weeks:
ſere gentle goddeſs *Cloacine*
eceives all off'rings at her ſhrine.
ı ſep'rate cells the he's and ſhe's
ere pay their vows with *bended knees*:
or 'tis profane when ſexes mingle,
nd ev'ry nymph muſt enter ſingle,
nd when ſhe feels an *inward motion*,
ome fill'd with *rev'rence* and devotion.
he baſhful maid, to hide our bluſh,
ıall creep no more behind a buſh;
ere unobſerv'd ſhe boldly goes,
ıs who ſhould ſay, to *pluck a roſe*.

Ye, who frequent this hallow'd ſcene,
: not ungrateful to the dean;
ıt duly, ere you leave your ſtation,
ffer to him a pure libation
r of his own, or * *Smedley's* lay,
r billet-doux, or lock of hay:
nd, O! may all who hither come,
eturn with unpolluted thumb.

Yet, when your lofty domes I praiſe,
ſigh to think of ancient days.

* See the character hereafter.

Permit me then to raiſe my ſtyle,
And ſweetly moralize a while.

Thee, bounteous goddeſs *Cloacine*,
To temples why do we confine?
Forbid in open air to breath;
Why are thine altars fixt beneath?

When *Saturn* rul'd the ſkies alone
(That *golden* age to *gold* unknown),
This earthly globe to thee aſſign'd
Receiv'd the gifts of all mankind.
Ten thouſand altars *ſmoaking* round
Were built to thee with off'rings crown'd:
And here thy daily vot'ries plac'd
Their ſacrifice with zeal and haſte:
The margin of a purling ſtream
Sent up to thee a grateful ſteam
(Though ſometimes thou wert pleas'd to
wink,
If *Naiads* ſwept them from the brink).
Or where appointing lovers rove,
The ſhelter of a ſhady grove;
Or offer'd in ſome flow'ry vale,
Were waſted by a gentle gale.
There many a flow'r abſterſive grew,
Thy fav'rite flowers of yellow hue;

The

ıe crocus and the daffodil,
ıe cowſlip ſoft, and ſweet jonquil.

But when at laſt uſurping *Jove*
d *Saturn* from his empire drove;
ıen *gluttony* with greaſy paws
:r napkin pinn'd up to her jaws,
th watry chaps, and wagging chin,
ıc'd like a drum her oily ſkin;
:dg'd in a ſpacious elbow-chair,
ıd on her plate a treble ſhare,
if ſhe ne'er could have enough,
ıught harmleſs man to cram and ſtuff.
: ſent her prieſt in wooden ſhoes
om haughty *Gaul* to make ragoos;
ſtead of wholſome bread and cheeſe,
) dreſs their ſoops and fricaſſees;
ıd, for our home-bred *Britiſh* cheer,
targo, catſup, and caveer.
This bloated harpy ſprung from hell
nfin'd thee, goddeſs, to a cell:
rung from her womb that impious line,
ntemners of thy rites divine.
ſt, lolling *ſloth* in woollen cap
king her after-dinner nap:
le *dropſy* with a ſallow face,
:r belly burſt, and ſlow her pace:

And lordly *gout*, wrapt up in furr:
And wheezing *aſthma*, loth to ſtir.
Voluptuous *eaſe*, the child of *wealth*,
Infecting thus our hearts by ſtealth;
None ſeek thee now in open air,
To thee no verdant altars rear;
But in their cells and vaults obſcene
Preſent a ſacrifice unclean;
From whence unſav'ry vapours roſe,
Offenſive to thy nicer noſe.
Ah! who, in our degenerate days,
As nature prompts his offering pays?
Here nature never difference made
Between the ſceptre and the ſpade.

Ye great ones, why will ye diſdain
To pay your tribute on the plain?
Why will you place in lazy pride
Your altars near your couches ſide?
* When from the homelieſt earthen wa
Are ſent up offerings more ſincere,
Than where the haughty dutcheſs locks
Her ſilver vaſe in cedar-box.

Yet ſome devotion ſtill remains
Among our harmleſs northern ſwains †,

* Vide *Virgil* and *Lucretius*. † The north of *Irela*

Who

Whoſe offerings, plac'd in golden ranks,
Adorn our cryſtal river's banks;
Nor ſeldom grace the flowery downs,
With ſpiral tops and copple-crowns;
Or gilding in a ſunny morn
The humble branches of a thorn.
So, poets ſing, with ‡ golden bough
The *Trojan* hero paid his vow.

Hither, by luckleſs error led,
The crude conſiſtence oft I tread;
Here when my ſhoes are out of caſe,
Unweeting gild the tarniſh'd lace;
Here by the ſacred bramble ting'd,
My petticoat is doubly fring'd.

Be witneſs for me, nymph divine,
I never robb'd thee with deſign:
Nor will the zealous *Hannah* * pout
To waſh thy injur'd offering out.

But ſtop, ambitious Muſe, in time,
Nor dwell on ſubjects too ſublime.
In vain on lofty heels I tread,
Aſpiring to exalt my head;
With hoop expanded wide and light,
In vain I 'tempt too high a flight.

‡ *Virg.* lib. 6. * My lady's woman.

Me* *Phœbus* in a † midnight dream
Accoſting ſaid, ‡ *Go ſhake your cream.*
Be humbly minded, know your poſt;
Sweeten your tea, and watch your toaſt.
Thee beſt befits a lowly ſtyle:
Teach *Dennis* how to ſtir the § *guile:*
With ‖ *Peggy Dixon* thoughtful ſit,
Contriving for the pot and ſpit.
Take down thy proudly ſwelling ſails,
And rub thy teeth, and pare thy nails:
At nicely carving ſhew thy wit;
But ne'er preſume to eat a bit:
Turn ev'ry way thy watchful eye;
And ev'ry gueſt be ſure to ply:
Let never at your board be known
An empty plate except your own.
‡† Be theſe thy arts; nor higher aim
Than what befits a rural dame.

But *Cloacina*, goddeſs bright,
Sleek —— claims her as his right:
And † *Smedley*, flower of all divines,
Shall ſing the dean in *Smedley's* lines.

* *Cynthius aurem vellit.* Hor.

† *Cum ſomnia vera. Idem.*

‡ In the bottle to make butter.

§ *Guile*, the quantity of ale or beer brewed at one time.

‖ Mrs. *Dixon*, the houſe-keeper.

‡† *Hæ tibi erunt artes.* Virg.

*† A very ſtupid, inſolent, factious, deformed, conceited parſon, a vile pretender to poetry, preferred by the duke of *Grafton* for his wit.

## *The Place of the* DAMN'D.

Written in the Year 1731.

LL folks, who pretend to *religion*
and *grace*,
ow there's a HELL, but diſpute of the
place:
if HELL may by logical rules be defin'd
e *place of the damn'd*——I'll tell you
my mind.
Wherever the damn'd do chiefly abound,
ſt certainly there is HELL to be found:
mn'd *poets*, damn'd *criticks*, damn'd
*blockheads*, damn'd *knaves*,
mn'd *ſenators* brib'd, damn'd proſtitute
*ſlaves*;
mn'd *lawyers* and *judges*, damn'd *lords*
and damn'd *ſquires*;
mn'd *ſpies* and *informers*, damn'd *friends*
and damn'd *lyars*;
mn'd *villains*, corrupted in every *ſtation*;
mn'd *time-ſerving prieſts* all over the
*nation*.
d into the bargain I'll readily give you
mn'd ignorant *prelates*, and *counſellors*
*privy*.

Then

Then let us no longer by *parſons* be flamm'd,
For we know by theſe *marks* the place of
the damn'd:
And HELL to be ſure is at *Paris* or *Rome.*
How happy for *us*, that it is not at *home!*

## *A beautiful young Nymph going to Bed.**

Written for the Honour of the Fair Sex, in 1731.

CORINNA, pride of *Drury-lane*,
For whom no ſhepherd ſighs in vain,
Never did *Covent-garden* boaſt
So bright a batter'd ſtroling toaſt!
No drunken rake to pick her up,
No cellar, where on tick to ſup;
Returning at the midnight hour,
Four ſtories climbing to her bower;
Then ſeated on a three leg'd chair,
Takes off her artificial hair.
Now, picking out a cryſtal eye,
She wipes it clean, and lays it by.

* This poem, for which ſome have thought no apology could be offered, deſerves on the contrary great commendation, as it much more forcibly reſtrains the thoughtleſs and the young from the riſk of health and life by picking up a proſtitute, than the fineſt declamation on the ſordidneſs of the appetite.

He

Her eye-brows from a mouſe's hide
Stuck on with art on either ſide,
Pulls off with care, and firſt diſplays 'em,
Then in a play-book ſmoothly lays 'em.
Now dext'rouſly her plumpers draws,
That ſerve to fill her hollow jaws.
Untwiſts a wire, and from her gums
A ſet of teeth completely comes.
Pulls out the rags contriv'd to prop
Her flabby dugs, and down they drop.
Proceeding on, the lovely goddeſs
Unlaces next her ſteel-rib'd bodice,
Which, by the operator's ſkill,
Preſs down the lumps, the hollows fill.
Up goes her hand, and off ſhe ſlips
The bolſters that ſupply her hips.
With gentleſt touch ſhe next explores
Her ſhancres, iſſues, running ſores;
Effects of many a ſad diſaſter,
And then to each applies a plaſter:
But muſt, before ſhe goes to bed,
Rub off the daubs of white and red,
And ſmooth the furrows in her front
With greaſy paper ſtuck upon't.
She takes a *bolus* ere ſhe ſleeps;
And then between two blankets creeps.

With

With pains of love tormented lies;
Or if ſhe chance to cloſe her eyes,
Of *Bridewell* and the *Compter* dreams,
And feels the laſh, and faintly ſcreams;
Or, by a faithleſs bully drawn,
At ſome hedge-tavern lies in pawn;
Or, to *Jamaica* ſeems tranſported
* Alone, and by no planter courted;
Or, near *Fleet-ditch's* oozy brinks,
Surrounded with a hundred ſtinks,
Be-lated, ſeems on watch to lie,
And ſnap ſome cully paſſing by;
Or, ſtruck with fear, her fancy runs
On watchmen, conſtables, and duns,
From whom ſhe meets with frequent rubs;
But never from religious clubs;
Whoſe favour ſhe is ſure to find,
Becauſe ſhe pays them all in kind.

*Corinna* wakes. A dreadful ſight!
Behold the ruins of the night!
A wicked rat her plaſter ſtole,
Half eat, and dragg'd it to his hole.
The cryſtal eye, alas! was miſs'd;
And puſs had on her plumpers p—ſs'd.

* ——*Et longam incomitata videtur*
*Ire viam.*——Virg.

pigeon pick'd her iſſue peas:
d *Shock* her treſſes fill'd with fleas.

The nymph, though in this mangled plight,
ſt ev'ry morn her limbs unite.
how ſhall I deſcribe her arts
recollect the ſcatter'd parts?
ſhew the anguiſh, toil, and pain,
gath'ring up herſelf again?
e baſhful muſe will never bear
ſuch a ſcene to interfere.
*inna* in the morning dizen'd,
o ſees will ſpew; who ſmells be poiſon'd.

## TREPHON *and* CHLOE.

Written in the Year 1731.

OF *Chloe* all the town has rung,
By ev'ry ſize of poets ſung:

This poem has among
s been cenſured for inde-
y, but with no better rea-
han a medicine would be
ted for its ill taſte. By
ding to the marriage of
*hon* and *Chloe*, the reader
eſſarily led to conſider the
t of that groſs familiarity
hich it is to be feared
y married perſons think
they have a right to indulge
themſelves: he who is diſ-
guſted at the picture feels the
force of the precept, not to
diſguſt another by his prac-
tice; and let it never be for-
gotten, that nothing quench-
es deſire like indelicacy, and
that when deſire has been thus
quenched, kindneſs will ine-
vitably grow cold.

So

So beautiful a nymph appears
But once in twenty thouſand years;
By nature form'd with niceſt care,
And faultleſs to a ſingle hair.
Her graceful mien, her ſhape, and face,
Confeſs'd her of no mortal race:
And then ſo nice, and ſo genteel;
Such cleanlineſs from head to heel:
No humours groſs, or frowzy ſteams,
No noiſome whiffs, or ſweaty ſtreams,
Before, behind, above, below,
Could from her taintleſs body flow:
Would ſo diſcreetly things diſpoſe,
None ever ſaw her pluck a roſe.
Her deareſt comrades never caught her
Squat on her hams to make maids water.
You'd ſwear that ſo divine a creature
Felt no neceſſities of nature.
In ſummer, had ſhe walk'd the town,
Her arm-pits would not ſtain her gown:
At country-dances not a noſe
Could in the dog-days ſmell her toes.
Her milk-white hand, both palms and back,
Like iv'ry dry, and ſoft as wax.
Her hands, the ſofteſt ever felt,
* Though cold would burn, though dry would melt.

* Though deep, yet clear, *etc.* DENHAM.

Dear

ar *Venus*, hide this wond'rous maid,
et her looſe to ſpoil your trade.
e ſhe engroſſes ev'ry ſwain,
but o'er half the world can reign.
k what a caſe all men are now in,
ogling, ſighing, toaſting, vowing!
powder'd wigs! what flames and
darts!
hampers full of bleeding hearts!
ſword-knots! what poetic ſtrains!
billet-doux, and clouded canes!

t *Strephon* ſigh'd ſo loud and ſtrong,
ew a ſettlement along:
bravely drove his rivals down
coach and ſix, and houſe in town.
aſhful nymph no more withſtands,
ſe her dear papa commands.
harming couple now unites:
ed we to the marriage-rites.

primis, at the temple-porch
*Hymen* with a flaming torch:
miling *Cyprian* goddeſs brings
ifant loves with purple wings;
bigeons billing, ſparrows treading,
mblems of a fruitful wedding.

The

The muſes next in order follow,
Conducted by their ſquire, *Apollo*:
Then *Mercury*, with ſilver tongue,
And *Hebe*, goddeſs ever young.
Behold the bridegroom and his bride
Walk hand in hand, and ſide by ſide;
She by the tender *Graces* dreſt,
But he by *Mars*, in ſcarlet veſt.
The nymph was cover'd with her * *flammeum*,
And *Phœbus* ſung th' † *epithalamium*.
And laſt, to make the matter ſure,
Dame *Juno* brought a prieſt demure.
‡ *Luna* was abſent, on pretence
Her time was not till nine months hence.

The rites perform'd, the parſon paid,
In ſtate return'd the grand parade;
With loud huzza's from all the boys,
That now the pair muſt *crown their joys*.

But ſtill the hardeſt part remains.
*Strephon* had long perplex'd his brains,
How with ſo high a nymph he might
Demean himſelf the wedding-night:

* A veil which the *Roman* brides cover'd themſelves with when they were going to be married.

† A marriage ſong.

‡ *Diana*, goddeſs of midwives.

For=

For as he view'd his perſon round,
Mere mortal fleſh was all he found:
His hand, his neck, his mouth, and feet
Were duly waſh'd to keep them ſweet
With other parts that ſhall be nameleſs,
The ladies elſe might think me ſhameleſs).
The weather and his love were hot;
And ſhould he ſtruggle I know what—
Why let it go, if I muſt tell it—
He'll ſweat, and then the nymph may
ſmell it.
While ſhe, a goddeſs dy'd in grain,
Was unſuſceptible of ſtain;
And, *Venus*-like, her fragrant ſkin
Exhal'd *ambroſia* from within.
Can ſuch a deity endure
A mortal human touch impure?
How did the humbled ſwain deteſt
His prickly beard, and hairy breaſt!
His night-cap border'd round with lace
Could give no ſoftneſs to his face.

Yet if the goddeſs could be kind,
What endleſs raptures muſt he find!
And goddeſſes have now and then
Come down to viſit mortal men:

To viſit and to court them too:
A certain goddeſs, God knows who
(As in a book he heard it read),
Took col'nel *Peleus* to her bed.
But what if he ſhould loſe his life
By vent'ring on his heavenly wife?
For *Strephon* could remember well,
That once he heard a ſchool-boy tell,
How *Semele* of mortal race
By thunder died in *Jove's* embrace:
And what if daring *Strephon* dies
By lightning ſhot from *Chloe's* eyes?

While theſe reflexions fill'd his head,
The bride was put in form to bed:
He follow'd, ſtript, and in he crept,
But awfully his diſtance kept.

Now *ponder well, ye parents dear*;
Forbid your daughters guzzling beer;
And make them every afternoon
Forbear their tea, or drink it ſoon:
That ere to bed they venture up,
They may diſcharge it ev'ry ſup:
If not, they muſt in evil plight
Be often forc'd to riſe at night.
Keep them to wholeſome food confin'd,
Nor let them taſte what cauſes wind

('Tis this* the ſage of *Samos* means,
Forbidding his diſciples beans).
O! think what evils muſt enſue;
Miſs *Moll* the jade will burn it blue:
And when ſhe once has got the art,
She cannot help it for her heart;
But out it flies, ev'n when ſhe meets
Her bridegroom in the wedding-ſheets.
† *Carminative* and ‡ *diuretic*
Will damp all paſſion ſympathetic:
And love ſuch nicety requires,
One *blaſt* will put out all his fires.
Since huſbands get behind the ſcene,
The wife ſhould ſtudy to be clean;
Nor give the ſmalleſt room to gueſs
The time when wants of nature preſs;
But after marriage practiſe more
Decorum than ſhe did before;
To keep her ſpouſe deluded ſtill,
And make him fancy what ſhe will.

In bed we left the married pair:
'Tis time to ſhew how things went there.

* A well known precept of *Pythagoras*, not to eat beans; which has been variouſly interpreted, and is ſuppoſed to contain ſome allegorical meaning.

† Medicines to break wind.

‡ Medicines to provoke urine.

*Strephon*, who had been often told
That Fortune ſtill aſſiſts the bold,
Reſolv'd to make the firſt attack;
But *Chloe* drove him fiercely back.
How could a nymph ſo chaſte as *Chloe*,
With conſtitution cold and ſnowy,
Permit a brutiſh man to touch her?
Ev'n lambs by inſtinct fly the butcher.
Reſiſtance on the wedding-night
Is what our maidens claim by right:
And *Chloe* 'tis by all agreed,
Was maid in thought, and word, and deed.
Yet ſome aſſign a different reaſon;
That *Strephon* choſe no proper ſeaſon.

Say, fair ones, muſt I make a pauſe,
Or freely tell the ſecret cauſe?

Twelve cups of tea (with grief I ſpeak)
Had now conſtrain'd the nymph to leak.
This point muſt needs be ſettled firſt:
The bride muſt either void or burſt.
Then ſee the dire effect of peaſe,
Think what can give the colick eaſe.
The nymph oppreſt before, behind,
As ſhips are toſs'd by waves and wind,
Steals out her hand, by nature led,
And brings a veſſel into bed:

Fair utenſil, as ſmooth and white
As *Chloe's* ſkin, almoſt as bright.

*Strephon*, who heard the fuming rill
As from a moſſy cliff diſtil,
Cry'd out, Ye Gods! what ſound is this?
Can *Chloe*, heavenly *Chloe*, —?
But when he ſmelt a noiſome ſteam,
Which oft attends that luke-warm ſtream
(*Salerno* § both together joins
As ſov'reign med'cines for the loins);
And though contriv'd, we may ſuppoſe,
To ſlip his ears, yet ſtruck his noſe:
He found her while the ſcent increas'd
As *mortal* as himſelf at leaſt.
But ſoon with like occaſions preſt,
He boldly ſent his hand in queſt
(Inſpir'd with courage from his bride)
To reach the pot on t'other ſide:
And, as he fill'd the reeking vaſe,
Let fly a rouſer in her face.

The little *Cupids* hovering round
As pictures prove), with garlands crown'd,

§ *Vide Schol. Salern.* Rules of health, written by the ſchool *Salernum.*

*Mingere cum lumbis. res eſt ſaluberrima lumbis.*

Abaſh'd at what they ſaw and heard,
Flew off, nor ever more appear'd.

Adieu to raviſhing delights,
High raptures and romantic flights;
To goddeſſes ſo heavenly ſweet,
Expiring ſhepherds at their feet;
To ſilver meads and ſhady bowers,
Dreſt up with *amaranthine* flowers.

How great a change! how quickly made!
They learn to call a ſpade a ſpade.
They ſoon from all conſtraint are freed;
Can ſee each other *do their need.*
On box of cedar ſits the wife,
And makes it warm for *deareſt life*;
And, by the beaſtly way of thinking,
Find great ſociety in ſtinking.
Now *Strephon* daily entertains
His *Chloe* in the homelieſt ſtrains;
And *Chloe*, more experienc'd grown,
With int'reſt pays him back his own.
No maid at court is leſs aſham'd,
Howe'er for ſelling bargains fam'd,
Than ſhe, to name her parts behind,
Or when a bed to let out wind.

Fair

Fair *decency*, celeſtial maid,
Deſcend from heaven to beauty's aid;
Though beauty may beget deſire,
Tis thou muſt fan the lover's fire;
For beauty, like ſupreme dominion,
Is beſt ſupported by opinion:
If decency bring no ſupplies,
Opinion falls, and beauty dies.

To ſee ſome radiant nymph appear
In all her glittering birth-day gear,
You think ſome goddeſs from the ſky
Deſcended, ready cut and dry:
But, ere you fell yourſelf to laughter,
Conſider well what may come after;
For fine ideas vaniſh faſt,
While all the groſs and filthy laſt.

O *Strephon*, e'er that fatal day
When *Chloe* ſtole your heart away,
Had you but through a cranny ſpy'd
On houſe of eaſe your future bride,
In all the poſtures of her face,
Which nature gives in ſuch a caſe;
Diſtortions, groanings, ſtrainings, heavings,
Twere better you had lickt her leavings,

Then from experience find too late
Your goddeſs grown a filthy mate.
Your fancy then had always dwelt
On what you ſaw, and what you ſmelt;
Would ſtill the ſame ideas give ye,
As when you ſpy'd her on the privy.
And, 'ſpight of *Chloe* charms divine,
Your heart had been as whole as mine.

Authorities, both old and recent,
Direct that women muſt be decent;
And from the ſpouſe each blemiſh hide
More than from all the world beſide *.

Unjuſtly all our nymphs complain
Their empire holds ſo ſhort a reign:
Is after marriage loſt ſo ſoon,
It hardly holds the honey-moon:
For if they keep not what they caught,
It is entirely their own fault.
They take poſſeſſion of the crown,
And then throw all their weapons down:

* If virtue, as ſome writers pretend, be that which produces happineſs, it muſt be granted, that to practiſe decency is a moral obligation; and if virtue conſiſts in obedience to a law, as the nuptial laws enjoin both parties to avoid offence, decency will ſtill be duty, and the breach of it will incur ſome degree of guilt.

Though by the politicians ſcheme,
Whoe'er arrives at pow'r ſupreme,
Thoſe arts by which at firſt they gain it
They ſtill muſt practiſe to maintain it.

What various ways our females take
To paſs for wits before a rake!
And in the fruitleſs ſearch purſue
All other methods but the true.

Some try to learn polite behaviour
By reading books againſt their Saviour:
Some call it witty to reflect
On ev'ry natural defect:
Some ſhew they never want explaining
To comprehend a double meaning.
But ſure a tell-tale out of ſchool
Is of all wits the greateſt fool:
Whoſe rank imagination fills
Her heart, and from her lips diſtils;
You'd think ſhe utter'd from behind,
Or at her mouth was breaking wind.

Why is a handſome wife ador'd
By every coxcomb but her lord?
From yonder puppet-man inquire,
Who wiſely hides his wood and wire;

Shews *Sheba's* queen completely dreſt,
And *Solomon* in royal veſt;
But view them litter'd on the floor,
Or ſtrung on pegs behind the door;
*Punch* is exactly of a piece
With *Lorrain's* duke, and prince of *Greece**.

A prudent builder ſhould forecaſt
How long the ſtuff is like to laſt;
And carefully obſerve the ground
To build on ſome foundation ſound:
What houſe, when its materials crumble,
Muſt not inevitably tumble?
What edifice can long endure
Rais'd on a baſis unſecure?
Raſh mortals, ere you take a wife,
Contrive your pile to laſt for life:
Since beauty ſcarce endures a day,
And youth ſo ſwiftly glides away;
Why will you make yourſelf a bubble,
To build on ſand with hay and ſtubble?

On ſenſe and wit your paſſion found,
By decency cemented round;

* For the ſame reaſon many an handſome wife is neglected for an homely miſtreſs, who better knows her intereſt, and conſiders love as her trade.

Let

Let prudence with good-nature ſtrive
To keep eſteem and love alive.
Then come old age whene'er it will,
Your friendſhip ſhall continue ſtill:
And thus a mutual gentle fire
Shall never but with life expire.

## APOLLO:

### OR

## A PROBLEM ſolved.

Written in the Year 1731.

APOLLO, God of light and wit,
Could verſe inſpire, but ſeldom writ;
Refin'd all metals with his looks,
As well as chemiſts by their books:
As handſome as my lady's page;
Sweet five and twenty was his age.
His wig was made of ſunny rays,
He crown'd his youthful head with bays:
Not all the court of heaven could ſhew
So nice and ſo complete a beau.
No heir upon his firſt appearance,
With twenty thouſand pounds a year rents,

E'er

E'er drove, before he ſold his land,
So fine a coach along the *Strand*;
The ſpokes, we are by *Ovid* told,
Were ſilver, and the axle gold
(I own, 'twas but a coach and four,
For *Jupiter* allows no more).

Yet with his beauty, wealth and parts,
Enough to win ten thouſand hearts,
No vulgar deity above
Was ſo unfortunate in love.

Three weighty cauſes were aſſign'd,
That mov'd the nymphs to be unkind.
Nine Muſes always waiting round him,
He left them virgins as he found 'em,
His ſinging was another fault;
For he could reach to *B* in *alt*:
And by the ſentiments of *Pliny*,
Such ſingers are like *Nicolini**.
At laſt the point was fully clear'd;
In ſhort, *Apollo* had no beard.

* An *Italian*.

# ASSINUS AND PETER.

## A Tragical ELEGY.

Written in the Year 1731.

TWO college ſophs of *Cambridge* growth,
th ſpecial wits, and lovers both,
nferring as they us'd to meet
ı love, and books, in rapture ſweet
uſe, find me names to fit my metre,
*ſſinus* this, and t'other *Peter)*;
end *Peter* to *Caſſinus* goes,
ı chat a while and warm his noſe:
t ſuch a ſight was never ſeen,
ıe lad lay ſwallow'd up in ſpleen.
: ſeem'd as juſt crept out of bed;
ıe greaſy ſtocking round his head,
ıe other he ſat down to darn
ith threads of different-colour'd yarn;
s breeches torn expoſing wide
ragged ſhirt and tawny hide.
ɔrch'd were his ſhins, his legs were bare,
ıt well embrown'd with dirt and hair.
rug was o'er his ſhoulders thrown;
rug; for night-gown he had none.

His

His jordan ſtood in manner fitting
Between his legs to ſpew and ſpit in,
His ancient pipe in ſable dy'd,
And half unſmok'd lay by his ſide.

Him thus accoutred *Peter* found,
With eyes in ſmoke and weeping drown'd:
The leavings of his laſt night's pot
On embers plac'd to drink it hot.

Why, *Caſſy*, thou wilt doze thy pate:
What makes thee lie a-bed ſo late?
The finch, the linnet, and the thruſh,
Their mattins chant in every buſh:
And I have heard thee oft ſalute
*Aurora* with thy early flute.
Heaven ſend thou haſt not got the hyps!
How! not a word come from thy lips?

Then gave him ſome familiar thumps;
A college joke to cure the dumps.

The ſwain at laſt with grief oppreſt
Cry'd, *Cælia!* thrice, and ſigh'd the reſt.

Dear *Caſſy*, though to aſk I dread,
Yet aſk I muſt. Is *Cælia* dead?

How

How happy I, were that the worſt?
But I was fated to be curſt.

Come, tell us, has ſhe play'd the whore?

Oh, *Peter*, would it were no more!

Why, plague confound her ſandy locks:
Say, has the ſmall or greater pox
Sunk down her noſe, or ſeam'd her face?
Be eaſy, 'tis a common caſe.

Oh, *Peter!* beauty's but a varniſh,
Which time and accidents will tarniſh:
But *Cælia* has contriv'd to blaſt
Thoſe beauties, that might ever laſt.
Nor can imagination gueſs,
Nor eloquence divine expreſs,
How that ungrateful charming maid
My pureſt paſſion has betray'd.
Conceive the moſt invenom'd dart
To pierce an injur'd lover's heart.

Why hang her; though ſhe ſeem ſo coy,
I know ſhe loves the barber's boy.

Friend *Peter*, this I could excuſe;
For every nymph has leave to chuſe;

Nor

Nor have I reaſon to complain,
She loves a more deſerving ſwain.
But oh! how ill haſt thou divin'd
A crime, that ſhocks all human kind;
A deed unknown to female race,
At which the ſun ſhould hide his face;
Advice in vain you would apply—
Then leave me to deſpair and die.
Ye kind *Arcadians*, on my urn
Theſe elegies and ſonnets burn;
And on the marble grave theſe rhimes,
A monument to after-times:
" Here *Caſſy* lies, by *Cælia* ſlain,
" And dying never told his pain."

Vain empty world, farewel. But hark,
The loud *Cerberian* triple bark.
And there—behold *Alecto* ſtand,
A whip of ſcorpions in her hand.
Lo, *Charon* from his leaky wherry
Beck'ning to waft me o'er the ferry.
I come, I come,—*Meduſa!* ſee,
Her ſerpents hiſs direct at me.
Begone; unhand me, helliſh fry:
* Avaunt—ye cannot ſay 'tis I.

* See *Macbeth.*

)ear *Caſſy*, thou muſt purge and bleed;
ır thou wilt be mad indeed.
now by friendſhip's ſacred laws,
re conjure thee, tell the cauſe;
*Cælia's* horrid fact relate:
friend would gladly ſhare thy fate.

'o force it out, my heart muſt rend:
when conjur'd by ſuch a friend—
ık, *Peter*, how my ſoul is rackt!
ſe eyes, theſe eyes, beheld the fact.
bend thine ear, ſince out it muſt;
when thou ſeeſt me laid in duſt,
ſecret thou ſhalt ne'er impart,
to the nymph that keeps thy heart
v would her virgin ſoul bemoan
ime to all her ſex unknown!)
whiſper to the tattling reeds
blackeſt of all female deeds;
blab it on the lonely rocks,
re *Echo* ſits, and liſtening mocks;
let the Zephyrs' treacherous gale
ugh *Cambridge* waft the direful tale;
:o the chattering feather'd race
ver *Cælia's* foul diſgrace.
f you fail, my ſpectre dread
ıding nightly round your bed:

And yet I dare confide in you:
So take my ſecret, and adieu.

Nor wonder how I loſt my wits:
Oh! *Clia*, *Cælia*, *Cælia* ſh—*.

## JUDAS.

Written in the Year 1731.

BY the juſt vengeance of incenſed ſkies
Poor biſhop *Judas* late repenting dies,
The *Jews* engag'd him with a paltry bribe,
Amounting hardly to a crown a tribe;
Which though his conſcience forc'd him to reſtore
(And parſons tell us, no man can do more),
Yet through deſpair, of God and man accurſt,
He loſt his biſhoprick, and hang'd or burſt.
Thoſe former ages differ'd much from this;
*Judas* betray'd his maſter with a kiſs:
But ſome have kiſs'd the goſpel fifty times,
Whoſe perjury's the leaſt of all their crimes:

* See the lady's dreſſing-room.

Some

Some who can perjure through a two inch board,
Yet keep their biſhopricks, and 'ſcape the cord.
Like *hemp*, which, by a ſkilful ſpinſter drawn
To ſlender threads, may ſometimes paſs for lawn.

As ancient *Judas by trangreſſion fell,*
And *burſt aſunder* ere he went to hell;
So could we ſee a ſett of new *Iſcariots*
Come headlong tumbling from their mitred chariots;
Each modern *Judas* periſh like the firſt;
Drop from the tree with all his bowels burſt;
Who could forbear, that view'd each guilty face,
To cry; *Lo, Judas gone to his own place:*
*His habitation let all men forſake,*
*And let his biſhoprick another take?*

## *On Mr.* PULTENEY's *being put out of the council.*

Written in the Year 1731.

SIR *Robert**, weary'd by *Will Pulteney's* teazings,
Who interrupted him in all his leaſings,
Reſolv'd that *Will* and he ſhould meet no more:
Full in his face *Bob* ſhuts the council door;
Nor lets him ſit as juſtice on the bench
To puniſh thieves, or laſh a ſuburb wench.
Yet ſtill St. *Stephen's* chapel open lies
For *Will* to enter—what ſhall I adviſe?
E'en quit the HOUSE, for thou too long haſt ſat in't,
Produce at laſt thy dormant ducal patent;
There, near thy maſter's throne in ſhelter plac'd,
Let *Will* unheard by thee his thunder waſte.
Yet ſtill I fear your work is done but half:
For while he keeps his pen, your are not ſafe.
Hear an old fable, and a dull one too
It bears a moral, when apply'd to you.

* Sir *Robert Walpole*, then prime miniſter.

A hare had long eſcap'd purſuing hounds
By often ſhifting into diſtant grounds;
Till finding all his artifices vain,
To ſave his life he leap'd into the main.
But there, alas! he could no ſafety find,
A pack of *dog-fiſh* had him in the wind.
He ſcours away; and to avoid the foe,
Deſcends for ſhelter to the ſhades below,
There *Cerberus* lay watching in his den
(He had not ſeen a hare the lord knows when);
Out bounc'd the maſtiff of the triple head;
Away the hare with double ſwiftneſs fled;
Hunted from earth, and ſea, and hell, he flies
(Fear lent him wings) for ſafety to the ſkies.
How was the fearful animal diſtreſt!
Behold a foe more fierce than all the reſt:
*Sirius*, the ſwifteſt of the heavenly pack,
Fail'd but an inch to ſeize him by the back.
He fled to earth, but firſt it coſt him dear;
He left his ſcut behind, and half an ear.

Thus was the hare purſu'd, though free from guilt;
Thus, *Bob*, ſhalt thou be maul'd, fly where thou wilt;

Then, honeſt *Robin*, of thy corpſe beware;
Thou art not half ſo nimble as a hare:
Too pond'rous is thy bulk to mount the ſky;
Nor can you go to *hell*, before you die.
So keen thy *hunters*, and thy *ſcent* ſo ſtrong,
The *turns* and *doublings* cannot ſave thee long*.

*The* author *having been told by an intimate friend, that the duke of* Queenſberry *had employed Mr.* Gay *to inſpect the accounts and management of his grace's receivers and ſtewards (which however proved afterwards to be a miſtake), writ to Mr.* Gay *the following poem,*

In the Year 1731.

HOW could you, *Gay*, diſgrace the Muſes train,
To ſerve a taſteleſs court twelve years in vain†!

* This hunting ended in the promotion both of *Will* and *Bob*. *Bob* was no longer firſt miniſter, but earl of *Orford*, and *Will* was no longer his opponent, but earl of *Bath*.

† See the Libel on Doctor *Delany* and Lord *Carteret*.

Fair

Fain would I think our *female friend* † ſincere,
Till *Bob*, the poet's foe, poſſeſt her ear.
Did female virtue e'er ſo high aſcend,
To loſe an inch of favour for a friend?
Say, had the court no better place to chuſe
For thee, than make a dry-nurſe of thy Muſe?
How cheaply had thy liberty been ſold,
To ‡ 'ſquire a royal girl of two years old;
In leading-ſtrings her infant ſteps to guide,
Or with her go-cart amble ſide by ſide!

But princely *Douglas* § and his glorious dame
Advanc'd thy fortune, and preſerv'd thy fame.
Nor will your nobler gifts be miſapply'd,
When o'er your patron's treaſure you preſide:
The world ſhall own his choice was wiſe and juſt,
For ſons of *Phœbus* never break their truſt.

† Mrs. *Howard*, ſince counteſs of *Suffolk*.

‡ See Mr. *Gay's* Letter on this ſubject, in Mr. *Pope's* Works, Vol. II. Let. 26.

§ The duke of *Queenſberry*,

Not love of beauty leſs the heart inflames
Of guardian eunuchs to the *Sultan's* dames;
Their paſſions not more impotent and cold,
Than thoſe of poets to the *luſt* of gold.
With *Pæan's* pureſt fire his fav'rites glow,
The dregs will ſerve to ripen ore below;
His meaneſt work: for had he thought it fit,
That wealth ſhould be the appennage of wit,
The God of *light* could ne'er have been ſo *blind*
To deal it to the worſt of human-kind.

But let me now, for I can do it well,
Your conduct in this new employ foretel.

And firſt: to make my obſervation right,
I place a *ſtateſman* full before my ſight,
A bloated *miniſter* in all his geer,
With ſhameleſs viſage, and perfidious leer:
Two rows of teeth arm each devouring jaw,
And, oſtrich-like, his all-digeſting maw.
My fancy drags this *monſter* to my view
To ſhew the world his chief reverſe in you.
Of loud unmeaning ſounds a rapid flood
Rolls from his mouth in plenteous ſtreams of mud: With

h theſe the court and ſenate-houſe he
plies,
le up of noiſe, and impudence, and lies.

Now let me ſhew how *Bob* and you
agree,
ı ſerve a **potent prince*, as well as he.
:*ducal* coffers, truſted to your charge,
ır honeſt care may fill; perhaps enlarge.
vaſſals eaſy, and the owner bleſt,
ey pay a trifle, and enjoy the reſt.
: ſo a nation's revenues are paid:
ɛ ſervant's faults are on the maſter laid.
ɛ people with a ſigh their taxes bring;
d, curſing *Bob*, forget to bleſs the king.
ɛt hearken, GAY, to what thy charge
requires
th *ſervants*, *tenants*, and the neigh-
b'ring *'ſquires*.
: all domeſticks feel your gentle ſway:
r bribe, inſult, nor flatter, nor betray.
: due reward to merit be allow'd;
r with your *KINDRED half the*
*palace crowd*.

* A title given to dukes by the heralds.

Nor

Nor think yourſelf ſecure in doing wrong
By *telling noſes with a party ſtrong.*

Be rich; but of your wealth make no
parade;
At leaſt, *before your maſter's debts are paid,*
Nor *in a palace, built with charge immenſe,*
*Preſume to treat him at his own expence.*
Each farmer in the neighbourhood can
count,
To what your lawful perquiſites amount.
The tenants poor, the hardneſs of the times,
Are ill excuſes for a ſervant's crimes.
With intereſt, and a *premium* paid beſide,
The maſter's preſſing wants muſt be ſup-
ply'd;
With haſty zeal behold the ſteward come
y his own credit to advance the ſum;
Who, while *th' unrighteous mammon* is
his friend,
May well conclude his pow'r will never end.
A faithful treas'rer! what could he do
more?
*He lends my lord, what was my lord's before—*

The law ſo ſtrictly guards the monarch's
health,
That no phyſician dares preſcribe by
ſtealth;

The council ſit; approve the doctor's ſkill;
And give advice, before he gives the pill,
But the *ſtate emp'ric* acts a ſafer part;
And while he *poiſons*, *wins* the royal heart.

But how can I deſcribe the rav'nous breed?
Then let me now by negatives proceed.

Suppoſe your lord a truſty ſervant ſend
On weighty buſ'neſs to ſome neighb'ring friend:
Preſume not, *Gay*, unleſs you ſerve a drone,
To countermand his orders by your own.

Should ſome *imperious neighbour* ſink the boats,
And drain the *fiſh-ponds*, while your *maſter* doats;
Shall he upon the ducal rights intrench,
Becauſe he brib'd you with a brace of tench?

Nor from your lord his bad condition hide
To feed his luxury, or ſoothe his pride.
Nor at an under rate his timber ſell,
And with an oath aſſure him; *all is well.*

Or *ſwear it rotten**; *and with humble airs*
*Requeſt it of him to compleat your ſtairs.*
Nor when a mortgage lies on half his lands,
Come with a purſe of guineas in your hands.
Have *Peter Waters* always in your mind;
That rogue of *genuine myſterial* kind
Can half the peerage by his arts bewitch;
Starve twenty lords to make one ſcoundrel rich:
And when he gravely has undone a ſcore,
Is humbly pray'd to ruin twenty more†.
A dexterous ſteward, when his tricks are found,
*Huſh-money* ſends to all the neighbours round;
His maſter, unſuſpicious of his pranks,
Pays all the coſt, and gives the villain thanks.
And ſhould a friend attempt to ſet him right,
His lordſhip would impute it all to ſpight;
Would love his fav'rite better than before,
And truſt his honeſty juſt ſo much more -

* Theſe lines are thought to allude to ſome ſtory concerning a great quantity of mahogany declared rotten, and [illegible]n applied by *ſomebody* to wainſcots, ſtairs, door-caſes, *etc.*

† He had practiſed this trade for many years with ſucceſs.

Thus

Thus families like realms with equal fate
Are ſunk by *premier miniſters of ſtate.*

Some, when an heir ſucceeds, go boldly on,
And, as they robb'd the *father*, robb'd the *ſon.*
A knave, who deep embroils his lord's affairs,
Will ſoon grow neceſſary to his heirs.
His policy conſiſts in *ſetting traps*,
In finding *ways and means*, and *ſtopping gaps:*
He knows a thouſand tricks whene'erhe pleaſe,
Though not to cure, yet palliate each diſeaſe.
In either caſe an equal chance is run;
For keep, or turn him out my lord's undone.
You want a hand to clear a filthy ſink;
No cleanly workman can endure the ſtink.
A ſtrong dilemma in a deſperate caſe!
To act with infamy, or quit the place.

A bungler thus, who ſcarce the nail can hit,
With driving wrong will make the pannel ſplit: Nor

Nor dares an abler workman undertake
To drive a ſecond, leſt the whole ſhould break.

In ev'ry court the parallel will hold;
And kings, like private folks, were bought and ſold.
The ruling rogue, who dreads to be caſhier'd,
Contrives, as he is *hated*, to be *fear'd*:
*Confounds accounts, perplexes all affairs;*
For *vengeance* more *embroils*, than *ſkill repairs.*
So robbers (and their ends are juſt the ſame)
To 'ſcape enquiries *leave the houſe in flame.*

I knew a *brazen* miniſter of ſtate.
Who bore for twice ten years the public hate.
In every mouth the queſtion moſt in vogue
Was, *when will they turn out this odious rogue?*
A juncture happen'd in his higheſt pride
While *he* went robbing on, *old maſter* died -
We thought there now remain'd no room to doubt;
*His work is done, the miniſter muſt out.*
The court *invited* more than one or two
Will you, Sir *Spencer?* or, will *you*, or *you?*

Bu

t not a ſoul his office durſt accept;
e ſubtle knave had all the plunder
ſwept:
d ſuch was then the temper of the
times,
: ow'd his preſervation to his crimes.
e candidates obſerv'd his dirty paws,
r found it difficult to gueſs the cauſe:
t when they ſmelt ſuch foul corruptions
round him,
vay they fled, and left him as they
found him.

Thus, when a greedy ſloven once has
thrown
is *ſnot* into the *meſs*; *'tis all his own.*

*The following poem was firſt printed in* Fog's *journal of the* 17th *of* Sept. 1733. *The ſubject of it is now over; but our* author's *known zeal againſt that project made it be generally ſuppoſed to be his. It was occaſioned by the biſhops of* Ireland *endeavouring to get an act to divide the church livings; which bill was rejected by the* Iriſh *houſe of commons* *.

Written in the Year 1731.

OLD *Latimer* preaching did fairly deſcribe
A biſhop, who rul'd all the reſt of his tribe;
And who is this biſhop? and where does he dwell?
Why truly 'tis *Satan*, arch-biſhop of hell.
And HE was a primate, and HE wore a mitre
Surrounded with jewels of ſulphur and nitre.
How nearly this biſhop our biſhops reſembles!
But he has the odds, who *believes* and *who trembles*,

* See conſiderations on this bill in Vol. X.

Coul-

ould you ſee his grim *grace*, for a pound
to a penny,
ou'd ſwear it muſt be the *baboon* of *K--y:*
or *Satan* will think the compariſon
odious:
wiſh I could find him out one more
commodious.
t this I am ſure, the *moſt rev'rend old*
*dragon*
as got on the bench many biſhops ſuf-
fragan;
nd all men believe he reſides there *in-*
*cog.*
give them by turns an inviſible jog.

Our biſhops, puft up with wealth and
with pride,
hell on the backs of the clergy would
ride.
ey mounted and labour'd with whip
and with ſpur
vain--for the devil a parſon would ſtir.
the *commons* unhors'd them, and this
was their doom,
their croſiers to ride, like a witch on
a broom.

Though they gallop'd ſo faſt on the road you may find 'em,
And have left us but three out of twenty behind 'em,
Lord *Belton's* good grace, lord *Car*, and lord *Howard**,
In ſpight of the devil, would ſtill be untoward.
They came of good kindred, and could not endure
Their former companions ſhould beg at their door.

When *CHRIST* was betray'd to *Pilate* the *prætor*,
Of a dozen apoſtles but one prov'd a traitor:
One traitor alone, and faithful eleven;
But we can afford you ſix traitors in ſeven.

What a clutter with clippings, dividings and cleavings!
And the clergy forſooth muſt take up with their leavings.
If making *diviſions* was all their intent,
They've done it, we thank 'em, but not as they meant;

* Archbiſhop of *Caſhell*, biſhops of *Killaloe* and *Elphin*.

And

ıd ſo may ſuch biſhops for ever *divide*,
at no honeſt heathen would be on
their ſide.
ıw ſhould we rejoice, if, like *Judas* the
firſt,
oſe ſplitters of parſons in ſunder ſhould
burſt?

Now hear an alluſion:—A mitre you
know
livided above, but united below.
his you conſider, our emblem is right;
e biſhops *divide*, but the clergy *unite*.
ıuld the bottom be ſplit, our biſhops
would dread
ıt the mitre would never ſtick faſt on
their head,
l yet they have learnt the chief art of
a ſov'reign,
*Machiavel* taught 'em; *divide and ye
govern*.
courage, my lords; though it cannot
be ſaid
ıt one *cloven tongue* ever ſat on your
head;

I ll hold you a groat, and I wiſh I could
ſee't,
If your ſtockings were off, you could
ſhew *cloven feet.*

But hold, cry the biſhops; and give
us fair play;
Before you condemn us, hear what we
can ſay.
What truer affections could ever be ſhewn
Than ſaving your ſouls by damning our
own?
And have we not practis'd all methods to
gain you;
With the tithe of the tithe of the tithe to
maintain you;
Provided a fund for building you ſpittals?
You are only to live four years without
victuals.
Content, my good l—ds; but let us change
hands;
Firſt take you our tithes, and give us
your lands.
So God bleſs the church, and three of our
mitres;
And God bleſs the *Commons* for *biting*
*the biters.*

To

To the Reverend

## Dr. SWIFT, *D. S. P. D.*

*ith a preſent of a paper-book finely bound*
*his birth-day*, November 30, 1732*.

by the Right Hon. JOHN Earl of ORRERY.

TO thee, dear SWIFT, theſe ſpotleſs
leaves I ſend;
all is the preſent, but ſincere the friend.
ink not ſo poor a book below thy care;
no knows the price that thou canſt
make it bear?
ough tawdry now, and, like *Tyrilla's*
face,
e ſpecious front ſhines out with bor-
row'd grace;
ough paſte-boards, glitt'ring like a
tinſel'd coat,
*aſa tabula* within denote:
if a venal and corrupted age,
l modern vices ſhould provoke thy
rage;

t was occaſioned by an
l'cuſtom, which I found
d among his friends,
of making him a preſent on
his birth-day.
ORRERY.

If wan'd once more by their impending
fate,
A ſinking country and an injur'd ſtate
Thy great aſſiſtance ſhould again demand
And call forth reaſon to defend the land,
Then ſhall we view theſe ſheets with glad
ſurprize
Inſpir'd with thought, and ſpeaking to
our eyes:
Each vacant ſpace ſhall then, enrich'd,
diſpenſe
True force of eloquence, and nervous ſenſe;
Inform the judgement, animate the heart,
And ſacred rules of policy impart.
The ſpangled cov'ring, bright with ſplen-
did ore,
Shall cheat the ſight with empty ſhow
no more:
But lead us inward to thoſe golden mines,
Where all thy ſoul in native luſtre ſhines.
So when the eye ſurveys ſome lovely
fair,
With bloom of beauty grac'd, with ſhape
and air,
How is the rapture heighten'd when we
find
Her form excell'd by the celeſtial mind!

Verſes

*Verſes left with a ſilver ſtandiſh on the dean of St.* Patrick's *deſk on his birth-day, by Dr.* Delany.

HITHER from *Mexico* I came
To ſerve a proud *Iernian* dame:
Was long ſubmitted to her will;
At length ſhe loſt me at *quadrille.*
Through various ſhapes I often paſs'd,
Still hoping to have reſt at laſt:
And ſtill ambitious to obtain
Admittance to the patriot dean;
And ſometimes got within his door,
* But ſoon turn'd out to ſerve the poor;
Not ſtroling idleneſs to aid,
But honeſt induſtry decay'd.
At length an artiſt purchas'd me,
And wrought me to the ſhape you ſee.

This done, to *Hermes*, I apply'd:
" O *Hermes*, gratify my pride;
" Be it my fate to ſerve a ſage,
" The greateſt genius of his age;
" That matchleſs pen let me ſupply,
" Whoſe living lines will never die."

* Alluding to 500*l.* a year lent by the Dean, without intereſt, to poor tradeſmen.

I grant your ſuit, the God reply'd,
And here he left me to reſide.

*Verſes written by Dr.* SWIFT, *occaſioned by the foregoing preſents.*

A PAPER book is ſent by *Boyle*,
Too neatly gilt for me to ſoil.
*Delany* ſends a ſilver ſtandiſh,
When I no more a pen can brandiſh.
Let both around my tomb be plac'd:
As trophies of a Muſe deceas'd:
And let the friendly lines they writ
In praiſe of long departed wit
Be grav'd on either ſide in columns,
More to my praiſe than all my volumes;
To burſt with envy, ſpite, and rage,
The *Vandals* of the preſent age.

## THE

## *Hardſhip upon the* LADIES.

Written in the Year 1733.

POOR ladies! though their bus'neſs be to play,
'Tis hard they muſt be buſy night and day:

Why

hy ſhould they want the pr vilege of
men,
or take ſome ſmall diverſions now and
then?
ad women been the makers of our laws
nd why they were not I can ſee no
cauſe);
he men ſhould ſlave at cards from morn
to night;
nd female pleaſures be to read and write.

## A LOVE SONG

### In the MODERN Taſte.

Written in the Year 1733.

I.

Fluttering ſpread thy purple pinions,
Gentle *Cupid*, o'er my heart;
a ſlave in thy dominions;
Nature muſt give way to art.

II.

Mild *Arcadians*, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
ee my weary days conſuming
All beneath yon flow'ry rocks.

III. Thus

III.

Thus the *Cyprian* goddeſs weeping
Mourn'd *Adonis*, darling youth;
Him the boar in ſilence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

*Cynthia*, tune harmonious numbers;
Fair *Diſcretion*, ſtring the lyre;
Soothe my ever-waking ſlumbers:
Bright *Apollo* lend thy choir.

V.

Gloomy *Pluto*, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the cryſtal mirrors,
Wat'ring ſoft *Elyſian* plains.

VI.

Mournful cypreſs, verdant willow,
Gilding my *Aurelia's* brows,
*Morpheus* hov'ring o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy ſmooth *Meander*,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when *Philomela* drooping
Softly ſeeks her ſilent mate,
See the bird of *Juno* ſtooping;
Melody reſigns to fate.

*On the words* Brother-Proteſtants, *and* Fellow-Chriſtians, *ſo familiarly uſed by the advocates for the repeal of the* Teſt-Act *in* Ireland,

Written in the Year 1733.

AN inundation, ſays the fable,
O'erflow'd a farmer's barn and ſtable;
Whole ricks of hay and ſtacks of corn
Were down the ſudden current born;
While things of heterogeneous kind
Together float with tide and wind.
The generous wheat forgot its pride,
And ſail'd with litter ſide by ſide;

Uniting

Uniting all to ſhew their amity,
As in a general calamity.
A ball of new-dropt horſe's dung,
Mingling with apples in the throng,
Said to the pippin plump and prim,
*See, brother, how we apples ſwim.*

Thus *Lamb*, renown'd for cutting corns,
An offer'd fee from *Radcliff* ſcorns:
*Not for the world—we doctors, brother,*
*Muſt take no fees of one another.*
Thus to a dean ſome curate ſloven
Subſcribes, *dear Sir, your brother loving.*
Thus all the footmen, ſhoe-boys, porters,
About St. *James's*, cry, *We courtiers.*
Thus *H—e* in the houſe will prate,
*Sir, we the miniſters of ſtate.*
Thus at the bar the blockhead *Betteſworth*,
Though half a crown o'erpays his ſweat's worth,
Who knows in law nor text nor margent,
Calls *Ringleton* his brother ſerjeant.
And thus fanatic ſaints, though neither in
Doctrine nor diſcipline our brethren,

Are

Are *brother Proteſtants* and *Chriſtians*,
As much as *Hebrews* and *Philiſtines*:
But in no other ſenſe, than nature
Has made a rat our fellow-creature.
Lice from your body ſuck their food;
But is a louſe your fleſh and blood?
Though born of human filth and ſweat, it
May as well be ſaid man did beget it.
But maggots in your noſe and chin
As well may claim you for their kin.

Yet criticks may object, why not?
Since lice are brethren to a *Scot*:
Which made our ſwarm of ſects determine
Employments for their brother vermin.
But be they *Engliſh*, *Iriſh*, *Scotiſh*,
What proteſtant can be ſo ſottiſh,
While o'er the church theſe clouds are gath'ring,
To call a ſwarm of lice his brethren?

As *Moſes*, by divine advice,
In *Egypt* turn'd the duſt to lice;
And as our ſects, by all deſcriptions,
Have hearts more harden'd than *Egytians*;
As from the trodden duſt they ſpring,
And, turn'd to lice, infeſt the king:

For pity's ſake it would be juſt,
A *rod* ſhould turn them back to *duſt*.

Let folks in high or holy ſtations
Be proud of owning ſuch relations;
Let courtiers hug them in their boſom,
As if they were afraid to loſe 'em:
While I, with humble *Job*, had rather
Say to corruption——*thou'rt my father*.
For he that has ſo little wit
To nouriſh vermin may be *bit*.

## ON

# POETRY:

## A RHAPSODY.

ALL human race would fain be *wits*,
And millions miſs for one that hits.
*Young's* univerſal paſſion, *pride*,
Was never known to ſpread ſo wide.
Say *Britain*, could you ever boaſt
Three *poets* in an age at moſt?
Our chilling climate hardly bears
A *ſprig* of bays in fifty years:

While

hile ev'ry fool his claim alledges,
if it grew in common hedges.
hat reaſon can there be aſſign'd
r this perverſeneſs in the mind?
*utes* find out where their talents lie:
*bear* will not attempt to fly;
founder'd *horſe* will oft debate
fore he tries a five-barr'd gate:
*dog* by inſtinct turns aſide,
'ho ſees the ditch too deep and wide.
ut *man* we find the only creature
'ho, led by *folly*, combats *nature*;
'ho, when *ſhe* loudly cries *forbear*,
'ith obſtinacy fixes there;
nd where his *genius* leaſt inclines,
bſurdly bends his whole deſigns.

Not *empire* to the riſing ſun
y valour, conduct, fortune won;
lot higheſt wiſdom in debates
'rom framing laws to govern ſtates;
lot ſkill in ſciences profound
o large to graſp the circle round;
uch heav'nly influence require,
As how to ſtrike the *Muſe's lyre*.

Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;
Not baſtard of a pedlar *Scot*;

Not boy brought up to cleaning ſhoes,
The ſpawn of *Bridewell*, or the ſtews;
Not infants dropt, the ſpurious pledges
Of *gypſies* litt'ring under hedges,
Are ſo diſqualify'd by fate
To riſe in *church*, or *law*, or *ſtate*,
As he, whom *Phœbus* in his ire
Hath blaſted with poetic fire.

What hope of cuſtom in the *fair*,
While not a ſoul demands your ware?
Where you have nothing to produce
For private life, or public uſe?
*Court*, *city*, *country* want you not:
You cannot bribe, betray, or plot.
For poets law makes no proviſion:
The wealthy have you in deriſion;
Of ſtate affairs you cannot ſmatter;
Are aukward, when you try to flatter;
Your portion, taking *Britain* round,
* Was juſt one annual hundred pound;
Now not ſo much as in remainder,
Since *Cibber* brought in an attainder;
For ever fixt by right divine
(A monarch's right) on *Grubſtreet* line.

* Paid to the poet laureat, which place was given to Mr. *Colley Cibber*, a player.

Poor

Poor ſtarv'ling bard, how ſmall thy gains!
How unproportion'd to thy pains!
And here a *ſimile* comes pat in:
Though *chickens* take a month to fatten,
The gueſts in leſs than half an hour
Will more than half a ſcore devour.
So, after toiling twenty days
To earn a ſtock of pence and praiſe,
Thy labours, grown the critick's prey,
Are ſwallow'd o'er a diſh of tea;
Gone to be never heard of more,
Gone where the *chickens* went before.

How ſhall a new attempter learn
Of diff'rent ſpirits to diſcern,
And how diſtinguiſh which is which,
The poet's vein, or ſcribbling itch?
Then hear an old experienc'd ſinner,
Inſtructing thus a young beginner.

Conſult yourſelf, and if you find
A pow'rful impulſe urge your mind,
Impartial judge within your breaſt
What ſubject you can manage beſt;
Whether your genius moſt inclines
To ſatire, praiſe, or hum'rous lines,

To elegies in mournful tone,
Or prologue ſent from hand unknown.
Then riſing with *Aurora's* light,
The Muſe invok'd, ſit down to write;
Blot out, correct, inſert, refine,
Enlarge, diminiſh, interline;
Be mindful, when invention fails,
To ſcratch your head, and bite your nails.

Your poem finiſh'd, next your care
Is needful to tranſcribe it fair.
In modern wit, all printed traſh is
Set off with num'rous *breaks*--and *daſhes*.--

To ſtateſmen would you give a wipe,
You print it in *Italic type*.
When letters are in vulgar ſhapes,
'Tis ten to one the wit eſcapes;
But when in *capitals* expreſt,
The dulleſt reader ſmoaks the jeſt:
Or elſe perhaps he may invent
A better than the poet meant;
As learned commentators view
In *Homer* more than *Homer* knew.

Your poem in its modiſh dreſs,
Correctly fitted for the preſs,

Convey

Convey by penny-poſt to *Lintot*,
But let no friend alive look into't.
If *Lintot* thinks 'twill quit the coſt,
You need not fear your labour loſt:
And how agreeably ſurpriz'd
Are you to ſee it advertis'd!
The hawker ſhews you one in print,
As freſh as farthings from the mint:
The product of your toil and ſweating;
A baſtard of your own begetting.

Be ſure at *Will's* the following day
Lie ſnug, and hear what criticks ſay.
And, if you find the gen'ral vogue
Pronounces you a ſtupid rogue,
Damns all your thoughts as low and little,
Sit ſtill, and ſwallow down your ſpittle.
Be ſilent as a politician,
For talking may beget ſuſpicion:
Or praiſe the judgment of the town,
And help yourſelf to run it down.
Give up your fond paternal pride,
Nor argue on the weaker ſide;
For poems read without a name
We juſtly praiſe, or juſtly blame;
And criticks have no partial views,
Except they know whom they abuſe:

And ſince you ne'er provok'd their ſpight,
Depend upon't their judgment's right.
But, if you blab, you are undone,
Conſider what a riſk you run:
You loſe your credit all at once;
The town will mark you for a dunce;
The vileſt doggrel *Grubſtreet* ſends
Will paſs for yours with foes and friends;
And you muſt bear the whole diſgrace,
Till ſome freſh blockhead takes your place.

Your ſecret kept, your poem ſunk,
And ſent in quires to line a trunk,
If ſtill you be diſpos'd to rhyme,
Go try your hand a ſecond time.
Again you fail; yet ſafe's the word;
Take courage, and attempt a third.
But firſt with care employ your thoughts,
Where criticks mark'd your former faults:
The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,
The *ſimiles* that nothing fit;
The *cant* which ev'ry fool repeats,
Town-jeſts, and coffee-houſe conceits;
Deſcriptions tedious, flat and dry,
And introduc'd the lord knows why;
Or where we find your fury ſet
Againſt the harmleſs alphabet;

On

On a's and b's your malice vent,
While readers wonder whom you meant;
A public or a private *robber*,
A *ſtateſman*, or a ſouth-ſea *jobber*;
A *prelate* who no God believes;
A parliament, or den of thieves;
A pick-purſe at the bar or bench,
A ducheſs, or a ſuburb wench:
Or oft, when epithets you link
In gaping lines to fill a chink,
Like ſtepping-ſtones, to ſave a ſtride,
In ſtreets where kennels are too wide;
Or, like a heel-piece, to ſupport
A cripple with one foot too ſhort;
Or like a bridge, that joins a mariſh
To moorlands of a diff'rent pariſh.
So have I ſeen ill-coupled hounds
Drag diff'rent ways in miry grounds.
So geographers in *Afric* maps
With ſavage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs,
Place elephants for want of towns.

But, though you miſs your third eſſay,
You need not throw your pen away.
Lay now aſide all thoughts of fame,
To ſpring more profitable game.

From party-merit ſeek ſuppor t;
The vileſt verſe thrives beſt at court.
A pamphlet in Sir *Bob's* defence
Will never fail to bring in pence:
Nor be concern'd about the ſale,
He pays his workmen on the nail.

A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
Inherits every virtue round,
As emblems of the ſovereign power,
Like other bawbles in the Tower:
Is generous, valiant, juſt, and wiſe,
And ſo continues till he dies:
His humble *ſenate* this profeſſes
In all their *ſpeeches*, *votes*, *addreſſes*:
But once you fix him in a tomb,
His virtues fade, his vices bloom;
And each perfection wrong imputed,
Is fully at his death confuted.
The loads of poems in his praiſe
Aſcending make one funeral-blaze:
As ſoon as you can hear his knell,
This God on earth turns *d—l* in hell:
And lo! his miniſters of ſtate,
Transform'd to imps, his levee wait;
Where, in the ſcenes of endleſs woe,
They ply their former arts below;

And, as they ſail in *Charon's* boat,
Contrive to bribe the judge's vote;
To *Cerberus* they give a ſop
His triple-barking mouth to ſtop;
Or in the iv'ry gate * of dreams
Project exciſe and South-ſea ſchemes;
Or hire their party-pamphleteers
To ſet *Elyſium* by the ears.

Then *poet*, if you mean to thrive,
Employ your Muſe on kings alive;
With prudence gath'ring up a cluſter
Of all the virtues you can muſter,
Which, form'd into a garland ſweet,
Lay humbly at your monarch's feet;
Who, as the odours reach his throne,
Will ſmile, and think 'em all his own;
For *law* and *goſpel* both determine
All virtues lodge in royal ermine
I mean the oracles of both,
Who ſhall depoſe it upon oath).
Your garland in the following reign,
Change but the names, will do again.

But, if you think this trade too baſe
(Which ſeldom is the dunce's caſe),

* *Sunt geminæ ſomni portæ, etc.*
*Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto.*

Put on the critick's brow, and ſit
At *Will's* the puny judge of wit.
A nod, a ſhrug, a ſcornful ſmile,
With caution us'd, may ſerve a while.
Proceed no further in your part,
Before you learn the terms of art;
For you can never be too far gone
In all our modern criticks jargon:
Then talk with more authentic face
Of *unities in time and place*;
Get ſcraps of *Horace* from your friends,
And have them at your fingers ends;
Learn *Ariſtotle's* rules by rote,
And at all hazards boldly quote;
Judicious *Rymer* oft review,
Wiſe *Dennis*, and profound *Boſſu*.
Read all the *prefaces* of *Dryden*,
For theſe our criticks much confide in
(Though merely writ at firſt for filling
To raiſe the volume's price a ſhilling).

A forward critick often dupes us
With ſham quotations * *peri hupſous*:
And, if we have not read *Longinus*,
Will magiſterially out-ſhine us.

* A famous treatiſe of *Longinus*.

Then,

Then, leſt with *Greek* he over-run ye,
Procure the book for love or money,
Tranſlated from *Boileau's* tranſlation *,
And quote *quotation* on *quotation*.

At *Will's* you hear a poem read,
Where *Battus* from the table-head,
Reclining on his elbow-chair,
Gives judgment with deciſive air;
To whom the tribe of circling wits
As to an oracle ſubmits.
He gives directions to the town
To cry it up, or run it down;
Like *courtiers*, when they ſend a note,
Inſtructing members how to vote.
He ſets the ſtamp of bad and good,
Though not a word be underſtood.
Your leſſon learnt, you'll be ſecure
To get the name of *connoiſſeur*:
And, when your merits once are known,
Procure diſciples of your own.
For poets (you can never want 'em)
Spread through † *Auguſta Trinobantum*,
Computing by their peeks of coals,
Amount to juſt nine thouſand ſouls:

* By Mr. *Welſted*. † The ancient name of *London*.

Theſe

Theſe o'er their proper diſtricts govern,
Of wit and humour judges ſov'reign.
In ev'ry ſtreet a city-bard
Rules, like an alderman, his ward;
His indiſputed rights extend
Through all the lane, from end to end;
The neighbours round admire his *ſhrewd-*
*neſs*
For ſongs of *loyalty* and *lewdneſs*;
Out-done by none in rhyming well,
Although he never learnt to ſpell.

Two bordering wits contend for glory;
And one is *whig*, and one is *tory*:
And this for epicks claims the bays,
And that for elegiac lays:
Some fam'd for numbers ſoft and ſmooth,
By lovers ſpoke in *Punch's* booth:
And ſome as juſtly fame extols
For lofty lines in *Smithfield* drolls.
*Bavius* in *Wapping* gains renown,
And *Mævius* reigns o'er *Kentiſh-town*:
*Tigellius* plac'd in *Phœbus'* car
From *Ludgate* ſhines to *Temple-bar*:
Harmonious *Cibber* entertains
The court with annual birth-day ſtrains;

Whence

Vhence *Gay* was baniſh'd in diſgrace,
Vhere *Pope* will never ſhow his face;
Vhere *Young* muſt torture his invention,
o flatter *knaves*, or loſe his *penſion*.

But theſe are not a thouſandth part
)f jobbers in the poet's art,
\ttending each his proper ſtation,
\nd all in due ſubordination;
hrough every alley to be found,
n garrets high or under ground:
\nd when they join their *pericranies*,
)ut ſkips a *book of miſcellanies*.
*Hobbes* clearly proves, that ev'ry creature
ives in a ſtate of war by nature.
he greater for the ſmalleſt watch,
)ut meddle ſeldom with their match.
\ whale of moderate ſize will draw
\ ſhoal of herrings down his maw.
\ fox with geeſe his belly crams,
\ wolf deſtroys a thouſand lambs.
)ut ſearch among the rhyming race,
he brave are worried by the baſe.
f on *Parnaſſus'* top you ſit,
ou rarely bite, are always bit.
ach poet of inferior ſize
)n you ſhall rail and criticiſe;

And

And ſtrive to tear you limb from limb,
While others do as much for him.

The vermin only teaſe and pinch
Their foes ſuperior by an inch.
So nat'raliſts obſerve, a flea
Hath ſmaller fleas that on him prey,
And theſe have ſmaller ſtill to bite 'em,
And ſo proceed *ad infinitum.*
Thus ev'ry poet in his kind
Is bit by him that comes behind:
Who, though too little to be ſeen,
Can teaze, and gall, and give the ſpleen;
Call dunces fools, and ſons of whores,
Lay *Grubſtreet* at each other's doors;
Extol the *Greek* and *Roman* maſters,
And curſe our modern poetaſters.
Complain, as many an ancient bard did,
How genius is no more rewarded;
How wrong a taſte prevails among us;
How much our anceſtors out-ſung us;
Can perſonate an aukward ſcorn
For thoſe who are not poets born;
And all their brother dunces laſh,
Who croud the preſs with hourly traſh.

O *Grubſtreet!* how do I bemoan thee,
Whoſe graceleſs children ſcorn to own thee!

Their filial piety forgot,
Deny their country like a *Scot*;
Though by their idiom and grimace
They ſoon betray their native place:
Yet *thou* haſt greater cauſe to be
Aſham'd of them, than they of thee,
Degenerate from their ancient brood,
Since firſt the court allow'd them food.

Remains a difficulty ſtill,
To purchaſe fame by writing ill.
From *Flecknoe* down to *Howard's* time,
How few have reach'd the *low ſublime?*
For when our high-born *Howard* died,
*Blackmore* alone his place ſupplied:
And, leſt a chaſm ſhould intervene,
When death had finiſh'd *Blackmore's* reign,
The *leaden crown* devolv'd to thee,
Great * poet of the *hollow-tree.*
But ah! how unſecure thy throne!
A thouſand bards thy right diſown:
They plot to turn, in factious zeal,
*Duncenia* to a common-weal;
And with rebellious arms pretend
An equal priv'lege to *deſcend.*

* Lord *Grimſton*, author of a play called Love in an Hollow Tree.

In

In bulk there are not more degrees
From *elephants* to *mites* in cheeſe,
Than what a curious eye may trace
In creatures of the rhyming race.
From bad to worſe, and worſe they fall;
But who can reach the worſt of all?
For though in nature depth and height
Are equally held infinite,
In poetry the height we know;
'Tis only infinite below.
For inſtance: when you raſhly think,
No rhymer can like *Welſted* † ſink,
His merits balanc'd, you ſhall find,
The laureat ‡ leaves him far behind.
*Concannen*, more aſpiring bard,
Soars downwards deeper by a yard.
Smart *Jemmy Moor* with vigour drops,
The reſt purſue as thick as hops.
With heads to points the gulph they enter,
Link'd perpendicular to the center;
And as their heels elated riſe,
Their heads attempt the nether ſkies.

O, what indignity and ſhame,
To proſtitute the Muſe's name!

† *Vide* The treatiſe on the *Profound*, and Mr. *Pope's Dunciad.*

‡ In ſome editions, inſtead of the laureat, was maliciouſly inſerted Mr. *Fielding*; for whoſe ingenious writings the ſuppoſed author hath manifeſted a great eſteem.

By flatt'ring —— whom heav'n deſign'd
The plagues and ſcourges of mankind;
Bred up in ignorance and ſloth,
And ev'ry vice that nurſes both.

Fair *Britain* in thy monarch bleſt,
Whoſe virtues bear the ſtricteſt teſt;
Whom never *faction* could beſpatter,
Nor *miniſter* nor *poet* flatter.
What juſtice in rewarding merit!
What magnanimity of ſpirit!
What lineaments divine we trace
Through all his figure, mien, and face!
Though peace with olive bind his hands,
Confeſt the conquering hero ſtands.
* *Hydaſpes*, *Indus*, and the *Ganges*,
Dread from his hand impending changes.
From him the *Tartar*, and *Chineſe*,
† Short by the knees, intreat for piece.
The *conſort* of his throne and bed,
A perfect goddeſs born and bred.
Appointed ſovereign judge to ſit
On learning, eloquence, and wit.

* ——*Super et Garamantas et Indos*
*Proferet imperium, etc.*
——*Jam nunc et Caſpia regna*
*Reſponſis horrent Divûm, etc.*
† ——*Genibus minor, etc.*

Our eldeſt hope, divine *Iülus*,
(Late, very late, O, may he rule us!)
What early manhood has he ſhown,
Before his downy beard was grown!
Then think what wonders will be done
By going on as he begun,
An heir for *Britain* to ſecure
As long as ſun and moon endure.

The remnant of the royal blood,
Comes pouring on me like a flood.
Bright goddeſſes, in number five;
Duke *William*, ſweeteſt prince alive.

Now ſing the *miniſter of ſtate*,
Who ſhines alone without a mate.
Obſerve with what majeſtic port
This *Atlas* ſtands to prop the court:
Intent the publick debts to pay
Like prudent * *Fabius* by *delay*.
Thou great vicegerent of the king,
Thy praiſes ev'ry Muſe ſhall ſing!
In all affairs thou ſole director,
Of wit and learning chief protector;
Though ſmall the time thou haſt to ſpare,
The church is thy peculiar care.

* *Unus homo nobis cunctando reſtituit rem.*

pious prelates what a ſtock
ı chuſe to rule the ſable flock?
ı raiſe the honour of the peerage,
ud to attend you at the ſteerage.
ı dignify the noble race,
ıtent yourſelf with humbler place.
w learning, valour, virtue, ſenſe,
titles give the ſole pretence.
*George* beheld thee with delight
ıchſafe to be an azure knight,
en on thy breaſt and ſides *Herculean*
fixt the *ſtar* and *ſtring cærulean.*

ay, poet, in what other nation
ne ever ſuch a conſtellation!
end, ye *Popes*, and *Youngs*, and *Gays*,
l tune your harps, and ſtrew your bays:
ır panegyricks here provide:
ı cannot err on flatt'ry's ſide.
ve the ſtars exalt your ſtyle,
ı ſtill are low ten thouſand mile.
*Lewis* all his bards beſtow'd
incenſe many a thouſand load;
*Europe* mortified his pride,
l ſwore the fawning raſcals ly'd.
what the world refus'd to *Lewis*
ılied to *George* exactly true is.

Exactly true! invidious poet!
'Tis fifty thouſand times below it.

Tranſlate me now ſome lines, if you can,
From *Virgil*, *Martial*, *Ovid*, *Lucan*.
They could all power in heaven divide,
And do no wrong to either ſide:
They teach you how to ſplit a hair,
*Give — and *Jove* an equal ſhare.
Yet, why, ſhould we be lac'd ſo ſtraight?
I'll give my — butter-weight.
And reaſon good; for many a year
*Jove* never intermeddled here:
Nor, though his prieſts be duly paid,
Did ever we deſire his aid?
We now can better do without him,
Since *Woolſton* gave us arms to rout him.
* * * * * *Cætera deſiderantur.* * * * * *

* *Dividium imperium cum* Jove Cæſar *habet.*

A CHA-

# A CHARACTER, PANEGYRICK, AND DESCRIPTION OF THE LEGION CLUB.*

AS I ſtrole the city, oft I
See a building large and lofty,
Not a bow-ſhot from the college,
Half the globe from ſenſe and knowledge;
By the prudent architect
Plac'd againſt the church direct,
Making good my grandame's jeſt,
† *Near the church*—you know the reſt.

* I have written a very maſterly poem on the Legion club—it is 240 lines.
*Swift's* Letters, Letter 36.

The dean complains in Letter 37 that other characters were added, and in Letter 38 that there were 50 different copies; but this conſiſts of juſt 240 lines, and has every other mark of genuine copy.

† The neater the church the farther from God.

Tell us, what the pile contains?
Many a head that holds no brains.
Theſe demoniacks let me dub
With the name of *Legion club*;
Such aſſemblies, you might ſwear,
Meet when butchers bait a bear;
Such a noſe, and ſuch haranguing,
When a brother thief is hanging:
Such a rout and ſuch a rabble
Run to hear jack-pudden gabble;
Such a crowd their ordure throws
On a far leſs villain's noſe.

Could I from the building's top
Hear the rattling thunder drop,
While the devil upon the roof
(If the devil be thunder-proof)
Should, with poker fiery red,
Crack the ſtones and melt the lead;
Drive them down on ev'ry ſcull,
While the den of thieves is full;
Quite deſtroy the harpeis neſt,
How might then our iſle be bleſt!
For divines allow, that God
Sometimes makes the devil his rod,
And the goſpel will inform us
He can puniſh ſins enormous.

Ye

Yet ſhould *Swift* endow the ſchools
For his *lunaticks* and *fools*
With a rood or two of land,
I allow the pile may ſtand:
You perhaps will aſk me, why ſo?
But it is with this proviſo,
Since the houſe is like to laſt,
Let the royal grant be paſs'd,
That the club have right to dwell
Each within his proper cell,
With a paſſage left to creep in,
And a hole above for peeping.

Let them, when they once get in,
Sell the nation for a pin;
While they ſit a picking ſtraws,
Let them rave at making laws;
While they never hold their tongue,
Let them dabble in their dung;
Let them form a grand committee,
How to plague and ſtarve the city;
Let them, ſtare, and ſtorm, and frown,
When they ſee a clergy gown;
Let them, ere they crack a louſe,
Call for th'orders of the houſe;
Let them with their goſling quills
Scribble ſenſeleſs heads of bills.

We may, while they ſtrain their throats,
Wipe our a---s with their votes.

Let * Sir *Tom*, that rampant aſs,
Stuff his guts with flax and graſs;
But, before the prieſt he fleeces,
Tear the Bible all to pieces;
At the parſons, *Tom*, halloo, boy,
Worthy offspring of a ſhoe-boy,
Footman, traitor, vile ſeducer,
Perjur'd rebel, brib'd accuſer;
Lay thy paultry privilege aſide,
Sprung from papiſts, and a regicide;
Fall a working like a mole,
Raiſe the dirt about your hole,

Come, aſſiſt me, Muſe obedient,
Let us try ſome new expedient,
Shift the ſcene for half an hour,
Time and place are in thy pow'r.
Thither, gentle Muſe, conduct me;
I ſhall aſk, and you inſtruct me.

See, the Muſe unbars the gate!
Hark, the monkeys, how they prate!

* Sir *Thomas P——ſt*, a Privy-counſellor of *Ireland*, and ſon to the informer of that name,

All

† All ye Gods, who rule the ſoul,
*Styx*, through hell whoſe waters roll!
Let me be allow'd to tell
What I heard in yonder hell.

‡ Near the door an entrance gapes,
Crouded round with antic ſhapes,
*Poverty*, and *grief*, and *care*,
Cauſeleſs *joy*, and true *deſpair*,
*Diſcord* periwig'd with ſnakes,
See the dreadful ſtrides ſhe takes.

By this odious crew beſet,
I began to rage and fret,
§ And reſolv'd to break their pates,
E're we enter'd at the gates;
Had not *Clio* in the nick
Whiſper'd me, *Lay down your ſtick.*
What, ſaid I, is this the *mad-houſe?*
Theſe, ſhe anſwer'd, are but ſhadows,
Phantoms bodileſs and vain,
Empty viſions of the brain.

† *Di quibus imperium eſt animarum, etc.*
*Sit mihi fas audita loqui.* Virg. Æn. Lib. VI.
‡ *Veſtibulum ante ipſum, etc.* Ibid.
§ *At ni docta comes, et:.* Ibid.

* In the porch *Briareus* ſtands,
Shews a bribe in all his hands,
*Briareus* the ſecretary,
But we mortals call him *C——y.*
When the rogues their country fleece,
They may hope for pence a-piece.

*Clio*, who had been ſo wiſe
To put on a fool's diſguiſe
To beſpeak ſome approbation,
And be thought a near relation,
When ſhe ſaw three hundred brutes
All involv'd in wild diſputes,
Roaring 'till their lungs were ſpent
PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT,
Now a new misfortune feels,
Dreading to be laid by th'heels.
Never durſt a Muſe before
Enter that infernal door;
*Clio*, ſtifled with the ſmell,
Into ſpleen and vapours fell,
By the *Stygian* ſteams that flew
From the dire infectious crew.
Not the ſtench of lake *Avernus*
Could have more offended her noſe;

* *Et centumgemini Briareus, etc.* Virg. Lib. VI

Hac

.d ſhe flown but o'er the top,
ɜ had felt her pinions drop,
.d, by exhalations dire,
ıough a goddeſs, muſt expire.
a fright ſhe crept away;
ıvely I reſolv'd to ſtay.

When I ſaw the keeper frown,
pping him with half a crown,
ɔw, ſaid I, we are alone,
ıme your heroes one by one.

Who is that hell-featur'd brawler,
it *Satan?* no 'tis *W——r.*
what figure can a bard dreſs
*ıck* the grandſon of Sir *H——s?*
ɔneſt keeper drive him further,
his looks are hell and murther.
ɛ the ſcowling viſage drop,
ſt as when he murther'd *T——p.*

Keeper, ſhew me where to fix
ı the puppy pair of *Dicks*;
ɾ their lanthorn jaws and leathern,
ɔu might ſwear they both are brethren;
*ick Fitz Baker*, *Dick* the player,
ld acquaintance, are you there?

Dear companions, hug and kiſs,
Toaſt *old glorious* in your piſs.
Tie'em, keeper, in a tether;
Let 'em ſtarve and ſtink together;
Both are apt to be unruly,
Laſh 'em daily, laſh 'em duly;
Though 'tis hopeleſs to reclaim them,
Scorpion rods perhaps may tame them.

Keeper, yon old dotard ſmoak,
Sweetly ſnoring in his cloak.
Who is he? 'Tis humdrum *W—ne*
Half encompaſs'd by his kin:
There obſerve the tribe of *B—h—m*,
For he never fails to bring 'em;
While he ſleeps the whole debate,
They ſubmiſſive round him wait;
Yet would gladly ſee the hunks
In his grave, and ſearch his trunks.
See, they gently twitch his coat,
Juſt to yawn and give his vote,
Always firm in his vocation,
For the C——, againſt the N——.

Thoſe are *A—s Jack* and *Bob*,
Firſt in every wicked job,
Son and brother to a queer
Brain-ſick brute, they call a peer.

'e muſt give them better quarter,
or their anceſtor trod mortar,
ınd at *H—th* to boaſt his fame,
)n a chimney cut his name.

There ſit *C—nts*, *D--ks*, and *H--n*,
low they ſwagger from their garriſon!
uch a triplet could you tell
Vhere to find on this ſide hell?
*I—n*, and *D—ks*, and *C——nts*,
:eeper, ſee they have their payments,
very miſchief's in their hearts;
f they fail, 'tis want of parts.

Bleſs us, *M—n!* art thou there man?
3leſs mine eyes! art thou the chairman?
:hairman to your damn'd committee?
'et I look on thee with pity.
)readful ſight! what! learned *M----n*
Metamorphos'd to a *Gorgon!*
'or thy horrid looks, I own,
Half convert me to a ſtone:
Haſt thou been ſo long at ſchool
Now to turn a factious tool?
*Alma mater* was thy mother,
Ev'ry young divine thy brother.
Thou, a diſobedient varlet,
Treat thy mother like a harlot?

Thou

Thou ungrateful to thy teachers,
Who are all grown rev'rend preachers!
*M*—, would it not ſurprize one?
Turn thy nouriſhment to poiſon!
When you walk among your books,
They reproach you with their looks;
Bind them faſt, or from their ſhelves
They will come, and right themſelves:
*Homer*, *Plutarch*, *Virgil*, *Flaccus*,
All in arms prepare to back us:
Soon repent, or put to ſlaughter
Every *Greek* and *Roman* author.
Will you in your faction's phraſe
Send the clergy all to graze;
And, to make your project paſs,
Leave them not a blade of graſs?

How I want thee, hum'rous *Hogarth!*
Thou, I hear, a pleaſant rogue art;
Were but you and I acquainted,
Ev'ry monſter ſhould be painted:
You ſhould try your graving tools
On this odious group of fools;
Draw the beaſts as I deſcribe them
From their features, while I gibe them;
Draw them like, for I aſſure ye,
You will need no *car'catura*;

Draw

)raw them ſo, that we may trace
ıll the ſoul in ev'ry face.

Keeper, I muſt now retire,
'ou have done what I deſire:
ıut I feel my ſpirits ſpent
Vith the noiſe, the ſight, the ſcent.
*'ray be patient, you ſhall find*
*Ialf the beſt are ſtill behind:*
*'ou have hardly ſeen a ſcore,*
*' can ſhew two hundred more.*
Keeper, I have ſeen enough.
Taking then a pinch of ſnuff,
concluded, looking round 'em,
*Vay their God, the d—l, confound 'em.*

* AN

## APOLOGY, *etc.*

A LADY wiſe as well as fair,
Whoſe conſcience always was her care,
Thoughtful upon a point of moment,
Would have the text as well as comment:
So hearing of a grave divine,
She ſent to bid him come and dine.

But

But you muſt know he was not quite
So grave as to be unpolite;
Thought human learning would not leſſen
The dignity of his profeſſion;
And, if you'd heard the man diſcourſe,
Or preach, you'd like him ſcarce the worſe.
He long had bid the court farewel,
Retreating ſilent to his cell;
Suſpected for the love he bore
To one who ſway'd ſome time before;
Which made it more ſurpriſing how
He ſhould be ſent for thither now.

The meſſage told, he gapes, and ſtares,
And ſcarce believes his eyes or ears.
Could not conceive what it ſhould mean,
And fain would hear it told again.
But then the 'ſquire ſo trim and nice,
'Twere rude to make him tell it twice;
So bow'd, was thankful for the honour:
And would not fail to wait upon her.
His beaver bruſh'd, his ſhoes and gown,
Away he trudges into town;
Paſſes the lower caſtle yard,
And now advancing to the guard,
He trembles at the thoughts of ſtate;
For, conſcious of his ſheepiſh gait,

His

His ſpirits of a ſudden fail'd him,
He ſtop'd, and could not tell what ail'd him.

What was the meſſage I receiv'd?
Why certainly the captain rav'd:
To dine with her! and come at three!
Impoſſible! it can't be me.
Or may be I miſtook the word;
My lady!— it muſt be my lord!

My lord's abroad; my lady too:
What muſt th' unhappy doctor do?
*Is* * *captain* Crach'rode *here pray?*—no.
*Nay then 'tis time for me to go.*
Am I awake, or do I dream?
I'm ſure he call'd me by my name;
Nam'd me as plain as he could ſpeak,
And yet there muſt be ſome miſtake.
Why, what a jeſt ſhou'd I have been
Had now my lady been within?
What could I've ſaid? I'm mighty glad
She went abroad--ſhe'd thought me mad.
The hour of dining now is paſt;
Well then I'll e'en go home and faſt;
And, ſince I 'ſcap'd being made a ſcoff,
I think I'm very fairly off.

* The gentleman who brought the meſſage.

My

My lady now returning home
Calls, *Crach'rode, is the doctor come?*
He had not heard of him—*pray ſee,*
*'Tis now a quarter after three.*
The captain walks about, and ſearches
Through all the rooms, and courts, and arches;
Examines all the ſervants round,
In vain—no doctor's to be found,
My lady could not chuſe but wonder:
*Captain, I fear you've made ſome blunder:*

*But, pray, to-morrow go at ten,*
*I'll try his manners once again;*
*If rudeneſs be th' effect of knowledge,*
*My ſon ſhall never ſee a college.*

The captain was a man of reading,
And much good ſenſe as well as breeding,
Who, loth to blame, or to incenſe,
Said little in his own defence:
Next day another meſſage brought;
The, doctor frighten'd at his fault,
Is dreſs'd, and ſtealing through the crowd,
Now pale as death, then bluſh'd and bow'd,
Panting, and faultring, humm'd and ha'd.
*Her ladyſhip was gone abroad;*

*The*

*The captain too—he did not know*
*Whether he ought to ſtay or go.*
Beg'd ſhe'd forgive him. In concluſion
My lady, pitying his confuſion,
Call'd her good nature to relieve him;
Told him ſhe thought ſhe might believe
him;
And would not only grant his ſuit,
But viſit him and eat ſome fruit;
Provided, at a proper time,
He told the real truth in rhyme.
'Twas to no purpoſe to oppoſe,
he'd hear of no excuſe in proſe.
The doctor ſtood not to debate,
Glad to compound at any rate;
So bowing, ſeemingly comply'd;
Though if he durſt he had deny'd.
But firſt reſolv'd to ſhew his taſte
Was too refin'd to give a feaſt:
He'd treat with nothing that was rare,
But winding walks and purer air;
Would entertain without expence,
Or pride, or vain magnificence;
For well he knew to ſuch a gueſt
The plaineſt meals muſt be the beſt.
To ſtomachs clog'd with coſtly fare
Simplicity alone is rare;

Whilſt high, and nice, and curious meats,
Are really but vulgar treats:
Inſtead of ſpoils of *Perſian* looms,
The coſtly boaſts of regal rooms,
Thought it more courtly and diſcreet,
To ſcatter roſes at her feet;
Roſes of richeſt dye, that ſhone
With native luſtre, like her own:
Beauty, that needs no aid of art
Through every ſenſe to reach the heart.
The gracious dame, though well ſhe knew
All this was much beneath her due,
Lik'd every thing—at leaſt thought fit
To praiſe it *par maniere d'acquit.*
Yet ſhe, though ſeeming pleas'd, can't bear
The ſcorching ſun, or chilling air,
Diſturb'd alike at both extremes,
Whether he ſhews or hides his beams:
Though ſeeming pleas'd at all ſhe ſees
Starts at the ruffling of the trees;
And ſcarce can ſpeak, for want of breath,
In half a walk fatigu'd to death.
The doctor takes his hint from hence,
T'apologize his late offence:
" Madam, the mighty pow'r of uſe
" Now ſtrangely pleads in my excuſe.

" If

" If you, unus'd, have ſcarcely ſtrength
" To gain this walk's untoward length;
" If, frighten'd at a ſcene ſo rude,
" Through long diſuſe of ſolitude;
" If, long confin'd to fires and ſcreens,
" You dread the waving of theſe greens;
" If you, who long have breath'd the fumes
" Of city fogs and crowded rooms,
" Do now ſolicitouſly ſhun
" The cooler air, and dazzling ſun;
" If his majeſtic eye you flee,
" Learn hence t'excuſe and pity me.
" Conſider what it is to bear
" The powder'd courtier's witty ſneer;
" To ſee th'important man of dreſs
" Scoffing my college aukwardneſs,
" To be the ſtrutting cornet's ſport;
" To run the gauntlet of the court,
" Winning my way by ſlow approaches,
" Through crouds of coxcombs and of
" coaches,
" From the firſt fierce cockaded centry,
" Quite through the tribe of waiting
" gentry;
" To paſs ſo many crowded ſtages,
And ſtand the ſtaring of your pages;

" And, after all, to crown my ſpleen,
" Be told—*you are not to be ſeen.*
" Or, if you are, be forc'd to bear
" The awe of your majeſtic air.
" And can I then be faulty found
" In dreading this vexatious round?
" Can it be ſtrange, if I eſchew
" A ſcene ſo glorious and ſo new?
" Or is he criminal that flies
" The living luſtre of your eyes?"

# A NEW SIMILE FOR THE LADIES.

*By* Dr. SHERIDAN.

Written in the Year 1731.

I often try'd in vain to find
A *ſimile* for woman-kind,
A *ſimile* I mean to fit 'em,
In every circumſtance to hit 'em.

Through

Through every beaſt and bird I went,
I ranſack'd ev'ry element,
And, after peeping through all nature
To find ſo whimſical a creature,
A *cloud* preſented to my view,
And ſtrait this parallel I drew:

*Clouds* turn with ev'ry wind about,
They keep us in ſuſpence and doubt,
Yet oft perverſe, like woman-kind,
Are ſeen to ſcud againſt the wind;
And are not women juſt the ſame?
For, who can tell at what they aim?

*Clouds* keep the ſtouteſt mortals under,
When bellowing they diſcharge their thunder;
So when th' alarum-bell is rung,
Of * *Xanti's* everlaſting tongue,

The

* XANTI, a nick-name for XANTIPPE, that ſcold of glorious memory, who never let poor SOCRATES have one moment's peace of mind, yet with unexampled patience he bore her peſtilential tongue. I ſhall beg the ladies pardon, if I inſert a few paſſages concerning her; and at the ſame time I aſſure them, it is not to leſſen thoſe of the preſent age, who are poſſeſs'd of the like laudable talents: for I will confeſs, that I know three in the city of *Dublin*, no way inferior to XANTIPPE, but that they have not as great men to work upon.

When a friend aſked SOCRATES, how he could bear the ſcolding of his wife XANTIPPE, he retorted, and aſked

The huſband dreads its loudneſs more
Than light'ning's flaſh, or thunder's roar.

*Clouds* weep, as they do, without pain,
And what are tears but womens rain?

The *clouds* about the welkin roam,
And ladies never ſtay at home.

The *clouds* build caſtles in the air,
A thing peculiar to the fair;
For all the ſchemes of their forecaſting
Are not more ſolid, nor more laſting.

him how he could bear the gaggling of his geeſe. Ay, but my geeſe lay eggs for me, reply'd his friend. So doth my wife bear children, ſaid SOCRATES. *Diog. Laert.*

Being aſked another time by a friend, how he could bear her tongue, he ſaid, ſhe was of this uſe to him, that ſhe taught him to bear the impertinences of others with more eaſe when he went abroad. *Plut de capiend. ex hoſt. utilit.*

SOCRATES invited his friend EUTHYDEMUS to ſupper; XANTIPPE in great rage went in to them, and overſet the table; EUTHYDEMUS riſing in a paſſion to go off, My dear friend ſtay, ſaid SOCRATES; did not a hen do the ſame thing at your houſe the other day, and did I ſhew any reſentment? *Plut. de ira cohibenda.*

I could give many more inſtances of her termagancy, and his philoſophy, if ſuch a proceeding might not look as if I were glad of an opportunity to expoſe the fair ſex; but, to ſhew I have no ſuch deſign, I declare, that I had much worſe ſtories to tell of her behaviour to her huſband, which I rather paſſed over, on account of the great eſteem which I bear the ladies, eſpecially thoſe in the honourable ſtation of matrimony.

A *cloud*

A *cloud* is light by turns, and dark,
Such is a lady with her ſpark;
Now with a ſudden pouting gloom
She ſeem to darken all the room;
Again ſhe's pleas'd, his fears beguil'd.
And all is clear when ſhe has ſmil'd.
In this they're wondrouſly alike
(I hope the *ſimile* will ſtrike),
Though in the darkeſt dumps you view'em,
Stay but a moment you'll ſee through 'em.

The *clouds* are apt to make reflection,
And frequently produce infection;
So *Cælia*, with ſmall provocation,
Blaſts ev'ry neighbour's reputation.

The *clouds* delight in gaudy ſhow,
For they, like ladies, have their beau;
The graveſt matron will confeſs,
That ſhe herſelf is fond of dreſs.

Obſerve the *clouds* in pomp array'd,
What various colours are diſplay'd,
The pink, the roſe, the vi'let's dye,
In that great drawing-room the ſky;
How do theſe differ from our *graces*,
In garden-ſilks, brocades, and laces?

Are they not ſuch another ſight,
When met upon a birth-day night?

The *clouds* delight to change their
faſhion:
Dear ladies, be not in a paſſion,
Nor let this whim to you ſeem ſtrange,
Who ev'ry hour delight in change.

In them and you alike are ſeen
The ſullen ſymptoms of the ſpleen;
The moment that your vapours riſe,
We ſee them dropping from your eyes.

In ev'ning fair you may behold
The *clouds* are fring'd with borrow'd gold,
And this is many a lady's caſe,
Who flaunts about in * borrow'd lace.

Grave matrons are like *clouds* of ſnow,
Their words fall thick, and ſoft and ſlow,
While briſk coquets, like rattling hail,
Our ears on ev'ry ſide aſſail.

*Clouds*, when they intercept our ſight,
Deprive us of celeſtial light:

* Not *Flanders* lace, but gold and ſilver lace. By borrowed, is meant ſuch as run in honeſt tradeſmen's debts for what they were not able to pay, as many of them did for *French* ſilver lace againſt the laſt birth-day. *Vid. the ſhopkeepers books.*

So

So when my *Chloe* I purſue,
No heaven beſides I have in view.

Thus, on compariſon, you ſee,
In ev'ry inſtance they agree,
So like, ſo very much the ſame,
That one may go by t'other's name.
Let me proclaim it then aloud,
That ev'ry woman is a *cloud*.

## THE ANSWER.

PReſumptuous bard! how could you dare
A woman with a *cloud* compare?
Strange pride and inſolence you ſhow,
Inferior mortals *there* below.
And is our thunder in your ears
So frequent or ſo loud as theirs?
Alas! our thunder ſoon goes out;
And only makes you more devout.
Then is not female clatter worſe,
That drives you not to *pray*, but *curſe*?

We hardly thunder thrice a year;
The bolt diſcharg'd, the ſky grows clear:
But

But ev'ry ſublunary dowdy,
The more ſhe ſcolds, the more ſhe's cloudy.

Some critick may object, perhaps,
That *clouds* are blam'd for giving *claps*;
But what, alas! are *claps* æthereal,
Compar'd for miſchief to venereal?
Can *clouds* give bubo's, ulcers, blotches,
Or from your noſes dig out notches?
We leave the body ſweet and ſound;
We kill, 'tis true, but never wound.

You know a *cloudy* ſky beſpeaks
Fair weather when the morning breaks;
But women in a *cloudy* plight
Foretell a ſtorm to laſt till night.

A *cloud* in proper ſeaſons pours
His bleſſings down in fruitful ſhow'rs;
But woman was by fate deſign'd
To pour down curſes on mankind.

When * *Sirius* o'er the welkin rages,
Our kindly help his fire aſſwages;
But woman is a curſt inflamer,
No pariſh ducking-ſtool can tame her:

* The dog-ſtar.

To

) kindle ſtrife dame nature taught her;
ke fire-works ſhe can burn in water.

For fickleneſs how durſt you blame us,
'ho for our conſtancy are famous?
ou'll ſee a *cloud* in gentle weather
eep the ſame face an hour together;
'hile women, if it could be reckon'd,
ange ev'ry feature ev'ry ſecond.

Obſerve our figure in a morning,
f foul or fair we give you warning;
ut can you gueſs from woman's air
ne minute, whether foul or fair?

Go read in ancient books enroll'd
'hat honours we poſſeſs'd of old.

To diſappoint *Ixion's* rape
'*OVE* dreſt a *cloud* in *Juno's* ſhape;
'hich when he had enjoy'd, he ſwore,
o goddeſs could have pleas'd him more;
o diff'rence could he find between
is *cloud* and *Jove's* imperial queen:
is *cloud* produc'd a race of *centaurs*
am'd for a thouſand bold adventures;
rom us deſcended *ab origine*,
y learned authors call'd *nubigenæ*,

But

But ſay, what earthly nymph do you know,
So beautiful to paſs for *Juno?*

Before *Æneas* durſt aſpire
To court her majeſty of *Tyre*,
His mother beg'd of us to dreſs him,
That *Dido* might the more careſs him:
A coat we gave him, dy'd in grain,
A *flaxen* wig and *clouded* cane
(The wig was powder'd round with ſleet,
Which fell in *clouds* beneath his feet),
With which he made a tearing ſhow;
And *Dido* quickly *ſmoak'd the beau.*

Among your females make enquiries,
What nymph on earth ſo fair as *Iris?*
With heav'nly beauty ſo endow'd?
And yet her father is a *cloud.*
We dreſs'd her in a gold brocade,
Befitting *Juno's* fav'rite maid.

'Tis known, that *Socrates* the wiſe
Ador'd us *clouds* as deities;
To us he made his daily prayers,
As *Ariſtophanes* declares;
From *Jupiter* took all dominion,
And dy'd defending his opinion.

By

By his authority 'tis plain
You worſhip other gods in vain,
And from your own experience know
We govern all things there below.
You follow where we pleaſe to guide,
O'er all your paſſions we preſide,
Can raiſe them up, or ſink them down,
As we think fit to ſmile or frown:
And, juſt as we diſpoſe your brain,
Are witty, dull, rejoice, complain.

Compare us then to female race!
We, to whom all the gods give place:
Who better challenge your allegiance,
Becauſe we dwell in higher regions:
You find the gods in *Homer* dwell
In ſeas and ſtreams or low as hell:
Ev'n *Jove*, and *Mercury* his pimp,
No higher climb than mount *Olymp*
Who makes you think the *clouds* he pierces?
He pierce the *clouds!* he kiſs their a—es).
While we, o'er *Teneriffa* plac'd,
Are loftier by a mile at leaſt:
And when *Apollo* ſtruts on *Pindus*,
We ſee him from our kitchen windows;

Or

Or to *Parnaſſus*, looking down,
Can piſs upon his laurel crown.

Fate never form'd the gods to fly;
In vehicles they mount the ſky:
When *JOVE* would ſome fair nymph inveigle,
He comes full gallop on his eagle.
Though *Venus* be as light as air,
She muſt have doves to draw her chair.
*Apollo* ſtirs not out of door
Without his lacker'd coach and four;
And jealous *Juno*, ever ſnarling,
Is drawn by peacocks in her *berlin*:
But we can fly where'er we pleaſe,
O'er cities, rivers, hills, and ſeas:
From eaſt to weſt the world we roam,
And in all climates are at home;
With care provide you as we go
With ſun-ſhine, rain, and hail, or ſnow.
You, when it rains, like fools believe
*JOVE* piſſes on you through a ſieve:
An idle tale, 'tis no ſuch matter;
We only dip a ſpunge in water;
Then ſqueeze it cloſe between our thumbs,
And ſhake it well, and down it comes.

As

As you ſhall to your ſorrow know;
We'll watch your ſteps where'er you go:
And, ſince we find you walk a-foot,
We'll ſoundly ſouce your frize ſurtout.

'Tis but by our peculiar grace,
That *Phœbus* ever ſhews his face:
For when we pleaſe we open wide
Our curtains blue from ſide to ſide:
And then how ſaucily he ſhews
His brazen face, and fiery noſe;
And gives himſelf a haughty air,
As if he made the weather fair!

'Tis ſung, wherever *Cælia* treads,
The vi'lets ope their purple heads;
The roſes blow, the cowſlip ſprings;
'Tis ſung; but we know better things.
'Tis true, a woman on her mettle
Will often piſs upon a nettle;
But, though we own ſhe makes it wetter,
The nettle never thrives the better;
While we, by ſoft prolific ſhow'rs,
Can ev'ry ſpring produce you flow'rs.

Your poets, *Chloe's* beauty heightning,
Compare her radiant eyes to lightning;

And

And yet I hope 'twill be allow'd,
That lightning comes but from a *cloud.*

But gods like us have too much ſenſe
At poets flights to take offence:
Nor can hyperboles demean us;
Each drab has been compar'd to *Venus.*

We own your verſes are melodious;
But ſuch compariſons are odious.

## TIM *and the* FABLES.

From the Tenth *Intelligencer.*

*MY meaning will be beſt unravel'd,*
*When I premiſe that* Tim *has travel'd.*
In *Lucas's* by chance there lay
The *fables* writ by Mr. *Gay.*
*Tim* ſet the volume on a table,
Read over here and there a *fable*;
And found, as he the pages twirl'd,
The *monkey* who had ſeen the world
(For *Tonſon* had, to help the ſale,
Prefixt a cut to ev'ry tale).

The *monkey* was completely dreſt,
The *beau* in all his airs expreſt.
*Tim*, with ſurprize and pleaſure ſtaring,
Ran to the glaſs; and then, comparing
His own ſweet figure with the print,
Diſtinguiſh'd ev'ry feature in't,
The twiſt, the ſqueeze, the rump, the fidge and all,
Juſt as they lookt in the original.
By ——, ſays *Tim*, (and let a f——)
This graver underſtood his art.
'Tis a true copy, I'll ſay that for't;
I well remember when I ſat for't.
My very face, as firſt I knew it;
Juſt in this dreſs the painter drew it.
*Tim*, with his likeneſs deeply ſmitten,
Would read what underneath was written,
The merry tale with moral grave.
He now began to ſtorm and rave;
'The curſed villain! now I ſee
'This was a libel meant at me;
'Thoſe ſcriblers grow ſo bold of late
'Againſt us miniſters of ſtate,
Such jacobites as he deſerve,—
Damme, I ſay, they ought to ſtarve.

*Dear* Tim, *no more ſuch angry ſpeeches,*
*Unbutton and let down your breeches,*
*Tear out the tale and wipe your a——,*
*I know you love to act a* farce*.

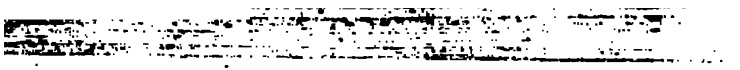
* Of the Xth [Intellig.] I writ only the verſes, and of thoſe, not the four laſt ſloven-ly lines. *Letters to and from Dr.* Swift. LXI.

POSTHU-

# POSTHUMOUS

# PIECES

## IN VERSE.



# )DE *to the* Athenian Society.

*Moor-Park, Feb.* 14, 169½.

AS when the deluge firſt began to fall,
That mighty ebb never to flow again
'hen this huge body's moiſture was ſo great,
t quite o'ercame the vital heat),
at mountain, which was higheſt firſt of all,
ɔear'd above the univerſal main,
bleſs the primitive ſailor's weary ſight!
d 'twas perhaps *Parnaſſus*, if in height
t be as great as 'tis in fame,
And nigh to heaven as is its name:
after th' inundation of war,
ıen learning's little houſhold did embark
th her world's fruitful ſyſtem in her ſacred ark,
ıt the firſt ebb of noiſe and fears,
*loſophy's* exalted head appears;
l the dove-muſe will now no longer ſtay,
plumes her ſilver wings, and flies away;
ınd now a laurel wreath ſhe brings from far,
'o crown the happy conqueror,
'o ſhew the flood begins to ceaſe,
l brings the dear reward of victory and peace.

## II.

The eager muſe took wing upon the waves decline,
When war her cloudy aſpect juſt withdrew,
When the bright ſun of peace began to ſhine,
And for a while in heav'nly contemplation ſat
On the high top of peaceful *Ararat*;
And pluck'd a laurel branch (for laurel was the firſt that grew,
The firſt of plants after the thunder, ſtorm and rain),
And thence, with joyful, nimble wing,
Flew dutifully back again,
And made an humble * chaplet for the king.
And the dove-muſe is fled once more
(Glad of the victory, yet frighted at the war),
And now diſcovers from afar
A peaceful and a flouriſhing ſhore:
No ſooner did ſhe land
On the delightful ſtrand,
Than ſtraight ſhe ſees the country all around,
Where fatal *Neptune* rul'd erewhile,
Scatter'd with flow'ry vales, with fruitful gardens crown'd,
And many a pleaſant wood!

* The Ode I writ to the king in *Ireland*.

As if the univerſal *Nile*
Had rather water'd it than drown'd:
It ſeems ſome floating piece of paradiſe,
Preſerv'd by wonder from the flood,
Long wand'ring through the deep, as we are told
Fam'd *Delos* did of old,
And the tranſported muſe imagin'd it
To be a fitter birth-place for the God of wit,
Or the much-talk'd oracular grove;
When with amazing joy ſhe hears
An unknown muſick all around
Charming her greedy ears
With many a heavenly ſong
Of nature and of art, of deep philoſophy and love,
Whilſt angels tune the voice, and God inſpires the tongue.
In vain ſhe catches at the empty ſound,
In vain purſues the muſick with her longing eye,
And courts the wanton echoes as they fly.

## III.

Pardon, ye great unknown, and far-exalted men,
The wild excurſions of a youthful pen;
Forgive a young and (almoſt) virgin-muſe,
Whom blind and eager curioſity

(Yet curioſity, they ſay,
Is in her ſex a crime needs no excuſe)
Has forc'd to grope her uncouth way
After a mighty light that leads her wand'ring eye.
No wonder then ſhe quits the narrow path of ſenſe
For a dear ramble through impertinence;
Impertinence, the ſcurvy of mankind.
And all we fools, who are the greater part of it,
Though we be of two different factions ſtill,
Both the good-natur'd and the ill,
Yet whereſoe'er you look, you'll always find
We join like flies, and waſps, in buzzing about wit.
In me, who am of the firſt ſect of theſe,
All merit, that tranſcends the humble rules
Of my own dazzled ſcanty ſenſe,
Begets a kinder folly and impertinence
Of admiration and of praiſe.
And our good brethren of the ſurly ſect
Muſt e'en all herd us with their kindred fools:
For though, poſſeſs'd of preſent vogue, they've made
Railing a rule of wit, and obloquy a trade;
Yet the ſame want of brains produces each effect.

And you whom *Pluto's* helm does wiſely
ſhroud
From us the blind and thoughtleſs croud,
Like the fam'd hero in his mother's cloud,
Who both our follies and impertinencies ſee,
Do laugh perhaps at theirs, and pity mine and
me.

IV.

But cenſure's to be underſtood
Th' authentic mark of the elect,
The public ſtamp heav'n ſets on all that's great
and good
Our ſhallow ſearch and judgment to direct.
The war methinks has made
Our wit and learning narrow as our trade;
Inſtead of boldly ſailing far to buy
A ſtock of wiſdom and philoſophy,
We fondly ſtay at home, in fear
Of ev'ry cenſuring privateer;
Forcing a wretched trade by beating down the
ſale,
And ſelling baſely by retail.
The wits, I mean the atheiſts of the age,
Who fain would rule the pulpit as they do the
ſtage;
Wond'rous refiners of philoſophy,
Of morals and divinity.

By

By the new modiſh ſyſtem of reducing all to
ſenſe,
Againſt all logick and concluding laws,
Do own th' effects of Providence,
And yet deny the cauſe.

V.

This hopeful ſect, now it begins to ſee
How little, very little do prevail
Their firſt and chiefeſt force
To cenſure, to cry down, and rail,
Not knowing what, or where, or who you be,
Will quickly take another courſe:
And, by their never-failing ways
Of ſolving all appearances they pleaſe,
We ſoon ſhall ſee them to their ancient methods
fall,
And ſtraight deny you to be men, or any thing
at all.
I laugh at the grave anſwer they will make,
Which they have always ready, general and cheap:
'Tis but to ſay, that what we daily meet,
And by a fond miſtake
Perhaps imagine to be wond'rous wit,
And think, alas! to be by mortals writ,
Is but a croud of atoms juſtling in a heap,
Which from eternal ſeeds begun,
Juſtling ſome thouſand years till ripen'd by the
ſun;

They're

They're now, juſt now, as naturally born,
As from the womb of earth a field of corn.

## VI.

But as for poor contented me,
Who muſt my weakneſs and my ignorance confeſs,
That I believe in much I ne'er can hope to ſee;
Methinks I'm ſatisfy'd to gueſs,
That this new, noble and delightful ſcene
Is wonderfully mov'd by ſome exalted men,
Who have well ſtudied in the world's diſeaſe
That epidemic error and depravity,
Or in our judgment or our eye),
That what ſurprizes us can only pleaſe.
We often ſearch contentedly the whole world round
To make ſome great diſcovery,
And ſcorn it when 'tis found.
Juſt ſo the mighty *Nile* has ſuffer'd in its fame,
Becauſe 'tis ſaid (and perhaps only ſaid)
We've found a little inconſiderable head,
That feeds the huge unequal ſtream.
Conſider human folly, and you'll quickly own,
That all the praiſes it can give,
By which ſome fondly boaſt they ſhall for ever live,

Won't

Won't pay th' impertinence of being known:
Elſe why ſhould the fam'd *Lydian* king,
Whom all the charms of an uſurped wife and ſtate,
With all that power unfelt, courts mankind to be great,
Did with new unexperienc'd glories wait,
Still wear, ſtill doat on his inviſible ring?

## VII.

Were I to form a regular thought of fame,
Which is perhaps as hard t'imagine right
As to paint *echo* to the ſight;
I would not draw th' idea from an empty name;
Becauſe, alas! when we all die,
Careleſs and ignorant poſterity,
Although they praiſe the learning and the wit,
And though the title ſeems to ſhow
The name and man by whom the book was writ,
Yet how ſhall they be brought to know,
Whether that very name was he, or you, or I?
Leſs ſhould I daub it o'er with tranſitory praiſe,
And water-colours of theſe days:
Theſe days! where e'en th' extravagance of poetry
Is at a loſs for figures to expreſs
Mens folly, whimſies, and inconſtancy,

And by a faint deſcription makes them leſs.
Then tell us, what is fame, where ſhall we ſearch
for it?
Look where exalted virtue and religion ſit
Enthron'd with heav'nly wit,
Look where you ſee
The greateſt ſcorn of learned vanity
(And then how much a nothing is mankind!
Whoſe reaſon is weigh'd down by popular air,
Who by that, vainly talks of baffling death;
And hopes to lengthen life by a transfuſion of
breath,
Which yet whoe'er examines right will find
To be an art as vain as bottling up of wind):
And when you find out theſe, believe true fame
is there,
Far above all reward, yet to which all is due;
And this, ye great unknown, is only known in
you.

## VIII.

The juggling ſea-god, when by chance tre-
pan'd
By ſome inſtructed queriſt ſleeping on the ſand,
Impatient of all anſwers, ſtrait became
A ſtealing brook, and ſtrove to creep away
Into his native ſea,

Vext

Vext at their follies, murmur'd in his ſtream;
But, diſappointed of his fond deſire,
Would vaniſh in a pyramid of fire.
This ſurly ſlipp'ry God, when he deſign'd
To furniſh his eſcapes,
Ne'er borrow'd more variety of ſhapes
Than you to pleaſe and ſatisfy mankind,
And ſeem (almoſt) transform'd to water, flame, and air,
So well you anſwer all phænomena's there:
Though madmen and the wits, philoſophers and fools,
With all that factious or enthuſiaſtic dotards dream,
And all the incoherent jargon of the ſchools;
Though all the fumes of fear, hope, love, and ſhame,
Contrive to ſhock your minds with many a ſenſeleſs doubt;
Doubts where the *Delphic* God would grope in ignorance and night,
The God of learning and of light
Would want a God * himſelf to help him out.

* Θεὸς ἀπὸ μηχανῆς.

IX. Phi-

## IX.

Philoſophy, as it before us lies,
ems to have borrow'd ſome ungrateful taſte
Of doubts, impertinence, and niceties,
From every age through which it paſs'd,
t always with a ſtronger reliſh of the laſt.
This beauteous queen, by heav'n deſign'd
To be the great original
r man to dreſs and poliſh his uncourtly mind,
what mock habits have they put her ſince the fall!
More oft in fools and madmens hands than ſages,
She ſeems a medley of all ages,
ith a huge fardingale to ſwell her fuſtian ſtuff,
A new commode, a top-knot and a ruff,
Her face patch'd o'er with modern pedantry,
With a long ſweeping train
comments and diſputes, ridiculous and vain,
All of old cut with a new dye:
How ſoon have you reſtor'd her charms
And rid her of her lumber and her books,
Dreſt her again genteel and neat,
And rather tight than great!
ow fond we are to court her to our arms!
How much of heav'n is in her naked looks!

X. Thus

X.

Thus the deluding muſe oft blinds me to her ways,
And ev'n my very thoughts transfers
And changes all to beauty, and the praiſe
Of that proud tyrant ſex of hers.
The rebel muſe, alas! takes part
But with my own rebellious heart,
And you with fatal and immortal wit conſpire
To fan th' unhappy fire.
*Cruel unknown!* what is it you intend?
Ah! could you, could you hope a poet for your friend!
Rather forgive what my firſt tranſport ſaid:
May all the blood, which ſhall by woman's ſcorn be ſhed,
Lie upon you and on your childrens head;
For you (ah! did I think I e'er ſhould live to ſee
The fatal time when that could be!)
Have e'en increas'd their pride and cruelty.
Woman ſeems now above all vanity grown,
Still boaſting of her great unknown
*Platonic* champions, gain'd without one female wile,
Or the vaſt charges of a ſmile;

Which

Which 'tis a ſhame how much of late
You've taught the cov'tous wretches to o'errate,
And which they've now the conſciences to weigh
In the ſame balance with our tears,
And with ſuch ſcanty wages pay
The bondage and the ſlavery of years.
Let the vain ſex dream on, their empire comes from us,
And had they common generoſity
They would not uſe us thus,
Well———though you've rais'd her to this high degree,
Ourſelves are rais'd as well as ſhe;
And ſpight of all that they or you can do,
'Tis pride and happineſs enough to me
Still to be of the ſame exalted ſex with you.

## XI.

Alas, how fleeting and how vain,
If even the nobler man, our learning and our wit!
I ſigh whene'er I think of it:
As at the cloſing of an unhappy ſcene
Of ſome great king and conqu'ror's death,
When the ſad melancholy muſe
Stays but to catch his utmoſt breath.

I grieve, this nobler work moſt happily begun,
So quickly and ſo wonderfully carry'd on,
May fall at laſt to intereſt, folly and abuſe.
There is a noon-tide in our lives,
Which ſtill the ſooner it arrives,
Although we boaſt our winter-ſun looks bright
And fooliſhly are glad to ſee it at its height,
Yet ſo much ſooner comes the long and gloomy night.
No conqueſt ever yet begun,
And by one mighty hero carried to its height,
E'er flouriſh'd under a ſucceſſor or a ſon;
It loſt ſome mighty pieces through all hands it paſt,
And vaniſh'd to an empty title inthe laſt.
For when the animating mind is fled,
(Which nature never can retain,
Nor e'er call back again)
The body, though gigantic, lies all cold and dead.

## XII.

And thus undoubtedly 'twill fare,
With what unhappy men ſhall dare
To be ſucceſſors to theſe great unknown,
On learning's high-eſtabliſh'd throne.
Cenſure, and pedantry, and pride,
Numberleſs nations, ſtretching far and wide,

Shall

Shall (I foreſee it) ſoon with *Gothic* ſwarms come forth
From ignorance's univerſal north,
And with blind rage break all this peaceful government:
Yet ſhall theſe traces of your wit remain,
Like a juſt map, to tell the vaſt extent
Of conqueſt in your ſhort and happy reign;
And to all future mankind ſhew
How ſtrange a paradox is true,
That men who liv'd and dy'd without a name,
Are the chief heroes in the ſacred liſt of fame.

# *ODE

## To the Hon. Sir. WILLIAM TEMPLE.

Written at *Moor-park*, *June* 1689.

VIRTUE, the greateſt of all monarchies,
Till its firſt emperor rebellious man
Depos'd from off his ſeat
It fell, and broke with its own weight
Into ſmall ſtates and principalities,
By many a petty lord poſſeſs'd,
But ne'er ſince ſeated in one ſingle breaſt.
'Tis you who muſt this land ſubdue,
The mighty conqueſt's left for you,
The conqueſt and diſcovery too;
Search out this *Utopian* ground,
Virtue's *Terra incognita*,
Where none ever led the way,
Nor ever ſince but in deſcriptions found,
Like the philoſopher's ſtone,
With rules to ſearch it, yet obtain'd by none.

* When the author's poſthumous pieces were reprinted in *Ireland*, this and the foregoing ode were omitted.

II.

We have too long been led aſtray,
oo long have our miſguided ſouls been taught
With rules from muſty morals brought,
'Tis you muſt put in the way;
Let us (for ſhame) no more be fed
With antique reliques of the dead,
The gleanings of philoſophy,
Philoſophy, the lumber of the ſchools,
The roguery of alchymy;
And we the bubbled fools
end all our preſent life in hopes of golden rules.

III.

ut what does our proud ign'rance learning call?
We odly *Plato's* paradox make good,
ur knowledge is but mere remembrance all;
Remembrance is our treaſure and our food;
ature's fair table-book, our tender ſouls,
e ſcrawl all o'er with old and empty rules,
Stale memorandums of the ſchools:
For learning's mighty treaſures look
In that deep grave a book,
Think that ſhe there does all her treaſures hide,
nd that her troubled ghoſt ſtill haunts there ſince ſhe dy'd.

Confine her walks to colleges and ſchools,
Her prieſts, her train and followers ſhow
As if they all were ſpectres too,
They purchaſe knowledge at the expence
Of common breeding, common ſenſe,
And at once grow ſcholars and fools;
Affect ill-manner'd pedantry,
Rudeneſs, ill-nature, incivility,
And ſick with dregs of knowledge grown,
Which greedily they ſwallow down,
Still caſt it up and nauſeate company.

## IV.

Curſt be the wretch, nay doubly curſt,
(If it may lawful be
To curſe our great enemy)
Who learnt himſelf that hereſy firſt
(Which ſince has ſeiz'd on all the reſt)
That knowledge forfeits all humanity;
Taught us, like *Spaniards*, to be proud and poor,
And fling our ſcraps before our door.
Thrice happy you have 'ſcapt this gen'ral peſt;
Thoſe mighty epithets, learn'd, good, and great,
Which we ne'er join'd before, but in romances meet,

Ve find in you at laſt united grown.
You cannot be compar'd to one,
I muſt, like him that painted *Venus'* face,
Borrow from every one a grace;
*rgil* and *Epicurus* will not do,
Their courting a retreat like you,
nleſs I put in *Cæſar's* learning too,
Your happy frame at once controlls
This great triumvirate of ſouls.

V.

:t not old *Rome* boaſt *Fabius'* fate,
He ſav'd his country by delays,
But you by peace.
You bought it at a cheaper rate;
or has it left the uſual bloody ſcar,
To ſhew it coſt its price in war,
ar! that mad game the world ſo loves to play,
And for it does ſo dearly pay;
r though with loſs or victory a while
Fortune the gameſters does beguile,
t at the laſtthe box ſweeps all away.

VI.

Only the laurel got by peace
No thunder e'er can blaſt,
Th' artillery of the ſkies
Shoots to the earth and dies;
Nor ever green and flouriſhing 'twill laſt,
Nor dipt in blood, nor widows tears nor orphans cries.
About the head crown'd with theſe bays,
Like lambent fire the lightning plays;
Nor, its triumphal cavalcade to grace,
Make up its ſolemn train with death;
It melts the ſword of war, yet keeps it in the ſheath.

VII.

The wily ſhifts of ſtate, thoſe jugglers tricks
Which we call deep deſigns and politicks
(As in a theatre the ignorant fry,
Becauſe the cords eſcape their eye,
Wonder to ſee the motions fly);
Methinks, when you expoſe the ſcene,
Down the ill-organ'd engines fall;
Off fly the vizards and diſcover all:
How plain I ſee through the deceit!
How ſhallow! and how groſs the cheat!

Look

Look where the pully's ty'd above!
Great God! (ſaid I) what have I ſeen!
On what poor engines move
The thoughts of monarchs, and deſigns of
ſtates!
What petty motives rule their fates!
How the mouſe makes the mighty mountain
ſhake!
The mighty mountain labours with its birth,
Away the frighted peaſants fly,
Scar'd at th' unheard-of prodigy,
Expect ſome great gigantic ſon of earth;
Lo! it appears!
See how they tremble! how they quake!
But ſtarts the little beaſt, and mocks their idle
fears.

## VIII.

Then tell (dear fav'rite muſe)
What ſerpent's that which ſtill reſorts,
Still lurks in palaces and courts?
Take thy unwonted flight,
And on the terrace light.
See where ſhe lies!
See how ſhe rears her head,
And rolls about her dreadful eyes,
To drive all virtue out, or look it dead!

'Twas ſure this baſiliſk ſent *Temple* thence,
And though as ſome ('tis ſaid) for their de-
fence
Have worn a caſement o'er their ſkin,
So he wore his within,
Made up of virtue and tranſparent innocence;
And though he oft renew'd the fight,
And almoſt got priority of ſight,
He ne'er could overcome her quite,
(In pieces cut, the viper ſtill did reunite)
Till at laſt, tir'd with loſs of time and eaſe,
Reſolv'd to give himſelf, as well as country,
peace.

IX.

Sing (belov'd muſe) the pleaſures of retreat,
And in ſome untouch'd virgin ſtrain
Shew the delights thy ſiſter nature yields,
Sing of thy vales, ſing of thy woods, ſing of thy
fields;
Go publiſh o'er the plain
How mighty a proſelyte you gain!
How noble a repriſal on the great!
How is the muſe luxuriant grown!
Whene'er ſhe takes this flight
She ſoars clear out of ſight.
Theſe are the paradiſes of her own;

(The

(The pegaſus, like an unruly horſe,
Though ne'er ſo gently led
To the lov'd paſture where he us'd to feed,
Runs violently o'er his uſual courſe).
Wake from thy wanton dreams,
Come from thy dear-lov'd ſtreams,
The crooked paths of wandering *Thames*,
Fain the fair nymph would ſtay,
Oft ſhe looks back in vain,
Oft 'gainſt her fountain does complain,
And ſoftly ſteals in many windings down,
As loth to ſee the hated court and town,
And murmurs as ſhe glides away.

X.

In this new happy ſcene
Are nobler ſubjects for your learned pen;
Here we expect from you
More than your predeceſſor, *Adam*, knew;
Whatever moves our wonder, or our ſport,
Whatever ſerves for innocent emblems of the court;
How that which we a kernel ſee,
(Whoſe well-compacted forms eſcape the light,
Unpierc'd by the blunt rays of ſight)
Shall ere long grow into a tree,

Whence

Whence takes it its increaſe, and whence its birth,
Or from the ſun, or from the air, or from the earth,
Where all the fruitful atoms lie,
How ſome go downward to the root,
Some more ambitiouſly upwards fly,
And form the leaves, the branches, and the fruit.
You ſtrove to cultivate a barren court in vain,
Your garden's better worth your noble pain,
Here mankind fell, and hence muſt riſe again.

XI.

Shall I believe a ſpirit ſo divine
Was caſt in the ſame mold with mine?
Why then does nature ſo unjuſtly ſhare
Among her elder ſons the whole eſtate,
And all her jewels and her plate?
Poor we, *cadets* of heav'n, not worth her care,
Take up at beſt with lumber and the leavings of a fare:
Some ſhe binds 'prentice to the ſpade,
Some to the drudgery of a trade,
Some ſhe does to *Egyptian* bondage draw,
Bids us make bricks, yet ſends us to look out for ſtraw:
Some ſhe condemns for life to try
To dig the leaden mines of deep philoſophy:

Me

Me ſhe has to the muſe's gallies tied,
In vain I ſtrive to croſs this ſpacious main,
In vain I tug and pull the oar,
And when I almoſt reach the ſhore,
Straight the muſe turns the helm, and I launch out again:
And yet, to feed my pride,
Whene'er I mourn, ſtops my complaining breath,
With promiſe of a mad reverſion after death.

XII.

Then (Sir) accept this worthleſs verſe,
The tribute of an humble muſe,
Tis all the portion of my niggard ſtars;
Nature the hidden ſpark did at my birth infuſe,
And kindled firſt with indolence and eaſe;
And ſince too oft debauch'd by praiſe,
'Tis now grown an incurable diſeaſe:
In vain to quench this fooliſh fire I try
In wiſdom and philoſophy;
In vain all wholeſome herbs I ſow,
Where nought but weeds will grow.
Whate'er I plant (like corn on barren earth)
By an equivocal birth
Seeds and runs up to poetry.

## *On* DAN JACKSON's *Picture cut in Paper.*

TO fair lady *Betty Dan* ſat for his picture,
And defy'd her to draw him ſo oft as he *piqu'd* her:
He knew ſhe'd no pencil or colouring by her,
And therefore he thought he might ſafely defy her.
Come ſit, ſays my lady, then whips up her ſciſſar,
And cuts out his coxcomb in ſilk in a trice, Sir.
*Dan* ſat with attention, and ſaw with ſurprize
How ſhe lengthen'd his chin, how ſhe hollow'd his eyes,
But flatter'd himſelf with a ſecret conceit,
That his thin leathern jaws all her art wou'd defeat.
Lady *Betty* obſerv'd it, then pulls out a pin,
And varies the grain of the ſtuff to his grin;
And to make roaſted ſilk to reſemble his raw-bone,
She rais'd up a thread to the jett of his jaw-bone; Till

Till at length in exacteſt proportion he roſe,
From the crown of his head to the arch of his noſe.
And if lady *Betty* had drawn him with wig and all,
'Tis certain the copy had out-done the original.
Well, that's but my out-ſide, ſays *Dan* with a vapour.
Say you ſo? ſays my lady; I've lin'd it with paper.

P——D——*ſculpſit.*

*Another.*

*CLARISSA* draws her ſciſſars from the caſe
To draw the lines of poor *Dan Jackſon's* face.
One ſloping cut made forehead, noſe, and chin,
A nick produc'd a mouth and made him grin,
Such as in taylor's meaſure you have ſeen.
But ſtill were wanting his grimalkin eyes,
For which grey worſted-ſtocking paint ſupplies.

Th'

Th' unravel'd thread thro' needle's eye convey'd
Transferr'd itſelf into his paſte-board head.
How came the ſciſſars to be thus out-done?
The needle had an eye, and they had none.
O wond'rous force of art! now look at *Dan*—
You'd ſwear the paſte-board was the better man.
The dev'l, ſays he, the head is not ſo full—
Indeed it is, behold the paper ſkull.

THO. S——N *ſculp.*

*Another.*

*DAN's* evil genius in a trice
Had ſtripp'd him of his coin at dice;
*Chloe*, obſerving this diſgrace,
On *pam* cut out his rueful face:
By G—, ſays *Dan*, 'tis very hard,
Cut out at dice, cut out at card!

G. R——T *ſculp.*

*On the foregoing Picture.*

WHILST you three merry poets traffic
To give us a deſcription graphic
Of *Dan's* large noſe in modern Sapphic,

I ſpend my time in making ſermons,
Or writing libels on the *Germans*,
Or murmuring at whigs preferments.

But when I would find rhyme for *Rochfort*,
And look in *Engliſh*, *French*, and *Scotch* for't,
At laſt I'm fairly forc'd to botch for't.

Bid lady *Betty* recollect her,
And tell, who was it could direct her
To draw the face of ſuch a ſpectre.

I muſt confeſs, that as to me, Sirs,
Though I ne'er ſaw her hold the ſciſſars,
I now could ſafely ſwear it is hers.

'Tis true, no noſe could come in better;
'Tis a vaſt ſubject ſtuff'd with matter,
Which all may handle, none can flatter.

Take courage, *Dan*; this plainly ſhows,
That not the wiſeſt mortal knows,
What fortune may befall his noſe.

Shew me the brighteſt *Iriſh* toaſt,
Who from her lover e'er could boaſt
Above a ſong or two at moſt;

For thee three poets now are drudging all
To praiſe the cheeks, chin, noſe, the bridge
and all,
Both of the picture and original.

Thy noſe's length and fame extend
So far, dear *Dan*, that ev'ry friend
Tries, who ſhall have it by the end.

And future poets, as they riſe,
Shall read with envy and ſurprize
Thy noſe outſhining *Cælia's* eyes.

## DAN JACKSON's *Anſwer.*

*My verſe little better you'll find than my face is,*
*A word to the wiſe,* ut pictura poeſis.

THREE merry lads with envy ſtung,
Becauſe *Dan's* face is better hung,
Combin'd in verſe to rhyme it down,,
And in its place ſet up their own;
As if they'd run it down much better
By number of their feet in metre,
Or that its red did cauſe their ſpite,
Which made them draw in black and white.
Be that as 'twill, this is moſt true,
They were inſpir'd by what they drew,
Let then ſuch criticks know, my face
Gives them their comelineſs and grace:
Whilſt ev'ry line of face does bring
A line of grace to what they ſing.
But yet, methinks, though with diſgrace
Both to the picture and the face,
I ſhould name them who do rehearſe
The ſtory of the picture-farce;
The 'ſquire in *French* as hard as ſtone,
Or ſtrong as rock, that's all as one,

On face on cards is very briſk, Sirs,
Becauſe on them you play at whiſk, Sirs.
But much I wonder, why my crany
Shou'd envy'd be by *De-el-any*:
And yet much more, that half-name ſake
Shou'd join a party in the freak.
For ſure I am it was not ſafe
Thus to abuſe his better half,
As I ſhall prove you, *Dan*, to be,
Diviſim and conjunctively.
For if *Dan* love not *Sherry*, can
*Sherry* be any thing to *Dan?*
This is the caſe whene'er you ſee
*Dan* makes nothing of *Sherry*;
Or ſhou'd *Dan* be by *Sherry* o'erta'en,
Then *Dan* would be poor *Sherridane*;
'Tis hard then he ſhould be decry'd
By *Dan* with *Sherry* by his ſide.
But if the caſe muſt be ſo hard,
That faces ſuffer by a card,
Let criticks cenſure, what care I?
Back-biters only we defy,
Faces are free from injury.

## *Anſwer to* DAN JACKSON, *by Mr.* GEORGE ROCHFORT.

YOU ſay your face is better hung
Than ours—by what? by noſe or tongue?
In not explaining, you are wrong
to us, Sir.

Becauſe we thus muſt ſtate the caſe,
That you have got a hanging face,
Th' untimely end's a damn'd diſgrace
of nooſe, Sir.

But yet be not caſt down, I ſee
A weaver will your hangman be;
You'll only hang in tapeſtry
with many.

And then the ladies, I ſuppoſe,
Will praiſe your longitude of noſe,
For latent charms within your cloaths,
dear *Danny*.

Thus will the fair of ev'ry age
From all parts make their pilgrimage,
Worſhip thy noſe with pious rage
of love, Sir.

All their religion will be ſpent
About thy woven monument,
And not one oriſon be ſent
to *Jove*, Sir.

You the fam'd idol will become,
As gardens grac'd in ancient *Rome*,
By matrons worſhip'd in the gloom
of night.

O happy *Dan!* thrice happy ſure!
Thy fame for ever ſhall endure,
Who after death can love ſecure
at ſight.

So far I thought it was my duty
To dwell upon thy boaſted beauty;
Now I'll proceed a word or two t'ye,
in anſwer

To that part where you carry on
This paradox, that rock of ſtone,
In your opinion are all one.
How can, Sir,

A man of reas'ning ſo profound
So ſtupidly be run aground,
As things ſo different to confound
t' our ſenſes?
Except

Except you judg'd 'em by the knock
Of near an equal hardy block :
Such an experimental ſtroak
convinces.

Then might you be, by dint of reaſon,
A proper judge on this occaſion ;
'Gainſt feeling there's no diſputation,
is granted.

Therefore to thy ſuperior wit,
Who made the trial, we ſubmit ;
Thy head to prove the truth of it
we wanted.

In one aſſertion you're to blame,
Where *Dan* and *Sherry*'s made the ſame,
Endeavouring to have your name
refin'd, Sir.

You'll ſee moſt groſsly you miſtook,
If you conſult your ſpelling-book,
(The better half you ſay you took)
you'll find, Sir,

S, H, E, *ſhe*—and R, I, *ri*,
Both put together make *Sherry*,
D, A, N, *Dan*—makes up the three
ſyllables.

*Dan* is but one, and *Sherri* two,
Then, Sir, your choice will never do;
Therefore I've turn'd, my friend, on you
the tables.

## *Anſwer by Dr.* DELANY.

ASSIST me, my muſe, whilſt I labour
to limn him,
*Credite, Piſones, iſti tabulæ perſimilem.*
You look and you write with ſo different
a grace,
That I envy your verſe, though I didn't
your face.
And to him that thinks rightly, there's
reaſon enough,
'Cauſe one is as ſmooth as the other is rough.

But much I'm amaz'd you ſhould
think my deſign
Was to rhyme down your noſe, or your
harlequin grin,
Which you yourſelf wonder the de'el
ſhou'd malign.
And if 'tis ſo ſtrange, that your monſter-
ſhip's crany
Should be envy'd by him, much leſs by
*Delany*, Though

ıough I own to you, when I conſider
it ſtricter,
ıvy the painter, although not the picture,
ıd juſtly ſhe's envy'd, ſince a fiend of hell
as never drawn right but by her and
*Raphell.*

Next, as to the charge, which you tell
us is true,
ıat we were inſpir'd by the ſubject we
drew.
ſpired we were, and well, Sir, you knew it,
t not by your noſe, but the fair one
that drew it:
ıd your noſe been the Muſe, we had
ne'er been inſpir'd,
ıough perhaps it might juſtly've been
ſaid we were fir'd.

As to the diviſion of words in your
ſtaves,
ke my countryman's horn-comb, into
three halves,
neddle not with't, but preſume to make
merry,
ɔu called *Dan* one half, and t'other half
*Sherry*:

Now

Now if *Dan*'s a half, as you call't o'er and
o'er,
Then it can't be deny'd that *Sherry*'s two
more.
For pray give me leave to ſay, Sir, for all
you,
That *Sherry*'s at leaſt of double the value.
But perhaps, Sir, you did it to fill up the
verſe,
So crouds in a concert (like actors in farce)
Play two parts in one, when ſcrapers are
ſcarce.
But be that as 'twill, you'll know more
anon, Sir,
When *Sheridan* ſends to *merry Dan* anſ-
wer.

*Anſwer by Dr.* SHERIDAN.

THREE merry lads you own we are;
'Tis very true, and free from care,
But envious we cannot bear,
believe, Sir.
For, were all forms of beauty thine,
Were you like *Nireus*, ſoft and fine,
We ſhould not in the leaſt repine,
or grieve, Sir.

Then

Then know from us, moſt beauteous *Dan*,
That roughneſs beſt becomes a man;
'Tis women would be pale and wan,
and taper.

And all your trifling beaux and fops,
Who comb their brows and ſleek their
chops,
Are but the offspring of toy-ſhops,
meer vapour.

We know your morning hours you paſs
To cull and gather out a face;
Is this the way you take your glaſs?
forbear it.

Thoſe loads of paint upon your toilet,
Will never mend your face, but ſpoil it,
It looks as if you did par-boil it,
Drink claret.

Your cheeks, by ſleeking, are ſo lean,
That they're like *Cynthia* in the wane,
Or breaſt of gooſe when 'tis pick'd clean,
or pullet.

See what by drinking you have done,
You've made your phiz a ſkeleton,
From the long diſtance of your crown,
t'your gullet?

DAN

## DAN JACKSON's *Reply.*

*Written by the Dean in the name of* DAN JACKSON.

WEaried with ſaying grace and pray'r,
I haſten'd down to country air,
To read your anſwer, and prepare
reply to't.

But your fair lines ſo groſsly flatter,
Pray do they praiſe me or beſpatter?
I muſt ſuſpect you mean the latter,
ah! ſly-boot!

It muſt be! ſo! what elſe, alas
Can mean my culling of a face,
And all that ſtuff of toilet, glaſs,
and box-comb?

But be't as 'twill, this you muſt grant,
That you're a dawb, whilſt I but paint;
Then which of us two is the quaint-
er coxcomb?

I value not your jokes of nooſe,
Your gibes and all your foul abuſe,
More than the dirt beneath my ſhoes,
nor fear it.

Yet

t one thing vexes me, I own,
ou ſorry ſcare-crow of ſkin and bone,
be call'd lean by a ſkeleton,
who'd bear it?

s true indeed, to curry friends,
u ſeem to praiſe to make amends,
ıd yet, before your ſtanza ends,
you flout me,

ɔut latent charms beneath my cloaths;
ır every one that knows me, knows
ıat I have nothing like my noſe
about me.

ɔaſs now where you ſneer and laugh,
auſe I call *Dan* my better half!
h there you think you have me ſafe!
but hold Sir.

not a penny often found
o be much greater than a pound?
y your good leave, my moſt profound
and bold Sir.

*an*'s noble mettle, *Sherry* baſe;
› *Dan*'s the better, though the leſs,
n ounce of gold's worth ten of braſs,
dull pedant.

As

As to your ſpelling, let me ſee,
If SHE makes *ſher*, and RI makes *ry*,
Good ſpelling-maſter, your crany
has lead on't.

*Another Reply by the Dean in* DAN JACKSON's *Name.*

THREE days for anſwer I have waited,
I thought an ace you'd ne'er have bated,
And art thou forc'd to yield, ill-fated poetaſter?

Henceforth acknowledge, that a noſe
Of thy dimenſion's fit for proſe,
But ev'ry one that knows *Dan*, knows thy maſter.

Bluſh for ill-ſpelling, for ill-lines,
And fly with hurry to *ramines*;
Thy fame, thy genius now declines,
proud boaſter.

I hear

ar with ſome concern you roar,
l flying think to quit the ſcore
:lapping billets on your door
and poſts, Sir.

r ruin, *Tom*, I never meant,
griev'd to hear your baniſhment,
pleas'd to find you do relent
and cry on.

aul'd you, when you look'd ſo bluff,
: now I'll ſecret keep your ſtuff;
know, proſtration is enough
to th' lion.

SHERI-

# SHERIDAN's SUBMISSION.

## Written by the Dean.

*Cedo jam, miſeræ cognoſcens præmia rixæ,*
*Si riſca eſt, ubi tu pulſas ego vapulo tantum.*

Poor *Sherry*, inglorious,
To *Dan* the victorious,
Preſents, as 'tis fitting,
Petition and greeting.

TO you, victorious and brave,
Your now ſubdu'd and ſuppliant ſlave
Moſt humbly ſues for pardon.
Who when I fought ſtill cut me down,
And when I vaniſh'd fled the town,
Purſu'd and laid me hard on.

Now lowly crouch'd I cry peccavi,
And proſtrate, ſupplicate *pour ma vie*,
Your mercy I rely on.
For you, my conqu'ror and my king,
In pard'ning, as in puniſhing,
Will ſhew yourſelf a lion.

Alas! Sir, I had no deſign,
But was unwarily drawn in;

For ſpite I ne'er had any.
'Twas the damn'd 'ſquire with the hard name;
The de'el too that ow'd me a ſhame,
The devil and *Delany*;

They tempted me t'attack your highneſs,
And then, with wonted wile and ſlyneſs,
They left me in the lurch,
Unhappy wretch! for now, I ween,
I've nothing left to vent my ſpleen
But ferula and birch;

And they, alas! yield ſmall relief,
Seem rather to renew my grief,
My wounds bleed all anew:
For ev'ry ſtroke goes to my heart,
And at each laſh I feel the ſmart
Of laſh laid on by you.

## TOM MULLINEX *and* DICK.

TOM and *Dick* had equal fame,
And both had equal knowledge;
*Tom* could write and ſpell his name,
But *Dick* had ſeen the college.

*Dick* a coxcomb, *Tom* was mad,
And both alike diverting,
*Tom* was held the merrier lad,
But *Dick* the beſt at farting.

*Dick* would cock his noſe in ſcorn,
But *Tom* was kind and loving;
*Tom* a foot-boy bred and born,
But *Dick* was from an oven.

*Dick* could neatly dance a jig,
But *Tom* was beſt at borees;
*Tom* would pray for ev'ry whig,
And *Dick* curſe all the tories.

*Dick* would make a woeful noiſe,
And ſcold at an election;
*Tom* huzza'd the black-guard boys,
And held them in ſubjection.

*Tom* could move with lordly grace,
*Dick* nimbly ſkip the gutter;
*Tom* could talk with ſolemn face,
But *Dick* could better ſputter.

*Dick* was come to high renown
Since he commenc'd phyſician;
*Tom* was held by all the town
The deeper politician.

*om* had the genteeler ſwing,
His hat could nicely put on;
*)ick* knew better how to ſwing
His cane upon a button.

*)ick* for repartee was fit,
And *Tom* for deep diſcerning;
*ick* was thought the brighter wit,
But *Tom* had better learning.

*)ick* with zealous no's and ay's
Could roar as loud as *Stentor*,
the houſe 'tis all he ſays;
But *Tom* is eloquenter.

## DICK, *A Maggot.*

AS when from rooting in a bin,
All powder'd o'er from tail to chin,
lively maggot ſallies out,
ou know him by his hazel ſnout;
) when the grandſon of his grandſire
)rth iſſues wriggling, *Dick Drawcanſir*,
'ith powder'd rump, and back and ſide,
)u cannot blanch his tawny hide;
)r 'tis beyond the pow'r of meal
he gypſey viſage to conceal:

For, as he ſhakes his wainſcot chops,
Down ev'ry mealy atom drops,
And leaves the tartar phiz, in ſhow
Like a freſh t—d juſt dropt on ſnow.

## *Clad all in Brown.*

### Imitated from COWLEY.

### *To* DICK.

FOULEST brute that ſtinks below.
Why in this brown doſt thou appear?
For, would'ſtthou make a fouler ſhow,
Thou muſt go naked all the year.
Freſh from the mud a wallowing ſow
Would then be not ſo brown as thou.

'Tis not the coat that looks ſo dun,
His hide emits a foulneſs out,
Not one jot better looks the ſun
Seen from behind a dirty clout:
So t—ds within a glaſs incloſe,
The glaſs will ſeem as brown as thoſe.

Thou

Thou now one heap of foulneſs art,
All outward and within is foul;
Condenſed filth in ev'ry part,
Thy body's cloathed like thy ſoul;
Thy ſoul, which, through thy hide of buff,
Scarce glimmers like a dying ſnuff.

Old carted bawds ſuch garments wear,
When pelted all with dirt they ſhine;
Such their *exalted* bodies are,
As ſhrivel'd and as black as thine.
If thou wert in a cart, I fear
Thou would'ſt be pelted worſe than they're.

Yet, when we ſee thee thus array'd,
The neighbours think, it is but juſt,
That thou ſhould'ſt take an honeſt trade,
And weekly carry out the duſt.
Of cleanly houſes who will doubt,
When *Dick* cries, *duſt to carry out?*

## DICK's *Variety.*

DULL uniformity in fools,
I hate, who gape and ſneer by rules.
You, *Multinex*, and ſlobb'ring *C*—,
Who ev'ry day and hour the ſame are;
That vulgar talent I deſpiſe
Of piſſing in the rabble's eyes.
And when I liſten to the noiſe
Of ideots roaring to the boys;
To better judgments ſtill ſubmitting,
I own I ſee but little wit in:
Such paſtimes, when our taſte is nice,
Can pleaſe at moſt but once or twice.

But then conſider *Dick*, you'll find
His genius of ſuperior kind;
He never muddles in the dirt,
Nor ſcou'rs the ſtreets without a ſhirt;
Though *Dick*, I dare preſume to ſay,
Could do ſuch feats as well as they.
*Dick* I could venture every where,
Let the boys pelt him if they dare;
He'd have 'em try'd at the aſſizes
For prieſts and jeſuits in diſguiſes;
Swear they were with the *Swedes* at *Bender*,
And liſting troops for the pretender.

But

But *Dick* can fart, and dance, and friſk,
No other monkey half ſo briſk;
Now has the ſpeaker by the ears,
Next moment in the houſe of peers,
Now ſcolding at my lady *Euſtace*;
Or thraſhing *Babby* in her new ſtays.
*Preſto*, begone; with t'other hop
He's powd'ring in a barber's ſhop;
Now at the anti-chamber thruſting
His noſe to get the circle juſt in,
And damns his blood, that in the rear
He ſees one ſingle tory there:
Then woe be to my lord lieutenant,
Again he'll tell him, and again on't.

# THE BEASTS CONFESSION TO THE PRIEST,

*On obſerving how moſt men miſtake their own talents.*

Written in the Year 1732.

WHEN beaſts could ſpeak (the learned ſay,
They ſtill can do ſo every day),
It ſeems, they had religio tnhen,
As much as now we find in men.
It happen'd, when a plauge broke out
(Which therefore made them more devout),
The king of brutes (to make it plain,
Of quadrupeds I only mean)
By proclamation gave command,
That ev'ry ſubject in the land
Should to the prieſt confeſs their ſins;
And thus the pious wolf begins;

Good

Good father, I muſt own with ſhame,
That often I have been to blame:
I muſt confeſs, on *Friday* laſt,
Wretch that I was! I broke my faſt:
But I defy the baſeſt tongue
To prove I did my neighbour wrong;
Or ever went to ſeek my food
By rapine, theft, or thirſt of blood.

The aſs, approaching next, confeſs'd,
That in his heart he lov'd a jeſt:
A wag he was he needs muſt own,
And could not let a dunce alone:
Sometimes his friend he would not ſpare,
And might perhaps be too ſevere:
But yet, the worſt that could be ſaid,
He was a *wit* both born and bred;
And, if it be a ſin or ſhame,
Nature alone muſt bear the blame:
One fault he hath, is ſorry for't,
His ears are half a foot too ſhort;
Which could he to the ſtandard bring,
He'd ſhew his face before the king:
Then for his voice, there's none diſputes
That he's the nightingale of brutes.

The ſwine with contrite heart allow'd,
His ſhape and beauty made him proud:

In

In diet was perhaps too nice,
But gluttony was ne'er his vice:
In ev'ry turn of life content,
And meekly took what fortune ſent:
Enquire through all the pariſh round,
A better neighbour ne'er was found:
His vigilance might ſome diſpleaſe;
'Tis true he hated ſloth like peaſe.

The mimic ape began his chatter,
How evil tongues his life beſpatter:
Much of the cens'ring world complain'd,
Who ſaid, his gravity was feign'd:
ndeed the ſtrictneſs of his morals
Engag'd him in an hundred quarrels;
He ſaw, and he was griev'd to ſee't,
His zeal was ſometimes indiſcreet:
He found his virtues too ſevere
For our corrupted times to bear:
Yet, ſuch a lewd licentious age
Might well excuſe a Stoic's rage.

The goat advanc'd with decent pace;
And firſt excus'd his youthful face;
Forgiveneſs begg'd that he appear'd
('Twas nature's fault) without a beard.
'Tis true, he was not much inclin'd
To fondneſs for the female kind;

Not, as his enemies object,
From chance, or natural defect;
Not by his frigid conſtitution,
But through a pious reſolution;
For he had made a holy vow
Of chaſtity as monks do now;
Which he reſolv'd to keep for ever hence,
As ſtrictly too, as doth his * reverence.

Apply the tale, and you ſhall find,
How juſt it ſuits with human-kind.
Some faults we own: but, can you gueſs?
—Why, virtues carried to exceſs,
Wherewith our vanity endows us,
Though neither foe nor friend allows us.

The lawyer ſwears, you may rely on't,
He never ſqueez'd a needy client;
And this he makes his conſtant rule;
For which his brethren call him fool:
His conſcience always was ſo nice,
He freely gave the poor advice;
By which he loſt, he may affirm,
A hundred fees laſt *Eaſter* term.
While others of the learned robe
Would break the patience of a *Job*;

* The prieſt his confeſſor.

No

No pleader at the bar could match
His diligence and quick diſpatch;
Ne'er kept a cauſe, he well may boaſt,
Above a term or two at moſt.

The cringing knave, who ſeeks a place
Without ſucceſs, thus tells his caſe:
Why ſhould he longer mince the matter?
He fail'd, becauſe he could not flatter;
He had not learn'd to turn his coat,
Nor for a party give his vote:
His crime he quickly underſtood;
Too zealous for the nation's good:
He found the miniſters reſent it,
Yet could not for his heart repent it.

The chaplain vows he cannot fawn,
Though it would raiſe him to the lawn:
He paſs'd his hours among his books;
You find it in his meagre looks:
He might, if he were worldly wiſe,
Preferment get and ſpare his eyes:
But own'd, he had a ſtubborn ſpirit,
That made him truſt alone to merit:
Would riſe by merit to promotion;
Alas! a mere chimeric notion.

The

The doctor, if you will believe him,
Confeſs'd a ſin; and God forgive him!
Call'd up at midnight, ran to ſave
A blind old beggar from the grave:
But ſee how *Satan* ſpreads his ſnares;
He quite forgot to ſay his prayers.
He cannot help it for his heart
Sometimes to act the parſon's part:
Quotes from the bible many a ſentence,
That moves his patients to repentance:
And, when his med'cines do no good,
Supports their minds with heav'nly food,
At which, however well intended,
He hears the clergy are offended;
And grown ſo bold behind his back,
To call him hypocrite and quack.
In his own church he keeps a ſeat;
Says grace before and after meat;
And calls, without affecting airs,
His houſehold twice a day to pray'rs.
He ſhuns apothecaries ſhops;
And hates to cram the ſick with ſlops:
He ſcorns to make his art a trade;
Nor bribes my lady's fav'rite maid.
Old nurſe-keepers would never hire
To recommend him to the ſquire;

Which

Which others, whom he will not name,
Have often practis'd to their ſhame.

The ſtateſman tells you with a *ſneer*,
His fault is to be too *ſincere* ;
And, having no ſiniſter ends,
Is apt to diſoblige his friends.
The nation's good, his maſter's glory,
Without regard to *whig* or *tory*,
Were all the ſchemes he had in view ;
Yet he was ſeconded by few :
Though ſome had ſpread a thouſand lyes,
'Twas *he* defeated the EXCISE.
'Twas known, though he had borne aſperſion,
That *ſtanding troops* were his averſion :
His practice was, in ev'ry ſtation,
To ſerve the king, and pleaſe the nation.
Though hard to find in ev'ry caſe
The fitteſt man to fill a place :
His promiſes he ne'er forgot,
But took memorials on the ſpot :
His enemies, for want of charity,
Said, he affected popularity :
'Tis true, the people underſtood,
That all he did was for their good ;

Their

Their kind affections he has try'd;
No love is left on either ſide.
He came to court with fortune clear,
Which now he runs out ev'ry year:
Muſt, at the rate that he goes on,
Inevitably be undone:
Oh! if his majeſty would pleaſe
To give him but a writ of eaſe,
Would grant him licence to retire,
As it hath long been his deſire,
By fair accounts it would be found,
He's poorer by ten thouſand pound.
He owns, and hopes it is no ſin,
He ne'er was partial to his kin;
He thought it baſe for men in ſtations
To crowd the court with their relations;
His country was his deareſt mother,
And ev'ry virtuous man his brother;
Through modeſty or aukward ſhame
(For which he owns himſelf to blame),
He found the wiſeſt man he cou'd,
Without reſpect to friends, or blood;
Nor ever acts on private views,
When he hath liberty to chuſe.

The ſharper ſwore he hated play,
Except to paſs an hour away:

And

And well he might; for, to his coſt,
By want of ſkill he always loſt;
He heard there was a club of cheats,
Who had contriv'd a thouſand feats;
Could change the ſtock, or cog a dye,
And thus deceive the ſharpeſt eye:
Nor wonder how his fortune ſunk,
His brothers fleece him when he's drunk.

I own the moral not exact;
Beſides, the tale is falſe in fact;
And ſo abſurd, that could I raiſe up
From fields *Elyſian* fabling *Æſop*;
I would accuſe him to his face
For libelling the *four-foot* race.
Creatures of ev'ry kind but ours
Well comprehend their natural pow'rs;
While we, whom *reaſon* ought to ſway,
Miſtake our talents ev'ry day.
The aſs was never known ſo ſtupid
To act the part of *Tray* or *Cupid*;
Nor leaps upon his maſter's lap,
There to be ſtroak'd, and fed with pap,
As *Æſop* would the world perſuade;
He better underſtands his trade:
Nor comes, whene'er his lady whiſtles;
But carries loads, and feeds on thiſtles.

ir author's meaning, I preſume, is
creature * *bipes et implumis*;
herein the moraliſt deſign'd
compliment on human-kind:
r here he owns, that now and then
aſts may *degenerate* into men.

* *A definition of man diſapprov'd by all logicians:*
Homo eſt animal bipes, implume, erecto vultu.

# ADVERTISEMENT.

## *For the Honour of the* KINGDOM *of* IRELAND.

THIS is to inform the publick, that a gentleman of long ſtudy, obſervation, and experience, hath employed himſelf for ſeveral years in making collections of facts, relating to the conduct of *divines, phyſicians, lawyers, ſoldiers, merchants, traders* and *ſquires*, containing an hiſtorical account of the moſt remarkable *corruptions, frauds, oppreſſions, knaveries*, and *perjuries*; wherein the names of all the perſons concerned ſhall be inſerted at full length, with ſome account of their families and ſtations.

But whereas the ſaid gentleman cannot complete his hiſtory without ſome aſſiſtance from the publick, he humbly deſires, that all perſons, who have any memoirs, or accounts, relating to *themſelves*, their *families*, their *friends* or *acquaintance*, which are well atteſted, and fit to enrich the work, will pleaſe to ſend them to the printer of this advertiſement: and if any of the ſaid perſons, who are diſpoſed to ſend materials, happen to live in the country, it is deſired their letters may be either franked, or the poſt paid.

This collection is to commence with the year 1700, and be continued to the preſent year 1738.

The

The work is to be intituled, *The author's critical hiſtory of his own times.*

It is intended to be printed by ſubſcription, in a large octavo; each volume to contain five hundred facts, and to be ſold for a *Britiſh* crown; the author propoſeth that the whole work (which will take in the period of thirty-eight years) ſhall be contained in eighteen volumes.

Whoever ſhall ſend the author any accounts of perſons, who have performed any acts of *juſtice, charity, public ſpirit, gratitude, fidelity*, or the like, atteſted by indubitable witneſſes within the ſame period; the ſaid facts ſhall be printed by way of appendix at the end of each volume, and no addition to the price of the work demanded. But, leſt ſuch perſons may apprehend that the relating of theſe facts may be injurious to their reputations, their names ſhall not be ſet down without particular direction.

*N. B.* There will be a ſmall number printed on royal paper for the curious, at only two *Britiſh* crowns. There will alſo be the *effigies* of the moſt eminent perſons mentioned in this work, prefixed to each volume, curiouſly engraved by Mr. *Hogarth.*

SUBSCRIPTIONS are taken in by the printer hereof, and by the bookſellers of *London* and *Dublin.*

## *Part of the* IXth ODE *of the Fourth* BOOK *of* HORACE, *addreſſed to Doctor* WILLIAM KING, *late Lord Archbiſhop of* Dublin.

*Paulùm ſepultæ*, etc.

VIRTUE conceal'd within our breaſt
Is inactivity at beſt:
But never ſhall the Muſe endure
To let your virtues lie obſcure,
Or ſuffer envy to conceal
Your labours for the public weal.
Within your breaſt all wiſdom lies,
Either to govern or adviſe;
Your ſteddy ſoul preſerves her frame
In good and evil times the ſame.
Pale Avarice and lurking Fraud
Stand in your ſacred preſence aw'd;
Your hand alone from gold abſtains,
Which drags the ſlaviſh world in chains.

Him for a happy man I own,
Whoſe fortune is not overgrown;
And happy he, who wiſely knows
To uſe the gifts, that heav'n beſtows;

Or,

Or, if it pleaſe the pow'rs divine,
Can ſuffer want, and not repine,
The man, who infamy to ſhun
Into the arms of death would run,
That man is ready to defend
With life his country, or his friend.

## VERSES *made for Women who cry Apples*, etc.

COME buy my fine wares,
Plumbs, apples, and pears,
A hundred a penny,
In conſcience too many:
Come, will you have any?
My children are ſeven,
I wiſh them in heaven,
My huſband a ſot,
With his pipe and his pot,
Not a farthing will gain 'em,
And I muſt maintain 'em.

## ASPARAGUS.

RIPE 'ſparagraſs,
Fit for lad or laſs,
To make their water paſs:
O, 'tis pretty picking
With a tender chicken.

## ONYONS.

COME, follow me by the ſmell,
Here's delicate onyons to ſell,
I promiſe to uſe you well.
They make the blood warmer;
You'll feed like a farmer:
For this is ev'ry cook's opinion,
No ſav'ry diſh without an onyon;
But, leſt your kiſſing ſhould be ſpoil'd
Your onyons muſt be th'roughly boil'd;
Or elſe you may ſpare
Your miſtreſs a ſhare,
The ſecret will never be known;
She cannot diſcover
The breath of her lover,
But think it as ſweet as her own.

## OYSTERS.

## OYSTERS.

CHARMING oyſters I cry,
My maſters come buy,
So plump and ſo freſh,
So ſweet is their fleſh,
No *Colcheſter* oyſter
Is ſweeter and moiſter;
Your ſtomach they ſettle,
And rouſe up your mettle;
They'll make you a dad
Of a laſs or a lad;
And madam your wife
They'll pleaſe to the life;
Be ſhe barren, be ſhe old,
Be ſhe ſlut, or be ſhe ſcold,
Eat my oyſters, and lye near her,
She'll be fruitful, never fear her.

## HERRINGS.

BE not ſparing,
Leave off ſwearing.
Buy my herring

Freſh from * *Malahide*,
Bet ter ne'er was try'd.
Come, eat 'em with pure freſh butter and muſtard,
Their bellies are ſoft, and as white as a cuſtard.
Come, ſix-pence a dozen to get me ſome bread,
Or, like my own herrings, I ſoon ſhall be dead.

## ORANGES.

COME buy my fine oranges, ſauce for your veal,
And charming when ſqueez'd in a pot of brown ale.
Well roaſted, with ſugar and wine in a cup,
They'll make a ſweet biſhop when gentlefolks ſup.

* *Malahide*, about five miles from *Dublin*, famous for oyſters.

# TO
# LOVE.

IN all I wiſh how happy ſhould I be,
Thou grand deluder, were it not for the?
So weak thou art, that fools thy pow'r deſpiſe,
And yet ſo ſtrong, thou triumph'ſt o'er the wiſe,
Thy traps are laid with ſuch peculiar art,
They catch the cautious; let the raſh depart.
Moſt nets are fill'd by want of thought and care,
But too much thinking brings us to thy ſnare.
Where held by thee in ſlavery we ſtay,
And throw the pleaſing part of life away.
But what does moſt my indignation move,
*Diſcretion*, thou wer't ne'er a friend to *Love!*
Thy chief delight is to defeat thoſe arts,
By which he kindles mutual flames in hearts;
While the blind loit'ring God is at his play,
Thou ſteal'ſt his golden-pointed darts away;

Thoſe

Thoſe darts which never fail; and in their
ſtead
Convey'ſt malignant arrows tipt with lead:
The heedleſs God, ſuſpecting no deceits,
Shoots on, and thinks he has done wond'rous
feats;
But the poor nymph, who feels her vitals burn,
And from her ſhepherd can find no return,
Laments and rages at the power divine,
When, curs'd *Diſcretion!* all the fault was
thine.
*Cupid* and *Hymen* thou haſt ſet at odds,
And bred ſuch feuds betwixt thoſe kindred
gods,
That *Venus* cannot reconcile her ſons;
When one appears, away the other runs.
The former ſcales, wherein he us'd to poiſe
Love againſt love, and equal joys with joys,
Are now fill'd up with avarice and pride,
Where titles, power, and riches ſtill ſubſide.
Then, gentle *Venus*, to thy father run,
And tell him how thy children are undone;
Prepare his bolts to give one fatal blow,
And ſtrike *Diſcretion* to the ſhades below.

*The following lines were wrote upon a very old glaſs of Sir* Arthur Acheſon's.

FRAIL glaſs, thou mortal art as well as I,
Though none can tell, which of us firſt ſhall die.

*Anſwer'd extempore by Dr.* SWIFT.

We both are mortal; but thou, frailer creature,
May'ſt die, like me, by chance, but not by nature.

VERSES *cut by two of the* DEAN'S * *friends, upon a pane of glaſs in one of his parlours.*

A BARD, on whom *Phœbus* his ſpirit beſtow'd,
Reſolving t'acknowledge the bounty he ow'd,

* Theſe were written by Dr. *Delany* in conjunction with *Stella*, and produced the verſes intituled *Apollo to the Dean*, which are printed above, p. 22.

Found

Found out a new method at once of confeſſing,
And making the moſt of ſo mighty a bleſſing,
To the God he'd be grateful, but mortals he'd chouſe
By making his patron preſide in his houſe.
And wiſely foreſaw this advantage from thence,
That the God would in honour bear moſt of th' expence:
So, the bard he finds drink, and leaves *Phœbus* to treat
With the thoughts he inſpires, regardleſs of meat.
Hence they, that come hither expecting dine,
Are always fobb'd off with ſheer wit and ſheer wine.

*On another Window.*

ARE the gueſts of this houſe ſtill doom'd to be cheated?
Sure the fates have decreed they by halves ſhould be treated.

the days of good * *John*, if you came here to dine,
ɔu had choice of good meat, no choice of good wine.
*Jonathan's* reign, if you come here to eat,
ɔu have choice of good wine, no choice of good meat.
h *Jove!* then how fully might all ſides be bleſt,
'ould'ſt thou but agree to this humble requeſt?
ut both deans in one; or, if that's too much trouble,
ıſtead of the deans, make the deanry double.

* Dr. *John Stearne*, late rd biſhop of *Clogher*, who ıd been the predeceſſor of r. *Swift* in the deanry of St. *Patrick's*, and was always diſtinguiſhed for his great hoſpitality.

## *An* EPITAPH *by Dr.* SWIFT *to the memory of* FREDERICK *duke of* SCHOMBERG, *who was unhappily killed in croſſing the river* Boyne *on the 1ſt of* July 1690, *and was buried in St.* Patrick's *cathedral, where the dean and chapter erected a ſmall monument to his honour at their own expence.*

Hic infra ſitum eſt corpus
FREDERICI DUCIS DE SCHOMBERG,
ad BUDINDAM occiſi, A. D. 1690.
DECANUS et CAPITULUM maximopere
etiam atque etiam petierunt,
Ut HEREDES DUCIS monumentum
In memoriam PARENTIS erigendum curarent:
Sed poſtquam per epiſtolas, per amicos,
diu ac ſæpè orando nil profecêre;
Hunc demum lapidem ipſi ſtatuerunt,
* Saltem ut ſcias, hoſpes,
Ubinam terrarum SCONBERGENSES cineres
deliteſcunt.

*Plus potuit fama virtutis apud alienos,*
*Quam ſanguinis proximitas apud ſuos.*
A. D. 1731.

* The words that Dr. *Swift* firſt concluded the epitaph with, were *Saltem ut ſcias, at viator indignabundus, quali in cellula tanti ductoris cineres deliteſcunt.*

# *A BALLAD ON *The Game of* TRAFFICK.

*Written at the caſtle of* Dublin, *in the time of the earl of* Berkley's *government.*

MY † *lord*, to find out who muſt deal
Delivers cards about,
But the firſt knave does ſeldom fail
To find the *doctor* out.

But then his *honour* cry'd, godzooks!
And ſeem'd to knit his brow;
For on a knave he never looks
But h'thinks upon *Jack How*.

My *lady*, though ſhe is no player,
Some bungling partner takes,
And, wedg'd in corner of a chair,
Takes ſnuff, and holds the ſtakes.

* This ballad occaſioned another to the tune of the cut-purſe. See Vol. VI. p. 76.

† The earl of *Berkley*.

Dame

Dame *Floyd* * looks out in grave ſuſpence
For pair-royals and ſequents;
But wiſely cautious of her pence,
The caſtle ſeldoms frequents.

Quoth *Herries*, fairly putting caſes,
I'd won it on my word,
If I had but a pair of aces,
And could pick up a third.

But *Weſton* has a new-caſt gown
On *Sundays* to be fine in,
And, if ſhe can but win a *crown*,
'Twill juſt new dye the lining.

" With theſe is parſon *Swift*,
" Not knowing how to ſpend his time,
" Does make a wretched ſhift,
" To deafen them with puns and
" rhime."

* *Biddy Floyd.* See letter to col. *Hunter*, vol. XII.

VERSES

## VERSES *ſaid to be written on the* UNION.

THE * queen has lately loſt a part
Of her *entirely-Engliſh* heart,
For want of which, by way of botch,
She piec'd it up again with *Scotch.*
Bleſt revolution, which creates
Divided hearts, united ſtates!
See how the double nation lies;
Like a rich coat with ſkirts of frize:
As if a man, in making poſies,
Should bundle thiſtles up with roſes.
Who ever yet a union ſaw
Of kingdoms without faith or law?
Henceforward let no ſtateſmen dare
A kingdom to a ſhip compare;
Leſt he ſhould call our commonweal
A veſſel with a double keel:
Which, juſt like ours, new rigg'd and man'd,
And got about a league from land,
By change of wind to leeward ſide,
The pilot knew not how to guide.
So toſſing faction will o'erwhelm
Our crazy double-bottom'd realm.

* *Anne.*

# WILL WOOD's *Petition to the People of* IRELAND,

## *Being an excellent* NEW SONG,

*Suppoſed to be made and ſung in the ſtreet of* Dublin, *by* William Wood, *iron-monger and half-penny-monger*, 1725.

MY dear *Iriſh* folks,
Come leave off your jokes,
And buy up my half-pence ſo fine;
So fair and ſo bright,
They'll give you delight;
Obſerve how they gliſten and ſhine.

They'll ſell, to my grief,
As cheap as neck-beef,
For counters at cards to your wife;
And every day
Your children may play
Span-farthing or toſs on the knife.

Come hither, and try;
I'll teach you to buy
A pot of good ale for a farthing:
Come; three-pence a ſcore,
I aſk you no more,
And a fig for the *Drapier* and* *Harding*.

* The Drapier's printer.

When tradeſmen have gold,
The thief will be bold,
By day and by night for to rob him:
My copper is ſuch,
No robber will touch,
And ſo you may daintily bob him.

The little black-guard,
Who gets very hard
His half-pence for cleaning your ſhoes:
When his pockets are cramm'd
With mine and be d——'d,
He may ſwear he has nothing to loſe.

Here's half-pence in plenty,
For one you'll have twenty,
Though thouſandsare not worth a pudden.
Your neighbours will think,
When your pocket cries chink,
You are grown plaguy rich on a ſudden.

You will be my thankers,
I'll make you my bankers,
As good as * *Ben Burton* or *Fade*:
For nothing ſhall paſs
But my pretty braſs,
And then you'll be all of a trade.

* Two famous bankers.

I'm a ſon of a whore
If I have a word more
To ſay in this wretched condition.
If my coin will not paſs,
I muſt die like an aſs;
And ſo I conclude my petition.

## AN EPIGRAM ON WOOD's BRASS-MONEY.

CART'RET was welcom'd to the ſhore
Firſt with the brazen cannons roar,
To meet him next the ſoldier comes,
With brazen trumps and brazen drums.
Approaching near the town, he hears
The brazen bells ſalute his ears:
But when *Wood's* braſs began to ſound,
Guns, trumpets, drums, and bells were drown'd.

## ANOTHER.

### *On the D——e of C——s.*

J—s B—s was the dean's familiar friend:
*James* grows a *duke*; their friendſhip
here muſt end.
Surely the dean deſerves a ſore rebuke,
From knowing *James*, to ſay, he knows
a *duke*.

## ANOTHER.

### *On* Scolding.

GREAT folks are of a finer mold;
Lord! how politely they can ſcold;
While a coarſe *Engliſh* tongue will itch
For whore and rogue, and dog and bitch.

## CATULLUS *de* LESBIA.

*LESBIA mî dicit ſemper male; nec*
*tacet unquam*
*De me. Leſbia me, diſpeream, niſi amat.*
*Quo ſigno? quia ſunt totidem mea: deprecor illam*
*Aſſiduè; verum, diſpeream, niſi amo.*

## *In* ENGLISH.

*LESBIA* for ever on me rails,
To talk of me ſhe never fails,
Now hang me but, for all her art,
I find that I have gain'd her heart.
My proof is thus: I plainly ſee,
The caſe is juſt the ſame with me;
I curſe her ev'ry hour ſincerely,
Yet, hang me but I love her dearly.

*Mr.* JASON HASARD, *a woolen-draper in* Dublin, *put up the ſign of the* Golden Fleece, *and deſired a motto in verſe.*

*JASON*, the valiant prince of *Greece*,
From *Colchos* brought the *golden fleece*;
We comb the wool, refine the ſtuff;
For modern *Jaſons* that's enough.
Oh! could we tame yon *watchful** *dragon*,
Old *Jaſon* would have leſs to brag on.

* *England.*

The

## *The* AUTHOR's *Manner of Living.*

ON rainy days alone I dine
Upon a chick, and pint of wine.
On rainy days I dine alone,
And pick my chicken to the bone:
But this my ſervants much enrages,
No ſcraps remain, to ſave board-wages.
In weather fine I nothing ſpend,
But often ſpunge upon a friend:
Yet where he's not ſo rich as I;
I pay my club, and ſo good b'y'—.

## *To a* LADY, *who deſired the author to write ſome verſes upon her in the heroic ſtyle.*

Written at *London*, in the Year 1726.

AFTER venting all my ſpight,
Tell me, what have I to write;
Ev'ry error I could find
Through the mazes of your mind,
Have my buſy muſe employ'd,
Till the company is cloy'd.
Are you poſitive and fretful,
Heedleſs, ignorant, forgetful?

Theſe and twenty follies more
I have often told before.

Hearken what my lady ſays;
Have I nothing then to praiſe?
Ill it fits you to be witty,
Where a fault ſhould move your pity.
If you think me too conceited,
Or to paſſion quickly heated;
If my wandering head be leſs
Set on reading than on dreſs;
If I always ſeem ſo dull t'ye;
I can ſolve the diffi-culty.

You would teach me to be wiſe;
Truth and honour how to prize;
How to ſhine in converſation,
And with credit fill my ſtation;
How to reliſh notions high;
How to live, and how to die.

But it was decreed by fate,
Mr. *Dean*, you come too late;
Well I know you can diſcern,
I am now too old to learn:
Follies from my youth inſtill'd
Have my ſoul entirely fill'd:

In

In my head and heart they center,
Nor will let your leſſons enter.

Bred a fondling and an heireſs;
Dreſs'd like any lady-may'reſs;
Cocker'd by the ſervants round,
Was too good to touch the ground,
Thought the life of ev'ry lady
Should be one continual play-day,
Balls, and maſquerades, and ſhows;
Viſits, plays and powder'd beaux.

Thus you have my caſe at large;
And may now perform your charge.
Thoſe materials I have furniſh'd,
When by you refin'd and burniſh'd,
Muſt, that all the world may know'em,
Be reduc'd into a poem.
But I beg, ſuſpend a while
That ſame paultry burleſque ſtyle;
Drop for once your conſtant rule,
Turning all to ridicule:
Teaching others how to ape ye;
Court nor parliament can 'ſcape ye;
Treat the publick and your friends
Both alike, while neither mends.

Sing

Sing my praiſe in ſtrain ſublime;
Treat not me with doggrel rhyme.
'Tis but juſt, you ſhould produce
With each fault each fault's excuſe:
Not to publiſh every trifle,
And my few perfections ſtifle.
With ſome gifts at leaſt endow me,
Which my very foes allow me.
Am I ſpightful, proud, unjuſt?
Did I ever break my truſt?
Which of all your *modern* dames
Cenſures leſs, or leſs defames?
In good-manners am I faulty?
Can you call me rude or haughty?
Did I e'er my mite withhold
From the impotent and old?
When did ever I omit
Due regard for men of wit?
When have I eſteem expreſs'd
For a coxcomb gaily dreſs'd?
Do I, like the female tribe,
Think it wit to ſleer and gibe?
Who with leſs-deſigning ends,
Kindlier entertains their friends?
Withgoodwordsandcount'nance ſprightly
Strive to treat them all politely.

Think

Think not cards my chief diverſion;
'Tis a wrong unjuſt aſperſion:
Never knew I any good in 'em,
But to doze my head like *lodanum*,
We by play, as men by drinking,
Paſs our nights to drive out thinking.
From my ailments give me leiſure,
I ſhall read and think with pleaſure,
Converſation learn to reliſh,
And with books my mind imbelliſh.

Now, methinks, I hear you cry;
Mr. *Dean*, you muſt reply.

Madam, I allow 'tis true:
All theſe praiſes are your due,
You, like ſome acute philoſopher,
Ev'ry fault have drawn a gloſs over;
Placing in the ſtrongeſt light
All your virtues to my ſight.

Though you lead a blameleſs life,
Live an humble, prudent wife,
Anſwer all domeſtic ends,
What is this to us your friends?
Though your children by a nod
Stand in awe without the rod:

Though

Though, by your obliging ſway,
Servants love you, and obey;
Though you treat us with a ſmile,
Clear your looks, and ſmooth your ſtyle;
Load our plates from ev'ry diſh;
This is not the thing we wiſh;
Col'nel——may be your debtor;
We expect employment better;
You muſt learn, if you would gain us,
With good ſenſe to entertain us.

Scholars, when good ſenſe deſcribing,
Call it taſting and imbibing;
Metaphoric meat and drink
Is to underſtand and think:
We may *carve* for others thus;
And let others carve for us;
To diſcourſe and to attend,
Is to *help* yourſelf and friend.
Converſation is but *carving*;
Carve for all, yourſelf is ſtarving:
Give no more to ev'ry gueſt
Than he's able to digeſt:
Give him always of the prime;
And but a little at a time.
*Carve* to all but juſt enough;
Let them neither ſtarve, nor ſtuff:

And,

And, that you may have your due,
Let your neighbours *carve* for you.
This compariſon will hold,
Could it well in rhyme be told,
How converſing, liſt'ning, thinking,
Juſtly may reſemble drinking;
For a friend a glaſs you fill,
What is this but to inſtill?

To conclude this long eſſay:
Pardon if I diſobey;
Nor, againſt my nat'ral vein,
Treat you in heroic ſtrain.
I, as all the pariſh knows,
Hardly can be grave in proſe:
Still to laſh and laſhing ſmile,
Ill befits a lofty ſtyle.
From the planet of my birth,
I encounter vice with mirth.
Wicked miniſters of ſtate
I can eaſier ſcorn than hate:
And I find it anſwers right;
Scorn torments them more than ſpight.
All the vices of a court
Do but ſerve to make me ſport.
Were I in ſome foreign realm,
Which all vices overwhelm;

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When my muſe officious ventures
On the nations repreſenters:
Teaching by what *golden* rules
Into knaves they turn their fools:
How the helm is rul'd by *Walpole*,
At whoſe oars, like ſlaves, they all pull:
Let the veſſel ſplit on ſhelves;
With the freight enrich themſelves:
Safe within my little wherry,
All their madneſs makes me merry:
Like the waterman of *Thames*,
I row by, and call them names.
Like the ever-laughing ſage,
In a jeſt I ſpend my rage.
(Though it muſt be underſtood,
I would hang them if I cou'd)
If I can but fill my nitch,
I attempt no higher pitch,
Leave to *D'Anvers* and his mate
Maxims wiſe to rule the ſtate.

*Pult'ney*

*Pult'ney* deep, accompliſh'd *St. Johns*,
Scourge the villains with a vengeance:
Let me, though the ſmell be noiſom,
Strip their bums; let * *Caleb* horſe 'em,
Then apply *Alecto's* whip,
Till they wriggle, howl, and ſkip.

Deuce is in you, Mr. *Dean*:
What can all this paſſion mean?
Mention courts, you'll ne'er be quiet;
On corruptions running riot.
End, as it befits your ſtation:
Come to uſe and application:
Nor with ſenates keep a fuſs.
I ſubmit and anſwer thus:

If the machinations brewing
To compleat the public ruin
Never once could have the pow'r
To affect me half an hour;
(Sooner would I write in buſkins,
Mournful elegies on † *Bluſkins*)
If I laugh at *whig* and *tory*;
I conclude *a fortiori*,

* *Caleb D'Anvers*, the famous writer of the paper called the *Craftſman*. Theſe papers are ſuppoſed to be written by the lord *Bolingbroke* and Mr. *Pulteney*, create dearl of *Bath*.

† A famous thief, who was hang'd ſome years ſince.

All

All your eloquence will ſcarce
Drive me from my fav'rite farce.
This I muſt inſiſt on. For, as
It is well obſerv'd by * *Horace*,
Ridicule has greater power
To reform the world, than ſour.
Horſes thus, let jockies judge elſe,
Switches better guide than cudgels,
Baſtings heavy, dry, obtuſe,
Only dulneſs can produce;
While a little gentle jerking
Sets the ſpirits all a working.

Thus, I find it by experiment,
Scolding moves you leſs than merriment.
I may ſtorm and rage in vain;
It but ſtupifies your brain.
But with raillery to nettle,
Sets your thoughts upon their mettle:
Gives imagination ſcope;
Never lets your mind elope;
Drives out brangling and contention,
Brings in reaſon and invention.
For your ſake as well as mine,
I the lofty ſtyle decline.

* *Ridiculum acri*
*Fortius et melius*, etc.

I, who love to have a fling
Both at S—n —e-h—ſe and K——;
That they might ſome better way tread
To avoid the public hatred;
Thought no method more commodious,
Than to ſhow their vices odious;
Which I choſe to make appear,
Not by anger but by ſneer:
As my method of reforming
Is by laughing not by ſtorming
(For my friends have always thought
Tenderneſs my greateſt fault).
Would you have me change my ſtyle;
On your faults no longer ſmile,
But, to patch up all your quarrels,
Quote you texts from *Plutarch's* morals;
Or from *Solomon* produce
Maxims teaching wiſdom's uſe?

If I treat you like a c—d h—d,
You have cheap enough compounded.
Can you put in higher claims
Than the owners of St. *J——s?*
You are not ſo great a grievance
As the hirelings of St. *Stephens.*
You are of a lower claſs
Than my friend Sir *Robert Braſs.*

None of theſe have mercy found,
I have laugh'd and laſh'd them round.

Have you ſeen a rocket fly?
You could ſwear it pierc'd the ſky:
It but reach'd the middle air,
Burſting into pieces there:
Thouſand ſparkles falling down
Light on many a coxcomb's crown:
See what mirth the ſport creates;
Singes hair, but breaks no pates.
Thus, ſhould I attempt to climb,
Treat you in a ſtyle ſublime,
Such a rocket is my muſe;
Should I lofty numbers chuſe,
E're I reach'd *Parnaſſus'* top,
I ſhould burſt, and burſting drop.
All my *fire* would fall in ſcraps;
Give your head ſome gentle raps;
Only make it ſmart a while;
Then could I forbear to ſmile,
When I found the tingling pain,
Entering warm your frigid brain:
Make you able upon ſight
To decide of wrong and right;
Talk with ſenſe whate'er you pleaſe on;
Learn to reliſh truth and reaſon.

Thus we both ſhould gain our prize:
I to laugh, and you grow wiſe.

## THE DISCOVERY.

WHEN wiſe lord ‡ *Berkeley* firſt came here,
Stateſmen and mob expected wonders,
Nor thought to find ſo great a peer,
Ere a week paſt committing blunders.
Till, on a day cut out by fate,
When folks came thick to make their court,
Out ſlipt a myſtery of ſtate
To give the town and country ſport.
Now enters * *Buſh* with new ſtate airs,
His lordſhip's premier miniſter;
And who in all profound affairs
Is held as needful as his † clyſter.

‡ When the earl of *Berkeley* went over to *Ireland* as one of the lords juſtices, the author, in compliance with his invitation, went over with him as chaplain and private ſecretary; but *Buſh*, another of the earl's attendants, having inſinuated that the place of ſecretary was not proper for a clergyman, found means ſoon after they arrived at *Dublin* to obtain it for himſelf.

* My lord's wife ſecretary.

† Always taken before my lord went to council.

With head reclining on his ſhoulder,
He deals and hears myſterious chat,
While every ignorant beholder
Aſks of his neighbour, who is that?
With this he put up to my lord,
The courtiers kept their diſtance due,
He twitch'd his ſleeve, and ſtole a word;
Then to a corner both withdrew.
Imagine now, my lord and *Buſh*
Whiſp'ring in junto moſt profound,
Like good king * *Phyz*, and good king *Uſh*,
While all the reſt ſtood gaping round.
At length a ſpark, not too well bred,
Of forward face and ear acute,
Advanc'd on tiptoe, lean'd his head,
To over-hear the grand diſpute;
To learn what northern kings deſign,
Or from *Whitehall* ſome new expreſs,
Papiſts diſarm'd, or fall of coin:
For ſure (thought he) it can't be leſs.
My lord, ſaid *Buſh*, a friend and I
Diſguis'd in two old thread-bare coats,
Ere morning's dawn ſtole out to ſpy
How markets went for hay and oats:

* Vide the *Rehearſal.*

With

With that he draws two handfuls out,
The one was oats, the other hay;
Puts this to's excellency's ſnout,
And begs he would the other weigh.
My lord ſeems pleas'd, but ſtill directs
By all means to bring down the rates;
Then, with a congee circumflex,
*Buſh*, ſmiling round on all, retreats.
Our liſt'ner ſtood a while confus'd,
But gathering ſpirits wiſely ran for't,
Enrag'd to ſee the world abus'd
By two ſuch whiſp'ring kings of *Brentford*.

## *The* PROBLEM.

*That my lord* B——ley *ſtinks, when he's in love.*

DID ever problem thus perplex,
Or more employ the female ſex?
So ſweet a paſſion, who would think,
*Jove* ever form'd to make a ſtink?
The ladies vow and ſwear they'll try,
Whether it be a truth or lye.

Love's fire, it ſeems, like inward heat,
Works in my lord by ſtool and ſweat,
Which brings a ſtink from every pore,
And from behind and from before;
Yet, what is wonderful to tell it,
None but the fav'rite nymph can ſmell it.
But now to ſolve the nat'ral cauſe
By ſober philoſophic laws:
Whether all paſſions, when in ferment,
Work out as anger does in vermin;
So, when a weazel you torment,
You find his paſſion by his ſcent.
We read of kings, who, in a fright,
Though on a throne, would fall to ſh—
Beſide all this, deep ſcholars know,
That the main ſtring of *Cupid's* bow
Once on a time was an a—gut,
Now to a nobler office put,
By favour or deſert preferr'd
From giving paſſage to a t——
But ſtill, tho fix'd among the ſtars
Does ſympathiſe with human a——
Thus when you feel an hard-bound breech,
Conclude love's bow-ſtring at full ſtretch,
Till the kind looſeneſs comes, and then
Conclude the bow relax'd again.

And

And now, the ladies all are bent
To try the great experiment,
Ambitious of a regent's heart,
Spread all their charms to catch a f—;
Watching the firſt unfav'ry wind,
Some ply before and ſome behind.
My lord, on fire amidſt the dames,
F—ts like a laurel in the flames.
The fair approach the ſpeaking part
To try the back-way to his heart.
For, as when we a gun diſcharge,
Although the bore be ne'er ſo large,
Before the flame from muzzle burſt,
Juſt at the breech it flaſhes firſt:
So from my lord his paſſion broke,
He f—d firſt, and then he ſpoke.

The ladies vaniſh in the ſmother
To confer notes with one another;
And now they all agreed to name
Whom each one thought the happy dame.
Quoth *Neal*, whate'er the reſt may think,
I'm ſure 'twas I, that ſmelt the ſtink.
You ſmell the ſtink! by G— you lye,
Quoth *Roſs*, for I'll be ſworn 'twas I.
Ladies, quoth *Levens*, pray forbear,
Let's not fall out, we all had ſhare,

And by the moſt I can diſcover,
My lord's an univerſal lover.

## A LOVE POEM FROM A PHYSICIAN *to his* MISTRESS.

* Written at *London* in the Year 1738.

BY poets we are well aſſur'd
That love, alas! can ne'er be *cur'd*;
A complicated heap of *ills*,
Deſpiſing *boluſes* and *pills*.
Ah! *Chloe*, this I find is true,
Since firſt I gave my heart to you.
Now, by your cruelty *hard-bound*
I ſtrain my *guts*, my *colon* wound:
Now, jealouſy my *grumbling tripes*
Aſſaults with grating, grinding *gripes*:
When pity in thoſe eyes I view,
My *bowels* wambling make me *ſpew*:
When I an am'rous kiſs deſign'd,
I *belch'd* a hurricane of *wind*.
Once you a gentle ſigh let fall,
Remember how I *ſuck'd* it all;

* Dean *Swift* was not in *London* after the year 1727.

What

What *colic pangs* from thence I felt
Had you but known, your *heart* would melt,
Like ruffling winds in caverns pent,
Till nature pointed out a vent.
How have you torn my *heart* to pieces
With maggots, humours, and caprices!
By which I got the *hæmorrhoids*,
And loathſome *worms* my *anus* voids.
Whene'er I hear a rival nam'd,
I feel my body all inflam'd,
Which, breaking out in *boils* and *blanes*,
With *yellow filth* my linen ſtains.
Or, parch'd with unextinguiſh'd *thirſt*,
Small beer I *guzzle* till I *burſt*:
And then I drag a bloated *corpus*
Swell'd with a *dropſy* like a porpus;
When, if I cannot *purge* or *ſtale*,
I muſt be tapp'd to fill a *pail*.

## *On a* PRINTER's *being ſent to* Newgate, *by* ——.

BETTER we all were in our graves
Than live in ſlavery to ſlaves,
Worſe than the anarchy at ſea,
Where fiſhes on each other prey;

Where

Where ev'ry trout can make as high rants
O'er his inferiors as our tyrants;
And ſwagger while the coaſt is clear:
But ſhould a lordly pike appear,
Away you ſee the varlet ſcud,
Or hide his coward ſnout in mud.
Thus if a gudgeon meet a roach,
He dare not venture to approach;
Yet ſtill has impudence to riſe,
And, like *Domitian*, leap at flies.

## *On the Little Houſe by the Church-yard of* Caſtlenock.

WHOEVER pleaſeth to enquire,
Why yonder ſteeple wants a ſpire,
The grey old fellow poet * *Joe*
The philoſophic cauſe will ſhow.
Once on a time a weſtern blaſt
At leaſt twelve inches overcaſt,
Reck'ning roof, weathercock and all,
Which came with a prodigious fall;
And tumbling topſy-turvy round
Light with its bottom on the ground.

* Mr. *Beaumont* of *Trim*.

For,

For, by the laws of gravitation,
It fell into its proper ſtation.

This is the little ſtrutting pile,
You ſee juſt by the church-yard ſtile;
The walls in tumbling gave a knock;
And thus the ſteeple gave a ſhock;
From whence the neighbouring farmer calls
The ſteeple, *Knock*; the vicar, † *Walls*.

The vicar once a week creeps in,
Sits with his knees up to his chin;
Here conns his notes, and takes a whet,
Till the ſmall ragged flock is met.

A traveller, who by did paſs,
Obſerv'd the roof behind the graſs;
On tiptoe ſtood and rear'd his ſnout,
And ſaw the parſon creeping out;
Was much ſurpriz'd to ſee a crow
Venture to build his neſt ſo low.

A ſchool-boy ran unto't, and thought,
The crib was down, the blackbird caught.
A third, who loſt his way by night,
Was forc'd for ſafety to alight,

† Rev. Archdeacon *Wall*.

And

And ſtepping o'er the fabric-roof,
His horſe had like to ſpoil his hoof.

*Warburton* took it in his noddle,
This building was deſign'd a model
Or of a pigeon-houſe, or oven,
To bake one loaf, and keep one dove in.

Then Mrs. *Johnſon* gave her verdict,
And every one was pleas'd that heard it:
All that you make this ſtir about,
Is but a ſtill which wants a ſpout.
The rev'rend Dr.* *Reymond* gueſs'd
More probably than all the reſt;
He ſaid, but that it wanted room,
It might have been a pigmy's tomb.

The doctor's family came by,
And little miſs began to cry;
Give me that houſe in my own hand:
Then madam bade the chariot ſtand,
Call'd to the clerk, in manner mild,
Pray, reach that thing here to the child:
That thing, I mean among the kale;
And here's to buy a pot of ale.

* Miniſter of *Trim*.

The

The clerk ſaid to her in a heat,
What! ſell my maſter's country ſeat,
Where he comes ev'ry week from town?
He would not ſell it for a crown.
Poh! fellow, keep not ſuch a pother;
In half an hour thoul't make another.

Says * *Nancy*, I can make for miſs
A finer houſe ten times than this,
The dean will give me willow-ſticks,
And *Joe* my apron-full of bricks.

* The waiting-woman.

*The author and his friends uſed to divert themſelves for amuſement in making riddles, ſome of which have been printed, and were well received, * as we hope the following will be; although we cannot tell the authors of each.*

## RIDDLE X.

I With borrow'd ſilver ſhine,
What you ſee is none of mine.
Firſt I ſhew you but a quarter,
Like the bow that guards the *Tartar*;
Then the half, and then the whole,
Ever dancing round the pole.
And what will raiſe your admiration,
I am not one of God's creation,
But ſprung (and I this truth maintain)
Like *Pallas* from my father's brain.
And, after all, I chiefly owe
My beauty to the ſhades below.
Moſt wondrous forms you ſee me wear,
A man, a woman, lion, bear,
A fiſh, a fowl, a cloud, a field,
All figures heav'n or earth can yield;

* Nine of theſe are printed at the beginning of this Volume.

Like

Like *Daphne* ſometimes in a tree:
Yet am not one of all you ſee.

## XI. ANOTHER.

BEgotten, and born, and dying with noiſe,
The terror of women, and pleaſure of boys,
Like the fiction of poets concerning the wind,
I'm chiefly unruly when ſtrongeſt confin'd.
For ſilver and gold I don't trouble my head,
But all I delight in is pieces of lead;
Except when I trade with a ſhip or a town,
Why then I make pieces of iron go down.
One property more I would have you remark,
No lady was ever more fond of a ſpark;
The moment I get one my ſoul's all a-fire,
And I roar out my joy, and in tranſport expire.

## XII. ANOTHER.

THERE is a gate, we know full well,
That ſtands 'twixt heaven, and earth, and hell,

Where

Where many for a paſſage venture,
Yet very few are fond to enter;
Although 'tis open night and day,
They for that reaſon ſhun this way:
Both dukes and lords abhor it's wood,
They can't come near it for their blood.
What other way they take to go,
Another time I'll let you know.
Yet commoners with greateſt eaſe
Can find an entrance when they pleaſe.
The pooreſt hither march in ſtate
(Or they can never paſs the gate),
Like *Roman* generals triumphant,
And then they take a turn and jump on't.
If graveſt parſons here advance,
They cannot paſs before they dance;
There's not a ſoul that does reſort here,
But ſtrips himſelf to pay the porter.

## XIII. ANOTHER.

FROM heav'n I fall, though from earth I begin,
No lady alive can ſhew ſuch a ſkin.
I'm bright as an angel, and light as a feather,
But heavy and dark, when you ſqueeze me together.

Though candour and truth in my aſpect
I bear,
Yet many poor creatures I help to enſnare.
Though ſo much of heaven appears in my
make,
The fouleſt impreſſions I eaſily take.
My parent and I produce one another,
The mother the daughter, the daughter
the mother.

## XIV. ANOTHER.

I'M up and down, and round about,
Yet all the world can't find me out,
Though hundreds have employ'd their
leiſure,
They never yet could find my meaſure.
I'm found almoſt in ev'ry garden,
Nay in the compaſs of a farthing.
There's neither chariot, coach, nor mill,
Can move an inch except I will.

## XV. ANOTHER.

I AM jet-black, as you may ſee,
The ſon of pitch, and gloomy night:
Yet all that know me will agree,
I'm dead except I live in light,

Sometimes in panegyrick high
  Like lofty *Pindar* I can ſoar,
And raiſe a virgin to the ſky,
  Or ſink her to a pocky whore.

My blood this day is very ſweet,
  To-morrow of a bitter juice,
Like milk 'tis cry'd about the ſtreet,
  And ſo apply'd to diff'rent uſe.

Moſt wond'rous is my magic power:
  For with one colour I can paint;
I'll make the devil a ſaint this hour,
  Next make a devil of a ſaint.

Through diſtant regions I can fly,
  Provide me but with paper wings,
And fairly ſhew a reaſon, why
  There ſhould be quarrels among kings.

And after all you'll think it odd,
  When learned doctors will diſpute,
That I ſhould point the word of God,
  And ſhew where they can beſt confute.

Let lawyers bawl and ſtrain their throats,
  'Tis I that muſt the lands convey,
And ſtrip the clients to their coats;
  Nay, give their very ſouls away.

## XVI. ANOTHER.

EVER eating, never cloying,
All devouring, all deſtroying,
Never finding full repaſt,
Till I eat the world at laſt.

## XVII. ANOTHER.

WE are little airy creatures,
All of diff'rent voice and features,
One of us in glaſs is ſet,
One of us you'll find in jet,
T'other you may ſee in tin,
And the fourth a box within,
If the fifth you ſhould purſue,
It can never fly from you.

## XVIII. ANOTHER.

ALL of us in one you'll find,
Brethren of a wond'rous kind,
Yet among us all no brother
Knows one tittle of the other;
We in frequent councils are,
And our marks of things declare,
Where, to us unknown, a clerk
Sits, and takes them in the dark.

He's the regiſter of all
In our ken, both great and ſmall;
By us forms his laws, and rules,
He's our maſter, we his tools;
Yet we can with greateſt eaſe
Turn and wind him where we pleaſe.

One of us alone can ſleep,
Yet no watch the reſt will keep,
But the moment that he cloſes,
Ev'ry brother elſe repoſes.

If wine's bought, or victuals dreſt,
One enjoys them for the reſt.

Pierce us all with wounding ſteel,
One for all of us will feel.

Though ten thouſand cannons roar,
Add to them ten thouſand more,
Yet but one of us is found
Who regards the dreadful ſound.

Do what is not fit to tell,
There's but one of us can ſmell.

## XIX. ANOTHER.

### FONTINELLA *to* FLORINDA.

WHEN on my boſom thy bright eyes,
*Florinda*, dart their heav'nly beams,
I feel not the leaſt love-ſurprize,
Yet endleſs tears flow down in ſtreams;
There's nought ſo beautiful in thee,
But you may find the ſame in me.

The lilies of thy ſkin compare;
In me you ſee them full as white,
The roſes of your cheeks, I dare
Affirm, can't glow to more delight.
Then, ſince I ſhew as fine a face,
Can you refuſe a ſoft embrace?

Ah! lovely nymph, thou'rt in thy prime!
And ſo am I whilſt thou art here;
But ſoon will come the fatal time,
When all we ſee ſhall diſappear.
'Tis mine to make a juſt reflexion,
And your's to follow my direction.

Then catch admirers while you may;
Treat not your lovers with diſdain;
For time with beauty flies away,
And there is no return again.

To you the ſad account I bring,
Life's autumn has no ſecond ſpring.

## XX. ANOTHER.

NEVER ſpeaking, ſtill awake,
Pleaſing moſt when moſt I ſpeak,
The delight of old and young,
Though I ſpeak without a tongue.
Nought but one thing can confound me,
Many voices joining round me;
Then I fret, and rave, and gabble,
Like the labourers of *Babel.*
Now I am a dog, or cow,
I can bark, or I can low,
I can bleat, or I can ſing,
Like the warblers of the ſpring.
Let the love-ſick bard complain,
And I mourn the cruel pain;
Let the happy ſwain rejoice,
And I join my helping voice;
Both are welcome, grief or joy,
I with either ſport and toy.
Though a lady, I am ſtout,
Drums and trumpets bring me out;
Then I claſh and roar and rattle,
Join in all the din of battle.

*Jove,*

*Jove*, with all his loudeſt thunder,
When I'm vext, can't keep me under;
Yet ſo tender is my ear,
That the loweſt voice I fear;
Much I dread the courtier's fate,
When his merit's out of date,
For I hate a ſilent breath,
And a whiſper is my death.

## XXI. ANOTHER.

MOST things by me do riſe and fall,
And as I pleaſe they're great and ſmall;
Invading foes, without reſiſtance,
With eaſe I make to keep their diſtance;
Again, as I'm diſpos'd, the foe
Will come, though not a foot they go.
Both mountains, woods, and hills, and rocks,
And gaming goats, and fleecy flocks,
And lowing herds, and piping ſwains,
Come dancing to me o'er the plains.
The greateſt whale that ſwims the ſea,
Does inſtantly my pow'r obey.
In vain from me the ſailor flies,
The quickeſt ſhip I can ſurprize,

And turn it as I have a mind,
And move it againſt tide and wind.
Nay, bring me here the talleſt man,
I'll ſqueeze him to a little ſpan,
Or bring a tender child and pliant,
You'll ſee me ſtretch him to a giant;
Nor ſhall they in the leaſt complain,
Becauſe my magick gives no pain.

## XXII. ANOTHER.

WE are little brethren-twain,
Arbiters of loſs and gain,
Many to our counters run,
Some are made, and ſome undone.
But men find it to their coſt,
Few are made, but numbers loſt.
Though we play them tricks for ever,
Yet they always hope our favour.

## *To Dr.* SHERIDAN.

DEAR *Sheridan!* a gentle pair
Of *Gallſtown* lads (for ſuch they are)
Beſides a brace of grave divines
Adore the ſmoothneſs of thy lines;

Smooth

Smooth as our baſon's ſilver flood,
Ere *George* had robb'd it of it's mud;
Smoother than *Pegaſus'* old ſhoe,
Ere *Vulcan* comes to make him new.
The board on which we ſet our a—s
Is not ſo ſmooth as are thy verſes,
Compar'd with which (and that's enough)
A ſmoothing-ir'n itſelf is rough.
Nor praiſe I leſs that circumciſion,
By modern poets call'd eliſion,
With which, in proper ſtation plac'd,
Thy poliſh'd lines are firmly brac'd.
Thus a wiſe taylor is not pinching,
But turns at ev'ry ſeam an inch in,
Or elſe, be ſure, your broad-cloth breeches
Will ne'er be ſmooth, nor hold their ſtitches.
Thy verſe, like bricks, defy the weather,
When ſmooth'd by rubbing them together.
Thy words ſo cloſely wedg'd, and ſhort are
Like walls, more laſting without mortar;
By leaving out the needleſs vowels.
You ſave the charge of lime and trowels.
One letter ſtill another locks,
Each groov'd, and dove-tail'd like a box;
Thy muſe is tuckt up and ſuccinct;
In chains thy ſyllables are linkt.

Thy words together ty'd in ſmall hanks,
Cloſe as the *Macedonian* phalanx;
Or like the *umbo* of the *Romans*,
Which fierceſt foes could break by no means.
The critick to his grief will find,
How firmly theſe indentures bind:
So, in the kindred painter's art
The ſhortening is the niceſt part.

Philologers of future ages,
How will they pore upon thy pages!
Nor will they dare to break the joints,
But help thee to be read with points:
Or elſe, to ſhew their learned labour, you
May backward be perus'd like *Hebrew*,
Where they need not loſe a bit
Or of thy harmony or wit.
To make a work compleatly fine
Number and weight and meaſure join;
Then all muſt grant your lines are weighty,
Where thirty weigh as much as eighty.
All muſt allow your numbers more,
Where twenty lines exceed fourſcore;
Nor can we think your meaſure ſhort,
Where leſs than forty fill a quart,
With *Alexandrian* in the cloſe,
Long, long, long, long, like *Dan's* long noſe.

*A* RE-

## *A* REBUS, *written by a* * LADY, *on the Rev. Dean* SWIFT. *With his* ANSWER.

CUT the name of the MAN who his *Miſtreſs deny'd*, } *Jo-ſeph.*
And let the *firſt* of it be only apply'd
To join with the prophet who DAVID did chide, } *Nathan.*
Then ſay what a *horſe* is that runs very *faſt*,
And that which deſerves to be *firſt* put the *laſt*;
Spell all then, and put them together, to find
The NAME and the VIRTUES of him I deſign'd.
Like the *Patriarch* in *Egypt*, he's vers'd in the *ſtate*;
Like the *Prophet* in *Jewry*, he's free with the *great*;
Like a *racer* he flies to ſuccour with ſpeed,
When his *friends* want his aid, or *deſert* is in need.

* Mrs. *Vanhomrigh.*

*The*

## *The* ANSWER.

THE nymph, who wrote this in an amorous fit,
I cannot but envy the pride of her *wit*,
Which thus ſhe will venture profuſely to throw
On ſo mean a *deſign*, and a *ſubject* ſo low.
For mean's her *deſign*, and her *ſubject* as mean,
The *firſt* but a REBUS, the *laſt* but a DEAN.
A *dean*'s but a *parſon*, and what is a *rebus*?
A thing never known to the *Muſes* or *Phœbus*.
The corruption of verſe; for, when all is done,
It is but a *paraphraſe* made on a *pun*;
But a genius like her's no ſubject can ſtifle,
It ſhews and diſcovers itſelf through a *trifle*.
By reading this *trifle*, I quickly began
To find her a great *wit*, but the *dean* a ſmall man.
Rich ladies will furniſh their garrets with ſtuff,
Which others for mantuas would think fine enough:

So

So the *wit* that is laviſhly thrown away here,
Might furniſh a ſecond-rate *poet* a year.
Thus much for the *verſe*, we proceed to the next,
Where the NYMPH has entirely forſaken her *text*:
Her fine panegyricks are quite out of ſeaſon,
And what *ſhe* deſcribes to be *merit* is *treaſon*:
The changes, which faction has made in the ſtate,
Have put the *dean's* politicks quite out of date:
Now no one regards what he utters with freedom,
And ſhould he write *pamphlets*, no great man would read 'em;
And ſhould *want* or *deſert* ſtand in need of his aid,
This *racer* would prove but a dull-foundered *jade*.

*Written*

*Written by the Rev. Doctor* SWIFT, *on his own* Deafneſs *.

*VErtiginoſus, inops, ſurdus, male gratus amicis ;*
*Non campana ſonans, tonitru non ab Jove miſſum,*
*Quod mage mirandum, ſaltem ſi credere fas eſt,*
*Non clamoſa meas mulier jam percutit aures.*

## *In* ENGLISH.

DEAF, giddy, helpleſs, left alone,
To all my friends a burthen grown;
No more I hear my church's bell,
Than if it rang out for my knell:
At thunder now no more I ſtart
Than at the rumbling of a cart:
Nay, what's incredible, alack!
I hardly hear a woman's clack.

* See an Anſwer to theſe verſes in vol. XVIII. of this collection.

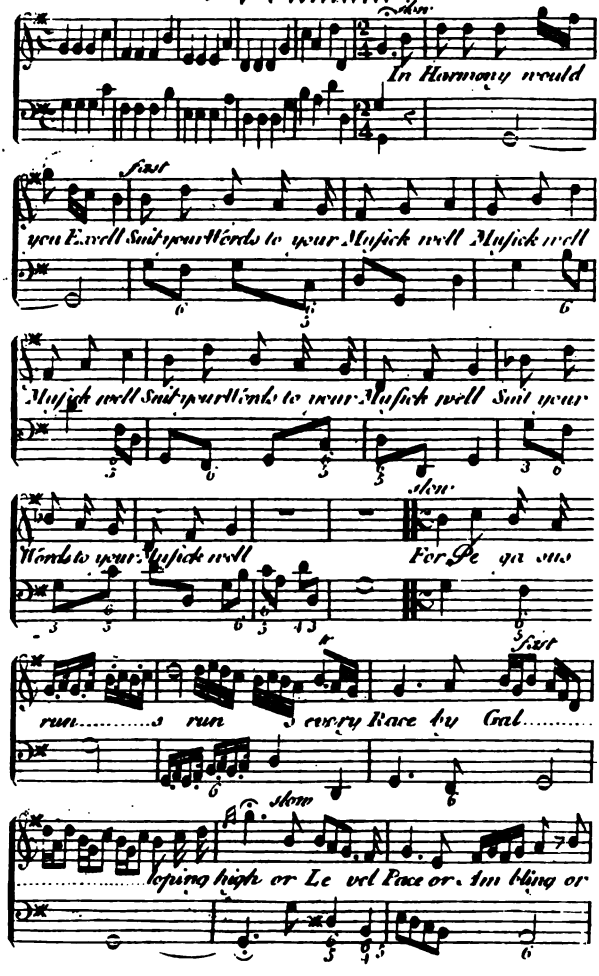
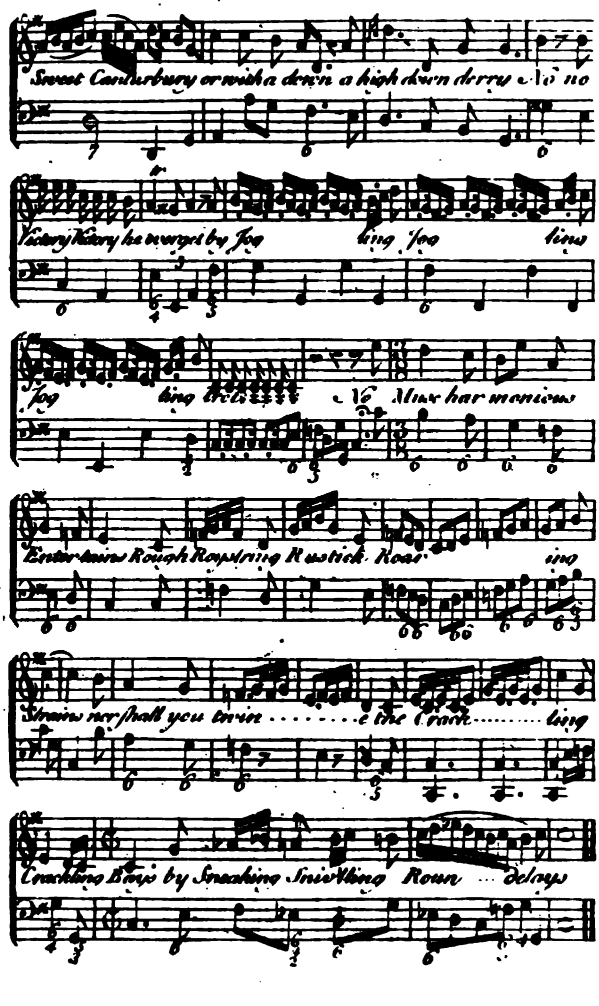
## *An Anſwer to Riddles* I, II, VI, *and* VII, *in the Beginning of this Volume.*

"RIDDLES! ſuch trump'ry we deſpiſe!
(An over-curious Critick cries)
" 'Tis childiſh, trifling Stuff at beſt!
" Baubles in antic garments dreſs'd!"
" Hold! (ſaid the Laughter-loving Muſe)
" Theſe Bagatelles I ne'er refuſe—
" My darling *Swift*, with matchleſs ſkill,
" Can forms aërial raiſe at will;
" Make [7] *Cloacina's Temple* pleaſe,
" Paint [6] *Cork-ſcrews* with poetic eaſe;
" Myſterious themes unfold in rhyme,
" And change the meaneſt to ſublime;
" Warm from his [1] *Pen*, the happy thought
" To charm admiring worlds is brought;
" Like pureſt [2] *Gold* we ſeize the prize,
" And catch th'ideas as they riſe."

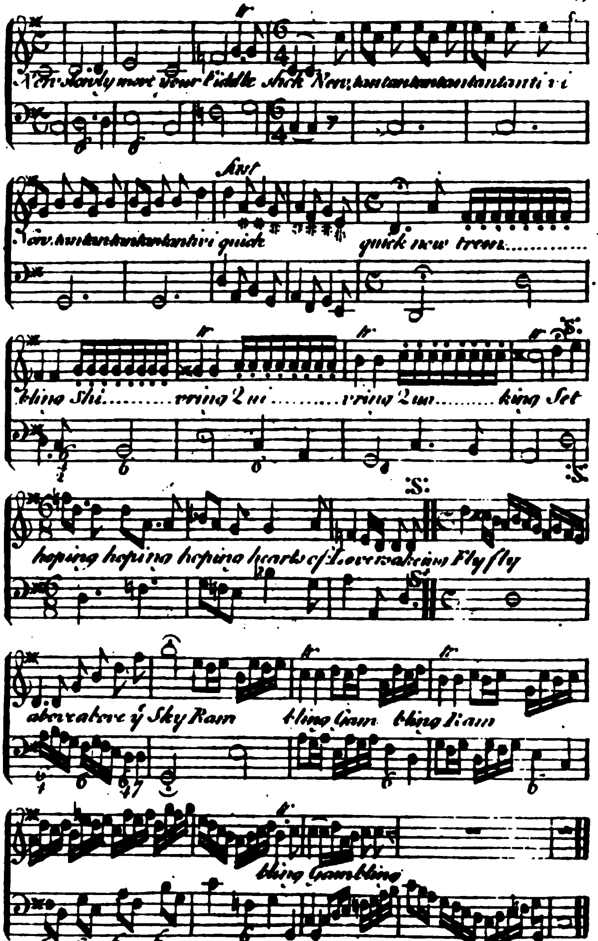
Vol. 7.

# A Cantata

End of the 7 Vol.



Sweet Canterbury or with a down a high down derry
Victory Victory
Jog ling Jog ling
Jog ling
Muse har monious
Entertain Rough Roystring Rustick Roar ing
Strains nor shall you twin e the Crack ling
Crackling Bays by Sneaking Snivling Roun delays

Vol.7.

quick
quick new trem
hoping hoping hoping hearts of Lovers makeing Fly fly
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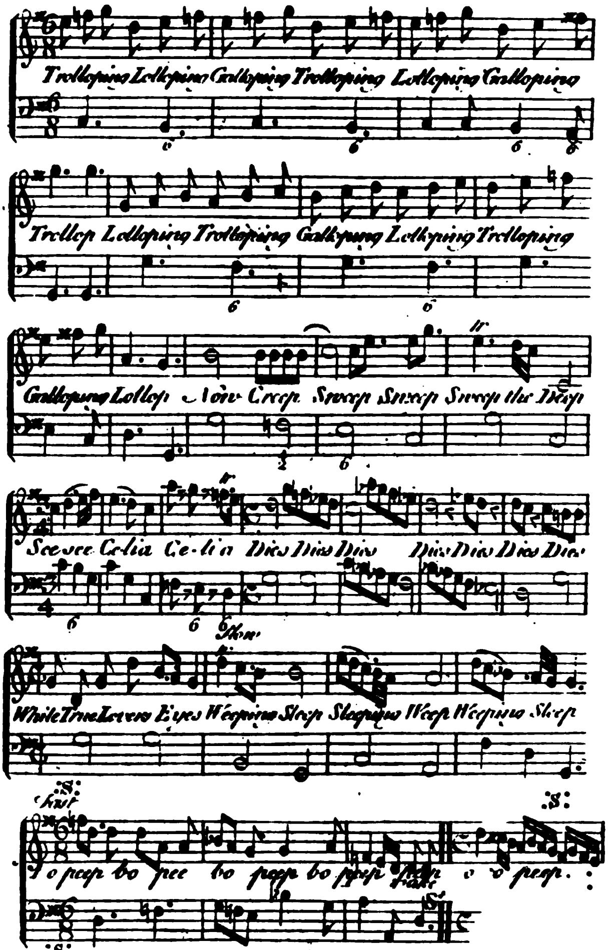
Trolloping Lolloping Galloping Trolloping Lolloping Galloping
Trollop Lolloping Trolloping Galloping Lolloping Trolloping
Galloping Lollop Now Creep Sweep Sweep Sweep the Deep
See see Celia Ce-li-a Dies Dies Dies Dies Dies Dies Dies
While True Lovers Eyes Weeping Sleep Sleeping Weep Weeping Sleep
To peep bo pee bo peep bo peep o o peep.

FINIS

[redacted]

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